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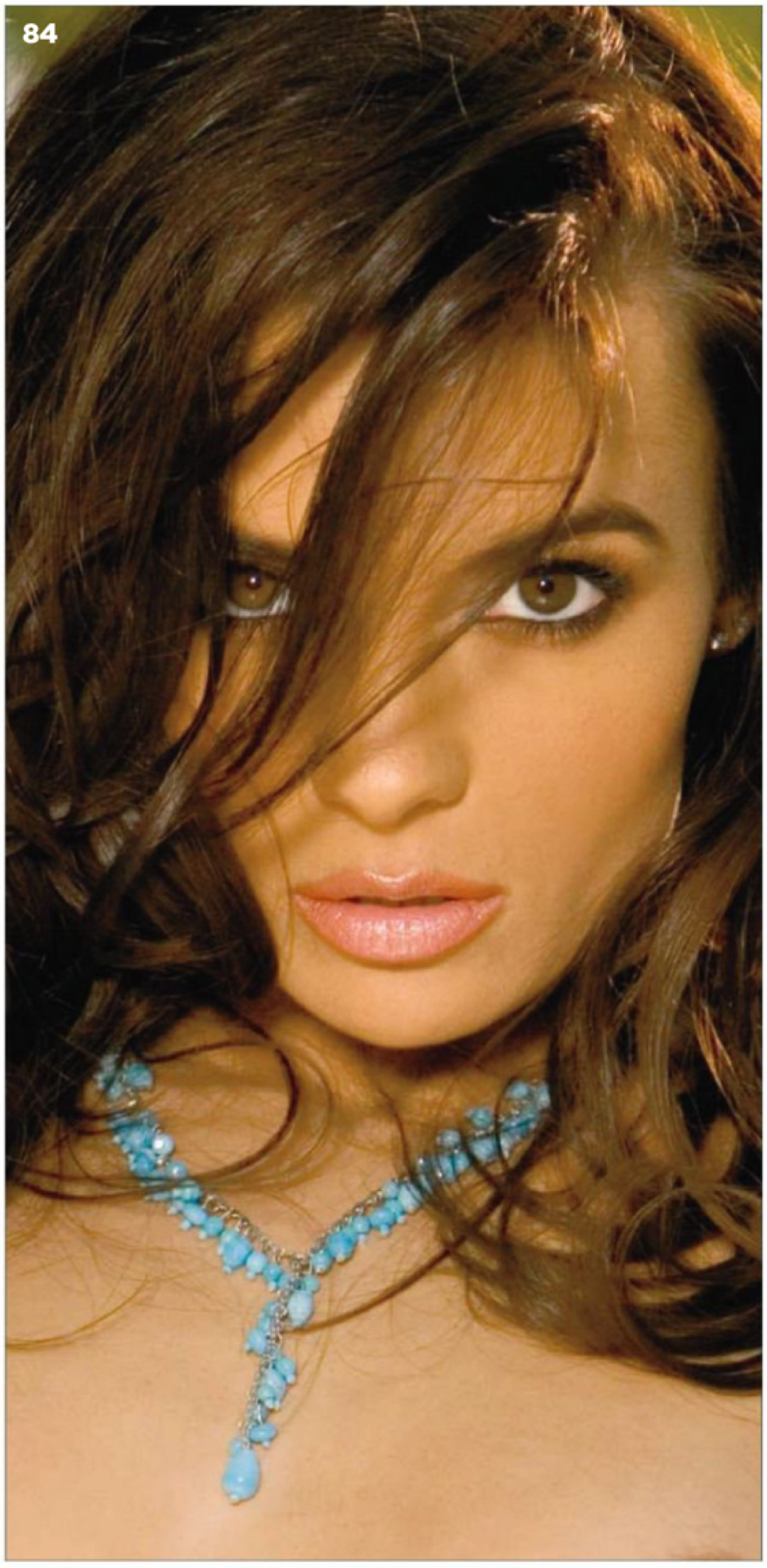
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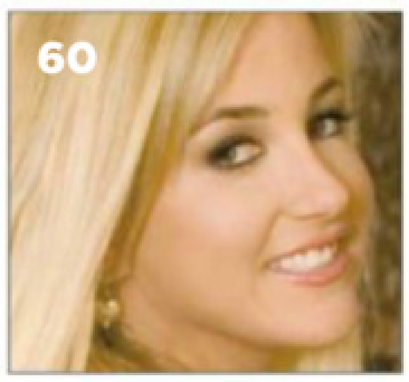
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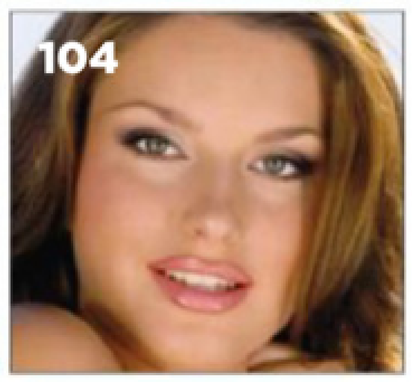
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More to Come

It was my husband's 30th birthday, and I wanted it to be an unforgettable one. I started by taking him out for a romantic dinner. Over wine, I told Jeff that I had a couple of surprises for him. I took his hand and slid it up my skirt. The first surprise was that I hadn't worn panties. As long as I've known him, this was one thing that never failed to turn him on. Then I hinted that there was more to come. Jeff was so anxious to get me out of there, he could barely finish his dinner.

When we arrived back home, I told him to give me a couple of minutes to change before joining me in the bedroom for another surprise. Jeff could hardly contain himself.



He removed all his clothes except his boxers. After several minutes, he came into the bedroom and found me lying naked on the bed, holding my favorite vibrator. I told him to sit in the chair next to the bed.

Jeff smiled, thinking I was going to give him my usual T and A show, which I reserve for special occasions. I got up from the bed and stood behind him. I let my hands roam across his chest, leaned down, and whispered, "I hope you enjoy *this* show."

Then my best friend Crystal walked in completely naked, pulled me toward her, and gave me a French kiss that was hot enough to melt an iceberg. The look on Jeff's face was priceless, and the bulge in his shorts was even more impressive.

Crystal grabbed my hand and led me back to the bed She wasted no time. She began sucking on my tits and rolling her tongue over my erect nipples. She grabbed my vibrator, turned it on, and began slowly working it in and out of my pussy. Then she removed the vibrator and began finger-fucking me, all the while swirling her tongue around my sensitive nipples. She was driving me crazy, licking and sucking her way down to my pussy. As soon as her tongue found my love button, I felt a wave of heat rush through me, and I had my first orgasm.

I couldn't believe how much I was enjoying what Crystal was doing. She seemed to know exactly how to make me hot. While she thrust her tongue in and out of my pussy, I played with my nipples and felt another orgasm approaching.

When I looked over at Jeff, his boxers were on the floor. He was watching us and jerking himself off. What a sight! Just then, Crystal pushed



one finger deep inside my tight ass while continuing to tongue-fuck my pussy. I reached down and rubbed my clit, and that was it. I came hard, soaking Crystal's fingers with my juices.

She offered them to Jeff to taste, pulling him closer so he could lick up the rest. When he'd lapped up every drop of my cream, I pushed him back and brought my hungry mouth around his hard cock. I worked my tongue up and down, sucking just the head at first before engulfing every inch. Jeff started fucking my mouth, and I knew he wouldn't last much longer. I love sucking Jeff's cock so much that it was hard to stop, but at that moment I wanted to feel his dick deep inside me.

I straddled him and lowered myself onto his cock. "Oh, yes! Fuck me, fuck me hard!" I screamed. We were thrusting against each other as hard as we could. Crystal was moaning next to me, watching us and fingering herself to orgasm.

Jeff's thrusts were getting deeper and harder. "Oh, God! I'm coming, baby!" I screamed, in the throes of an out-of-body, lose-my-mind orgasm. Jeff bellowed that he was coming, too. We let loose together and he filled me with his warm come. When he slid out of me, our combined juices ran down our thighs.

Jeff pulled me next to him and gave me a deep, passionate kiss. When we broke the kiss, I said, "Happy birthday, baby."—*C.J., Colorado*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

"Then my best friend Crystal walked in completely naked, pulled me toward her, and gave me a French kiss that was hot enough to melt an iceberg."

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Anarchy in the U.K.



Explosions in the subways, government-controlled media feeds, and a fascist dictator? If *V for Vendetta* is the right film for our time, why does its creator say it's imbecilic?

In 1988, Alan Moore and David Lloyd created a ten-part serialized graphic novel about a future fascist Britain and a masked mystery man, known only as V, who's bent on toppling its Orwellian government with a slew of theatrical terrorist attacks. *V for Vendetta* was critically lauded, but ultimately was kept within the ranks of graphic-novel readers. Twenty years later, at a time when such actual events as government spying and subway attacks parallel illustrated fantasy, a film adaptation has been made by the only two men who might do the source material justice: creators of *The Matrix,* the Wachowski brothers.

"I think [*V for Vendetta* is] a smart movie," producer Joel Silver (*Lethal Weapon, Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*) said last year at Comic-Con. "It's that horrible word—*intellectual.* I mean, you have to *think* about this movie. It isn't a teen slasher movie. There's a lot going on here."

Natalie Portman plays Evey Hammond, a young woman who is rescued by V and aids in his revolution.

"It's not a good hero and a bad establishment that V is fighting," Portman said at Comic-Con. "It's very much shifting perspectives, complicated characters, and complicated situations. I think it's interesting and challenging for a reader or a viewer. We're not telling you to think anything. I think we're asking you to ask *more* questions. One man's freedom fighter is another man's terrorist, after all."

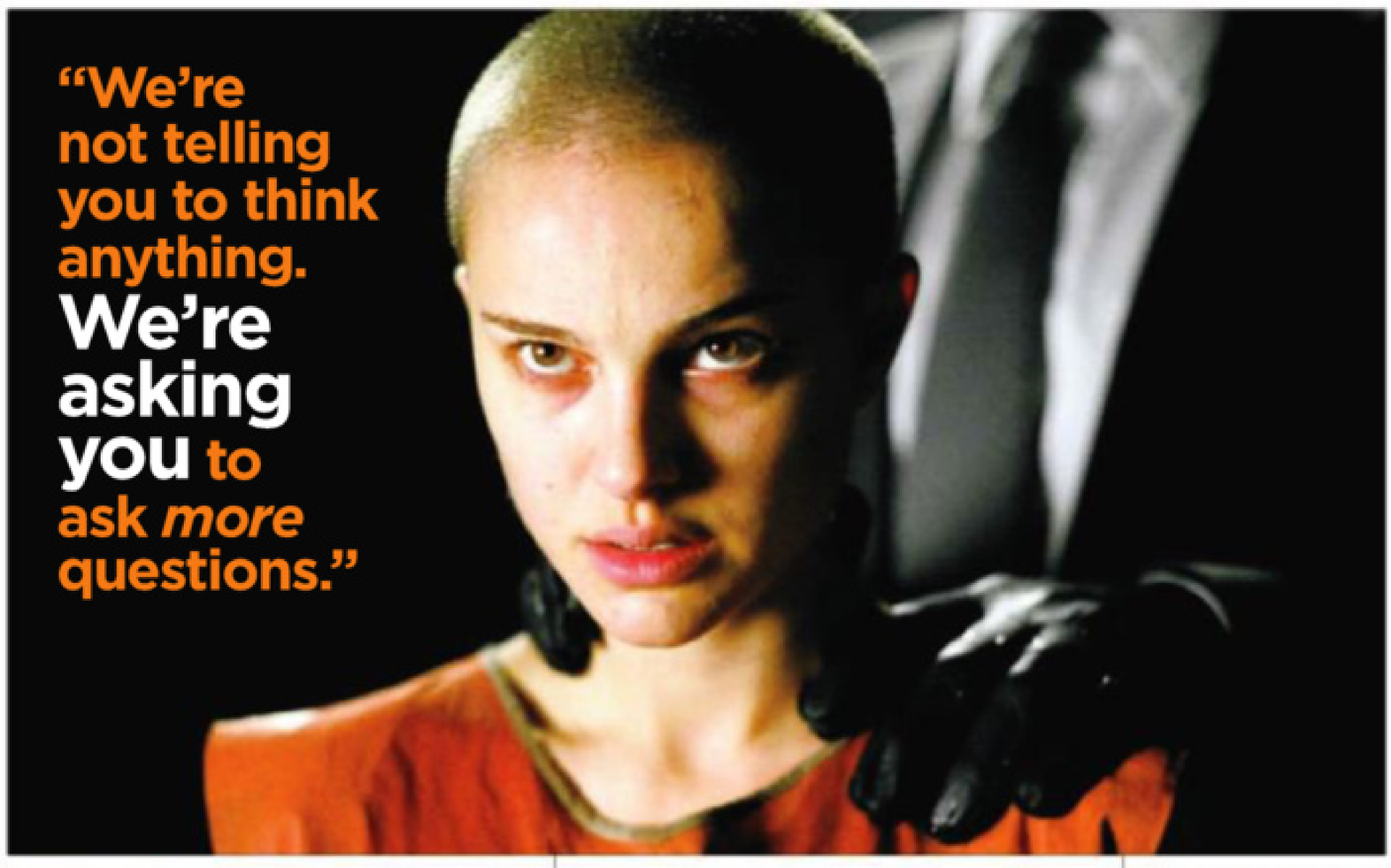
It's exactly this moral and political ambiguity that has made the movie a hot potato for its studio. Warner Bros. found itself possessing a film about terrorist activities in London just as real-life terrorists derailed transit last summer, killing more than 50 people. One media source suggested rechristening the big-budget flick *B for Bad Luck.* The film's original release date, November 2005, was immediately shifted to this month to put space

between real-world events and their on-screen parallels.

Adding to the film's bad luck, it was labeled "imbecilic" and disowned by Moore. "Hollywood is hopeless. They see comics as next year's films," he said in a 2004 interview. "And I'll never understand their fascination with all of this strangely Lycra-clad, homoerotic stuff anyway. It makes for strange films, don't you think?"

"Moore's works are such dense texts, with plenty of interior monologue and multimedia," says Sean Howe, editor of *Give Our Regards to the Atomsmashers!,* a collection of writings on graphic novels by esteemed critics and authors. "Filming his stuff is like writing a novelization of a [Sergei] Eisenstein film, or turning a John Barth or David Foster Wallace book into a comic."

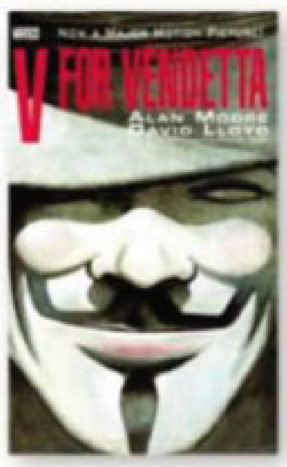
But producer Silver is certain his film, which features several jaw-dropping action sequences, including one in which V uses the Underground to attack the oppressive government, will please fans of Moore's book, as well as audiences hungry for a smart, thrilling action flick. "I know it's a faithful transition between the graphic novel and the movie," Silver said at Comic-Con. "We've really made it look and feel like the novel. This is a movie that is special, and one that's very important to our times."











Lost in translation? The Wachowski brothers attempt to interpret Moore's vision.

LAST ACTION HEROES

Can superheroes save Hollywood? Here's a glance at some highly anticipated graphic-novel flicks.

X-MEN 3 (May 3)
Rush Hour's Brett Ratner plops into the director's chair to relate what happens when Magneto and Professor Xavier find themselves on opposite sides of a cure for mutation. Juggernaut (Vinnie Jones) is a new supervillain in the franchise, and *Frasier*'s Kelsey Grammer joins the cast.

SIN CITY 2 (2006)
Wunderkind Robert Rodriguez returns to Frank Miller country, spinning a sequel to last year's comics noir. This edition, which could spawn another movie *and* a television series, is based on Miller's *A Dame to Kill For,* centering on the hard-luck character played by Clive Owen.

SUPERMAN RETURNS (June 30)
Bryan Singer's *(The Usual Suspects, X-Men)* mega-budgeted spectacle reveals what takes place when the Man of Steel (Brandon Routh) returns to Earth after a long absence to become the people's savior and reclaim the love of Lois Lane (Kate Bosworth).

GHOST RIDER (February 2007)
Nicolas Cage plays Johnny Blaze, a motorcycle stuntman who gains strange superpowers when his pact with a dark force goes terribly wrong. Eva Mendes costars and *Daredevil* director Mark Steven Johnson is at the wheel.

SPIDER-MAN 3 (May 4, 2007)
Bigger and *better* are the keywords here. Spider-Man battles Sandman (played by *Sideways*' Thomas Haden Church) and Venom (portrayed by *That '70s Show*'s Topher Grace). If it's half as good as *Spider-Man 2,* we're all in.

WATCHMEN (Fall 2007)
This adaptation of Alan Moore's seminal work has long floundered in Hollywood's hands, getting very close to production with Terry Gilliam a few years back. Now, it's set up at Paramount and could actually happen. And Moore *still* won't like it.

Q&A



A-Trak

White, Jewish, and Canadian—no one would have guessed this Quebecer would make it big in the hip-hop world. That was before he won three deejay titles by age 18. Five years later, A-Trak has put out a DVD documenting his rise from battle deejay to Kanye West's beat machine.

You've toured with Kanye and Usher. What's life like when the concert ends and the after-party begins?
On my first tour with Kanye—"The Truth Tour"—there were after-parties almost every night. I would go to maybe half of them. I had a lot of music to get done at the same time, and if we wanted to change anything during the show, I would bring the turntables to my room and figure out how we were gonna change the set. This tour, we had fewer after-parties. We did five shows a week, and I had a bunch of music projects I was trying to keep going or wrap up.
Such as?
The DVD wrapped during the tour, and my album should be out at the end of 2006. For my album, I was coordinating with artists, sending music out, trying to modify stuff that I already had, and record new stuff when I could. So that kept me busy. Plus, I finished a mix tape with GLC. That also meant setting up tables in my hotel room. I was trying to coordinate all this stuff between cities on a tour bus.
Who was on the bus?
Kanye, our tour manager, GLC, Consequence, Really Doe, Kanye's barber and personal assistant, Kanye's security, and the personal trainer, "G.I. Josh," who stocked our fridge with celery, sugar-free Jell-O, rice cakes, and all kinds of untasty snacks. Like Egg Beaters. Ugh!
How did you become Kanye's deejay?
It started with me doing the Usher tour. [Kanye and I] went out to Europe and hit Japan. When he recorded Common's album, he had me scratch on two songs. That crystallized something. On *Late Registration*, I did the scratching on "Gold Digger." Every time he performed it on TV, I performed with him. I really liked [performing on] MTV's *The Life & Rhymes of … Kanye West*. We improvised everything and worked a bunch of songs on the fly. That was the kind of stuff I'd wanted to do with Kanye since I started working with him. Then, with GLC's project on Kanye's GOOD music label, I produced a song called "Chi State of Mind." I'm really stoked, being pretty new to the production game, to have [Kanye] behind something I did.
How do you go about finding unique beats?
A lot of people buy records on eBay, but I've never done that. I don't really care about having that classic drum break Pete Rock sampled on his first record. I just buy random stuff and try to make something out of it.
Where's the strangest place you go to find records?
When it comes to digging, there are hidden spots that no one wants to reveal. When I was younger, hanging out with [Kid] Koala in Montreal, he knew a ton of unknown record stores. I remember him once taking me to the back of a Laundromat [to get records].
That was back when you were battling around the world. When you retired from that, did you have a plan in mind?
I [wanted] to tour and make a record. I was [also] getting more involved with Audio Research, the label that my brother originally founded. We've run [it] together for the past couple years.
Was there anything you wanted to do besides spin?
For a long time I wanted to become a pediatrician, and at one point I was interested in translation. I started at McGill [University] in physics and took a few biology classes. When the Kanye stuff came around, I had to take a term off. Looking back, it's funny. I took a term off college partially [to work on] *The College Dropout* album.

"I'm really stoked, being pretty new to the production game, to have Kanye behind something I did."

By Rebecca Swanner

UNDER THE RADAR



Though Simi's ferocious voice is laced with sugar, the lead singer of Suffrajett is influenced more by Mick Jagger than Debbie Harry. And while the New York band has plenty of hooks in their songs, they're not pumping out mindless pop. Instead, expect their debut record to channel the mood of the city's seedy underground—dirty, sexy, and fearless.

SCOTT'S PLAYLIST

Anthrax

frontman, metal god, and goatee enthusiast Scott Ian honors us with his ten favorite songs of all time.



1. "Down Payment Blues," by AC/DC
Bon [Scott]'s lyrical prowess at its best.

2. "War Pigs," by Black Sabbath
The first Sabbath song I ever heard. It changed my life.

3. "Surrender," by Cheap Trick
My Beatles.

4. "Rockaway Beach," by the Ramones
I lived near there. I understood these guys. My rhythm guitar style was like Johnny [Ramone]'s.

5. "From Out of Nowhere," by Faith No More
My favorite band from '87 to '97.

6. "Victim of Changes," by Judas Priest
An epic from the masters of metal. It's all in this one.

7. "Ace of Spades," by Motörhead
'Nuff said.

8. "Detroit Rock City," by KISS
The reason I'm in a band.

9. "Killers," by Iron Maiden
The reason my band sounded the way it did.

10. "Night of the Living Baseheads," by Public Enemy
The soundtrack to the Apocalypse.

BACKSTAGE PASS



Before he flew to Australia, Less Than Jake's saxophonist Pete "JR" Wasilewski gave us the lowdown on the ska band's upcoming record, *In With the Out Crowd*.

You're getting ready to fly to the land Down Under. Have you ever had problems with airport security?
One time I had this little gun that I got out of a 25-cent machine, and they wouldn't let me fly with it. I go, "Are you kidding me? Can I get it back?" They were like, "No. It gets sent to the police department and destroyed."

Did you enjoy working with Howard Benson, your producer from *Hello Rockview*?
He really pushed us, which is what I think we needed. When you're a band for 13 years, you start to do the same thing. It hasn't failed us, but it hasn't pushed us over the top where we're like Good Charlotte or whatever. It's good to get an outside opinion that everybody respects. [Someone to] come in and tell everybody, "You can do better."

Was that kind of advice hard to take?
We were kinda like, "Fuck you." He said to us, "Maybe you guys should consider working with some professional songwriters and see how it goes." As time progressed, we thought about it [and were] like, "We'll try it." It ended up being really good. We got to work with some cool people.

Speaking of, what inspired the name of your record? Were you friends with the nerds?
I was not popular in high school. Everybody knew who I was and got along with me, but I used to spend a lot of time by myself writing music. That's a lot of our fan base: They're in with the out crowd.

What might be the first single?
"Overrated." It's about how the things [that] people think are cool are sometimes not as rad as you think they're gonna be. Like the first time you have sex. It's built up to be this crazy thing. I remember the first time I had sex. It was embarrassing.

How does this record differ from *Anthem*?
Different horn sounds, our choruses really lift, and we definitely leaned toward eighties pop punk—bands like the Descendents, maybe a little Social D[istortion]. We wanted to write undeniable, hook-driven songs.

What would you do if this record pushed Less Than Jake to Good Charlotte fame?
When and if it happens, gimme a call and I'll let you know how I feel about it.

Would you get a lot of cool gear?
Yeah! Word. The first thing I'm gonna get are those spinner things that the rappers all have.

Rims?
Yeah. Me and Kanye, we're gonna go hang out.

REVIEWS



Secret Machines

***Ten Silver Drops* (Reprise) ★★★★★**

When Secret Machines materialized in 2004 with their debut record, *Now Here Is Nowhere,* they made big waves. Unlike most rock bands who tried to keep their songs (singles, in particular) under four minutes, Secret Machines didn't seem to care. Their new record may have only eight songs, but it's 45 minutes long. One of our favorite tracks is the first single, "Alone, Jealous and Stoned," which sounds like a follow-up to "Sad and Lonely." Though the album consists of psychedelic rock, power ballads, and the Band's Garth Hudson on an accordion, it doesn't feel clunky or haphazard—just organic and alive.

***Penthouse* Pick: "Lightning Blue Eyes"**



★★★★

Goldfrapp

***Supernature* (Mute)**

We're not genealogists, but we think the name Goldfrapp means "infectious, speaker-thumping tracks." Her third LP offers mesmerizing electro-rock and melodies so hypnotic, they're enough to make Björk retire. *—Brian Lisi*

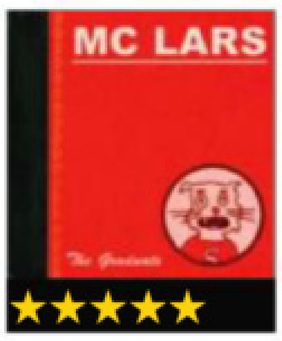


★★★★

Bad Wizard

***Sky High* (Howler)**

It's nothing we haven't heard before—winding guitar solos and lead singers crooning in falsetto—but that doesn't mean we don't love it. Here, these stoner pagans continue their quest to bring back the days of the Guess Who and cock rock.



★★★★★

MC Lars

***The Graduate* (Horris)**

Once again, this California rapper proves he's got great flow on tracks like "Space Game" and "Crunk Rap," which disses the Southern hip-hop genre. If you somehow missed his *Laptop* EP, make sure to check out the infectious "iGeneration."



★★★

Hawthorne Heights

***If Only You Were Lonely* (Victory)**

If you love Breaking Benjamin, this melodic hardcore record might do it for you. Just avoid "Decembers," a power ballad that sounds more like the Backstreet Boys than something at CBGB.*—Ariella Monti*

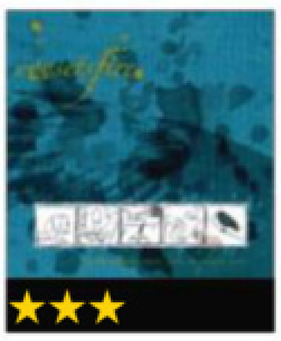


★★★★

Lacuna Coil

***Karmacode* (Century Media)**

Vocalist Cristina Scabbia continues to prove that gorgeous girls can rock. On their latest, the Italian band delivers songs that speak to our inner metalhead and, with their cover of "Enjoy the Silence," to our love of Depeche Mode.



★★★

Boy Sets Fire

***The Misery Index: Notes From the Plague Years* (Equal Vision)**

This album relies more on Nathan Gray's singing (and it's mellower than their early releases on Victory), but a handful of tracks suggest this hardcore band is ramping up again after a major-label misstep.



★★★★

Mogwai

***Mr. Beast* (Matador)**

This lush, not-as-noisy record by these geniuses of discord is a surprising change from their tried-and-true style of fluctuating between soft and overpoweringly loud dynamic shifts. The result is an album with a pleasing, layered grace.

NOTABLE MENTIONS

The Class of '98
Touch This and Die! **(The Militia Group)**

Robert Pollard
From a Compound Eye **(Merge)**

Willie Nelson
You Don't Know Me: The Songs of Cindy Walker **(Lost Highway)**

Your girlfriend might like:
K. T. Tunstall
Eye to the Telescope **(Virgin)**

50 Ways to Fill Your iPod Player



50. AFI "I Wanna Get a Mohawk (But Mom Won't Let Me Get One)"

49. Little Richard "Good Golly, Miss Molly"

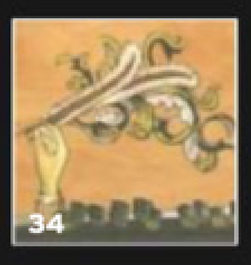
48. Helmet "Born Annoying"

47. Xiu Xiu "Muppet Face"

46. Pailhead "Anthem"

45. Reverend Horton Heat "If It Ain't Got Rhythm"

44. Muddy Waters "Got My Mojo Workin' "



43. Buzzcocks "Jerk"

42. Louis Armstrong "They Can't Take That Away From Me"

41. Rancid "Detroit"

40. Buddy Guy "The Things I Used to Do"

39. The (International) Noise Conspiracy ("I've Got) Survival Sickness"

38. Rocket From the Crypt "Ditchdigger"

37. Urge Overkill "Girl, You'll Be a Woman Soon"



36. H2O "One Chance"

35. Billie Holiday "God Bless the Child"

34. Arcade Fire "Rebellion (Lies)"

33. Miles Davis "The Serpent's Tooth"

32. 30 Foot Fall "Better Off Dead"

31. Bob Mould "Helpless"

30. Bobby Darin "Beyond the Sea"



29. My Life With the Thrill Kill Kult "Sex on Wheels"

28. The Streets "Has It Come to This"

27. Kool Keith "Mental Side Effects"

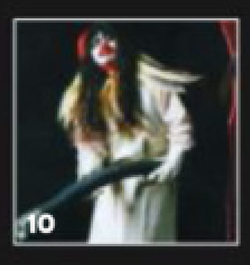
26. Iron and Wine/Calexico "History of Lovers"

25. Deerhoof "Milkman"

24. Creedence Clearwater Revival "Proud Mary"

23. Mogwai "Mogwai Fear Satan'"

22. Iggy and the Stooges "Search and Destroy"



21. Horrorpops "Miss Take"

20. Matthew Sweet "Happiness"

19. Descendents "I'm Not a Punk"

18. David Byrne "Speechless"

17. Bouncing Souls "Late Bloomer"

16. Rancid "Salvation"

15. Pixies "Velouria"

14. Aimee Mann "Pavlov's Bell"



13. Motion City Soundtrack "Don't Call It a Comeback"

12. The Presidents of the United States of America "Kitty"

11. Bullet Train to Vegas "A Prescription for the Blind"

10. Björk "Pagan Poetry"

9. Ladytron "Seventeen"

8. Lil Jon & The East Side Boyz "Get Crunk"

7. The Hives "Hate to Say I Told You So"

6. The Distillers "Oh Serena"



5. Fugazi "Waiting Room"

4. Nine Inch Nails "The Only Time"

3. MC Lars "iGeneration"

2. Dropkick Murphys "Tessie"

1. Nine Inch Nails "Get Down Make Love"

Rebecca's Picks

From Operation Ivy and Agnostic Front to Interpol and the Hives, independent music has always caught the ear of the discerning listener. I've found that some of my favorite albums are the ones recorded for independent labels. Though I enjoy their later releases on corporate labels, there are always gems on these "indie" recordings. So take a minute to check out my 50 choices from eMusic, and fill your iPod* with awesome music that will convince all your friends you're in the know.

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GET LUCKY

Burnt out on U2? Not in an Enya mood? This Saint Patty's Day, play alt Irish rock to get you in a green beer-swilling mood.

FLOGGING MOLLY



They sound like they're straight from Eire, but this seven-piece band actually formed in L.A. Led by Dublin native Dave King, Flogging Molly are known to toss back a few pints of Guinness onstage and incite mosh pits of Irish jigs during their performances.
Lucky song: "Rebels of the Sacred Heart"
Lucky charm: They use traditional Irish instruments, like the bodhrán (a goatskin drum), tin whistle, and fiddle.

DROPKICK MURPHYS



These barflies, who came together in South Boston's backstreets in 1996, quickly gained popularity after the release of their first record, *Do or Die*. The band maintains close ties to their heritage with anthemic punk songs and a touring bagpiper.
Lucky song: "The Gang's All Here"
Lucky charm: They took their name from a guy who used to work at a local rehab center.

THE TOSSERS



Though *The Valley of the Shadow of Death* is this band's first major record, these musicians have been hitting the streets and pubs of Chicago hard for the past 12 years. Originally on Thick Records, the punks signed to Victory Records in 2005.
Lucky song: "A Criminal of Me"
Lucky charm: The Goo Goo Dolls personally taught them the ins and outs of planning a tour.

THE BLOODY IRISH BOYS



On their debut, *Drunk Rock*, these Ohio punks prove they could be the next big Celtic punk band. Songs like "The Great Irish Famine" speak to their roots, while others blend the style of Dropkick Murphys and Social Distortion's Mike Ness.
Lucky song: "Full Moon"
Lucky charm: Unsigned, but probably not for long.



THE POGUES

Led by whisky aficionado Shane MacGowan, these Irish folk rockers formed outside London during the eighties. Though they never managed to generate a strong following across the pond, MacGowan is still known as one of the era's best songwriters.
Lucky song: "The Band Played Waltzing Matilda"
Lucky charm: During early Pogues shows, tin whistle player Spider Stacy used to keep time by beating a beer tray on his head.



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GROSS PRODUCT

Slither



Director James Gunn hopes to turn a new generation on to old-fashioned horror and gore.



After writing 2004's *Dawn of the Dead*, James Gunn decided to pop his directing cherry with the new horror thriller *Slither*. We caught up with him to find out the secrets behind his cinematic vomitorium. His goal is to make you puke, so you may want to skip lunch.

When did you first become interested in horror movies?
I started making movies when I was 11 years old. The first movie that I made was one where my brothers were zombies and they were eating each other.

How did you pull off visual effects for that one?
I'd take syrup, mix it with food dye, and pour it all over their stomachs. Then I'd mix it up with tissue and make them eat it with little bits of bacon. Of course, syrup with bacon is delicious. But they would always get sick, so they didn't like it. I don't know if I liked filmmaking as much as I liked torturing my brothers. In Missouri I would make my brother Sean lay out in the winter, in his underwear, as he was getting eaten by my other brother. I was torturing him … and now I'm going to torture my audience.

And your cast!
I got really lucky with this cast because this was an extremely rigorous shoot. We had a lot of shooting in Vancouver at night, outdoors, and it would become freezing. But they were willing to do everything. They all loved the script and they had a lot of fun with it.

What was the hardest day of shooting?
We have sort of a love scene between [Michael] Rooker's grand monster and Elizabeth Banks, his wife. [The monster is] in his final stage, when he has these awful tentacles and pustules coming off of him. Mostly, we had to deal with these huge puppeteer tentacles where the CGI ones were going to go. Rooker himself was stuck in this massive makeup that weighed a few hundred pounds. That day was a nightmare. It took twice as long to shoot as I thought it would. Ten percent of the scene is the tentacles, but that ten percent was 97 percent of the work. He was pretty much in agony for 12 straight hours. No other actor could've done it.

How did you come up with the concept of *Slither*?
It came in stages. But years ago, I was sitting at IHOP with my brother Brian—who is also a writer—and I said, "I would really like to write a horror movie. A really scary horror movie." I asked, "What's the scariest thing you can think of?" The scariest thing *I* could think of was a slithering parasite inside a woman's mouth, and her eyes were going white as she went into convulsions. So, that is in *Slither*. It may be the grossest movie ever. We'd consider vomit a standing ovation.

What was the next stage after you decided on the central image?





Elizabeth Banks **having a bloody good time.**

There are all sorts of different things. My friend Renee French is a comic-book artist and she has a real sick feeling to her comics. It makes you horrified and sick, and I wanted to do something that could capture that. With *Dawn of the Dead,* I wanted to return to some of the seventies movies I loved. With *Slither,* I knew there had never been a mainstream movie done in the style of *Evil Dead 2.* Even *Tremors* was an underground film at the time. To be able to make them mainstream films really interested me. The title came to me, then I wrote around the title. It all came together.

Why are you so fascinated with zombie movies?

I worked as an orderly at a hospital in Tucson, Arizona, and I would be one of the only guys willing to work in the morgue. There's something very enlivening about being around the dead. I believe in the soul, and when I see a dead body, it looks like a husk, as if something has been torn away from it. I think the same thing is what gets me excited about working on a gory movie. I've always been frightened by the reanimated dead. With *Dawn of the Dead,* I saw the original when I was really young and I suffered from really awful zombie dreams for most of my life. When I wrote *Dawn of the Dead,* I decided to purge myself of them. I haven't had those nightmares since I wrote it. I gave them over to some young kid who saw my *Dawn of the Dead* when he was way too young.

FX MASTER



Todd Masters

The effects designer for *Slither* schools us on the subtle art of pustules and prosthetics.

What approach did you take on the effects for *Slither*?

We really pride ourselves on look and material. *Slither* shouldn't look like any other monster movie of its type.

Why did you choose this project after doing films like *One Hour Photo, Look Who's Talking,* and *Hidalgo*?

The story was so much fun to design for. It was Jerry Springer–meets–[*Invasion of the*] *Body Snatchers*. We had a funny little note on-set because some of the things look almost *too* organic. There's some sexuality to it.

What do you mean by that?

Well, I was reading James Gunn's script, and some of the description sounded like human anatomy.

Like a phallic symbol?

In some cases.... James kept wondering why we were suggesting things in the design. After several weeks of bringing crazy things to the set, I finally pointed [it out] to him in the script and said, "You know, you are describing this one particular thing as a 'big yellow vagina.' " So we were trying to do his script justice.

What was your favorite costume from *Slither*?

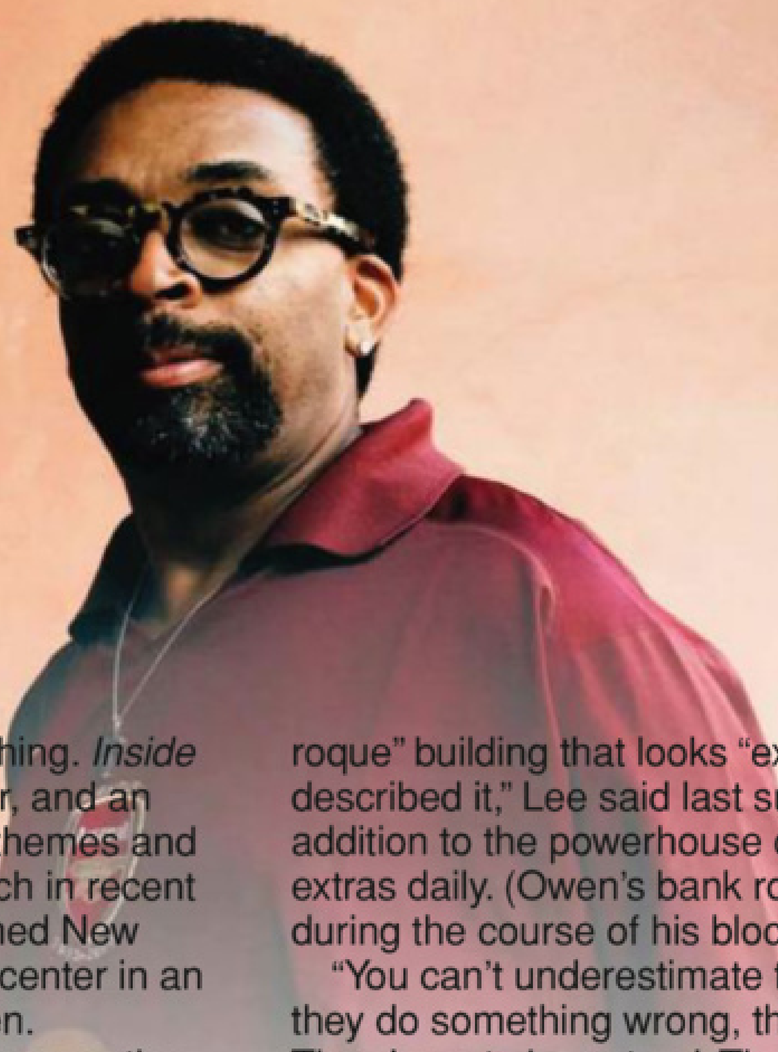
We created a prosthetic that was 12 feet high and ten feet wide. I don't think the actress knew that her character eventually turned into this huge pustule. When we were molding her, we're like, "So, you know what this is for, right?" She's like, "No." The look on her face was priceless.

FEATURE PRESENTATION

Inside Man



(March 24) Denzel Washington, Clive Owen, Jodie Foster
Director: Spike Lee



Spike Lee has finally done the right thing. *Inside Man* brings back a populist filmmaker, and an outspoken social activist whose recurring themes and politics have left Lee in the commercial lurch in recent years. Denzel Washington stars as a shamed New York City police detective who lands dead center in an intricate bank heist executed by Clive Owen.

Inside Man, produced by Brian Grazer, is an action-heavy mainstream movie that's also character-driven. Beyond gunfights and explosions is racial discord, redemption, and an ambiguous morality that has driven Lee's best work, from *Do the Right Thing* to *He Got Game*. The film, which Lee has called "something different for Denzel and me," also stars Jodie Foster and Willem Dafoe.

For his primary location, Lee converted a bank on the corner of Hanover Street and Exchange Place in the Wall Street area. The bank is an all-marble, "very baroque" building that looks "exactly how the screenwriter described it," Lee said last summer in a podcast. In addition to the powerhouse cast, Lee judged nearly 100 extras daily. (Owen's bank robber takes 52 hostages during the course of his blockbuster heist.)

"You can't underestimate the power of the extras. If they do something wrong, they can ruin the whole thing. They have to be natural. They have to fit in," Lee said. "And these extras are tired. Every time we did a take during the bank takeover, they'd have to hit the ground screaming."

The action-heist movie is a change for Lee. (*25th Hour* is his closest to a "commercial film.") But he insisted it isn't a Jerry Bruckheimer–style spectacle. "[It's] definitely a Spike Lee Joint," the director said. "What's the difference between Hollywood characters and my characters?" the director asked. "Mine are real."—*J. Rentilly*

COMING SOON

The Hills Have Eyes

(March 10)

Aaron Stanford, Kathleen Quinlan, Emilie de Ravin

Director: Alexandre Aja

In the remake of Wes Craven's 1977 flick about a family on a camping trip that is attacked by a deranged clan of mountain dwellers, the master of horror gives the directing duties over to Alexandre Aja, director of the critically lauded French horror film *Haute Tension*. This time out, the bloodthirsty inbreds have at *Lost*'s de Ravin and *X2*'s Stanford. As the original's trailer said, "The first to die are the lucky ones."



Lucky Number Slevin

(March 31)

Josh Hartnett, Ben Kingsley, Bruce Willis, Lucy Liu

Director: Paul McGuigan

We always like to see Josh Hartnett as the fall guy. This time, as a man with the unfortunate (yet easy to pun) name of Slevin, he gets between two notorious mob bosses, Schlomo (Kingsley) and the Boss (Morgan Freeman), and a feared hitman, Mr. Goodkat (Willis). Early reports say the flick has more twists than … one of those garbage-bag twist ties. (See, this is why we're not screenwriters.)



Don't Come Knocking

(March 17, limited release)

Sam Shepard, Jessica Lange, Tim Roth

Director: Wim Wenders

Western movie star Howard Spence (Shepard) has almost been put out to pasture. Deep in depression, Spence quits the movie he's working on and discovers he has a child with a former fling (Lange) who lives in Butte, Montana. Meanwhile, the studio insurance company hires private dick Sutter (Roth) to find the missing star. It's about time these *Paris, Texas* collaborators got back together. It's also about time Shepard made a movie in his old cowboy skin.



MOVIE HAIKU



R.V. (March 24)
Robin Williams, Will Arnett
Director: Barry Sonnenfeld
We're betting Williams
Will be shot by campers who
Thought he was Bigfoot.



Basic Instinct 2: Risk Addiction (March 10)
Sharon Stone, David Morrissey
Director: Michael Caton-Jones
Lotus floats downstream
Like a silent passenger
Is there bush, or what?



Sentinel (April 21)
Michael Douglas, Kiefer Sutherland
Director: Clark Johnson
It is fun to play
a framed Secret Service agent.
The earpiece looks cool.

Flawless

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COMMENTARY TRACK



The controversial director of *A History of Violence* talks bonus features and tells us why he's finally letting fans see what got left on the cutting-room floor.

David Cronenberg

"I think that *Acts of Violence,* the making-of [doc], is really terrific because it was shot by my wife, Carolyn Zeifman [*laughs*]. But that's not why it's terrific.… She was there every minute that the movie was being shot. And not just shot, but edited and so on. So it's much more intimate and detailed, and there are some amazing moments that you can only get if somebody's there all the time.

"These are the things that make it wonderful when you're directing, but they're rarely captured in a documentary. So that's one aspect of it. The other is the whole Cannes Film Festival element. The film was in competition and was very successful there, but I had always thought it was the kind of movie that wouldn't [be]. So all those moments are covered, including where I say the film is too commercial for Cannes. Cut to me in my tux going up the red carpet at Cannes. It's pretty complete and interesting stuff for fans who love those kinds of extras.

"There's also a deleted scene with a commentary by me. This is the first time that I've included a deleted scene. I used to be against it. My feeling was that it's deleted because it's no good, or it doesn't work.… But I realize that there's a different kind of audience for DVDs. So I actually finished the scene—I didn't want to ever include a raw, rough kind of thing. In this case, you'll see it pretty much the way it would have been in the movie. And it was only knowing that I could do that that I was willing to have this shown.… Of course, you can always disagree and say, 'I think it would have made the movie a lot better if you left it in.' But fans have the option of having that response, which is fine.

"A lot of DVD fans are teaching themselves about filmmaking. When I was a kid, you didn't have access to this kind of thing. Now, you have an audience that's really quite sophisticated. For example, a man came to a screening and said that he hadn't known anything about my films till about a year and a half ago, and he loved the films. He went on and on about the commentaries. And I realized that for him, the whole movie experience included those commentaries.… He was very appreciative of the seriousness, depth, and focus of the commentary. I feel that it's a new audience, and I'm happy to connect with them on that level."

TAKE-HOME TELEVISION



Girl Crazy

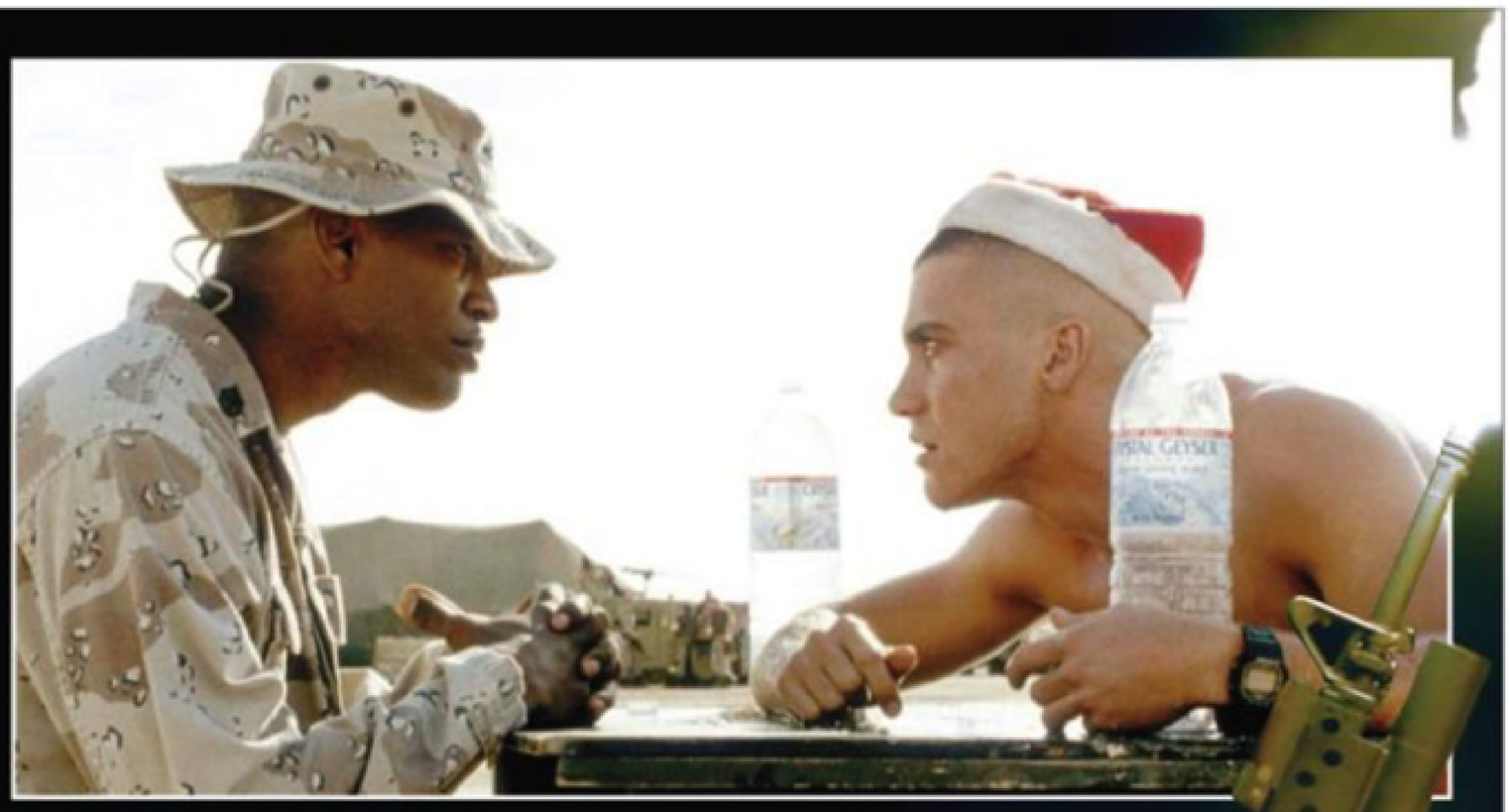
Want to see scantily clad, ass-kicking eye candy?

Bring home Pamela Anderson and Natasha Henstridge with the season-one releases of **VIP** and **She-Spies** ($50 each). Or go old school with **Police Woman: The Complete First Season** ($50). Iconic sex goddess Angie Dickinson (ask your grandfather if you don't know who she is) pioneered the stereotypical tough female cop—and the tough female cop who has to go undercover as a prostitute. Go even *older* school with the woman who fulfills all our desires: **I Dream of Jeannie** season one is a set of 30 episodes, available in either the original black and white or color ($40).



By Barbara Rice Thompson

REVIEWS



War Stories

Can a sequel ever be as good as the original? Sam Mendes's story of military ennui, **Jarhead,** takes place during the first Gulf War, while the FX series **Over There** fictionalizes the current action with (according to vets) varying degrees of success. Both capture the reality of modern-day military life with dark humor and minimal political posturing. The *Jarhead* two-disc edition ($40) features commentary tracks by Mendes as well as one by screenwriter William Broyles Jr. and former Marine Anthony Swofford, author of the best-selling book, plus behind-the-scenes featurettes. *Over There* ($40) includes all 13 episodes, with commentary tracks by creators Chris and Joan Gerolmo, the series' military and Iraqi advisers, and the cast; a weapons featurette; and an hour-plus-long making-of doc.



Shootin' the Bird



Cartoon Network's **Robot Chicken,** the brainchild of Seth Green and Matthew Senreich, is one of the funniest shows on the air. Unfortunately, at 15 minutes per episode, it's never long enough. Now you can OD on the satirical insanity, which skewers everything from the easy targets (reality TV, superheroes, celebs) to the revered (*The Diary of Anne Frank,* the Peanuts gang). Volume 1 ($30) features the first 20 eps, with commentary tracks by Green and Senreich, plus deleted scenes, a gag reel, a featurette, and alternate audio takes from guest stars, who run the gamut from 'N Sync to Scarlett Johansson.

QUICK PICKS

There would be no *Jackass* or *Viva La Bam* without slapstick master **Buster Keaton**. The new two-disc collection ($25) features ten shorts made between 1939 and 1941, with fresh commentary from Keaton experts and a doc.



Good Night, and Good Luck ($30) is George Clooney's homage to TV news legend Edward R. Murrow and his fight against demagogue Senator Joe McCarthy. (Spoiler alert: McCarthy lost.)



BEST IN SHOW



★★★★★

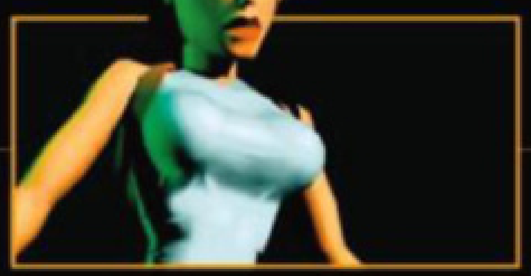
TimeShift

(Xbox 360, PC) Atari

When there's a game that really makes great use of the Xbox 360's incredible graphics, its impact is even stronger. Enter *TimeShift*. You play as test pilot Michael Swift, who has just taken on a government mission where he must travel back to 1911, plant an experimental probe, and return to the future. Only now the future has been altered, and you're a wanted enemy of the state. To fight off enemies, you have to use your time-manipulation suit. Stop time, slow it down, or even reverse it to accomplish your goals. Without it, you'll be mowed down like grass by unrelenting gunfire. Expect cunning artificial intelligence, heated action, and unbelievable graphics.

Time Travel

Here are a few games where Swift's time-manipulation suit would have come in handy.



REVERSE
Tomb Raider
(Eidos)
We devoted weeks to this game, mostly because Lara Croft kept falling into deep chasms and impaling herself on spikes. We were ready to face the final boss—and that's when we realized we had forgotten to grab the right weapon (and enough health packs) to kill it.



STOP
Final Fantasy VIII
(Square Enix)
Final Fantasy VII rocked, so we expected *VIII* would as well. We were wrong. We'd love to have stopped time to tell the developers that we didn't want a Pokémon-style card game in the role-playing title. Nor did we want to have to pull magic from monsters to be able to cast spells.



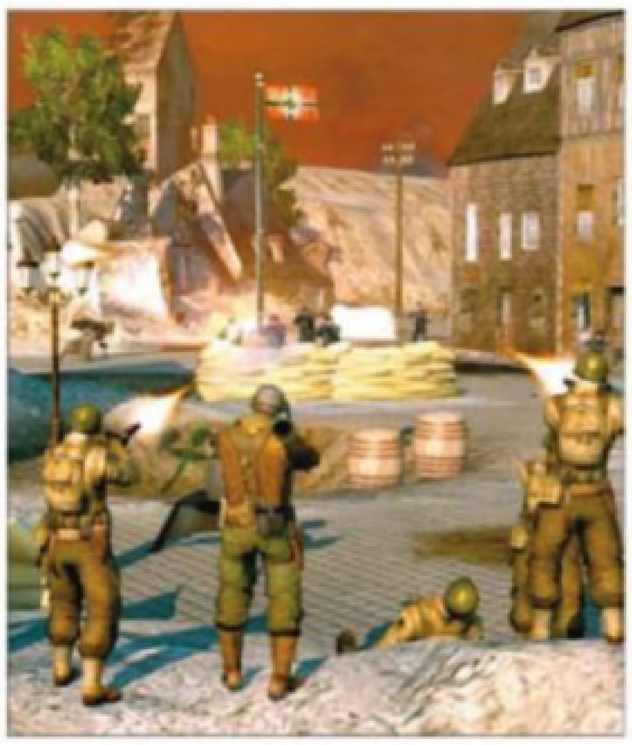
SLOW
Super Mario Bros.
(Nintendo)
After suffering through seven fake princesses, snaking through the castle maze in the final level, and defeating Bowser, we finally saved the real Princess! This was our first taste of gaming victory and, in retrospect, it would have been great if it could have lasted just a little longer.

By Rebecca Swanner



REVIEWS





★★★

The Outfit
(Xbox 360) THQ

In a market rife with hot WWII games, one has to stand out. By creating fully destructible environments and three heroes with a lot of personality, *The Outfit* manages to do just that. "Field units"—points you rack up for neutralizing the enemy—let you call in air raids, awesome vehicles, and reinforcements when you need additional manpower—and fun.



★★★

Onimusha: Dawn of Dreams
(PS2) Capcom

At the end of *Onimusha 3,* fans thought it was the end of the franchise. That was, until rumors about *Onimusha 4* began. As you move throughout the game, you'll play up to five characters, each with their own powerful characteristics. The RPG elements were solid, but we craved smarter enemies that required more skill—not button mashing—to defeat.



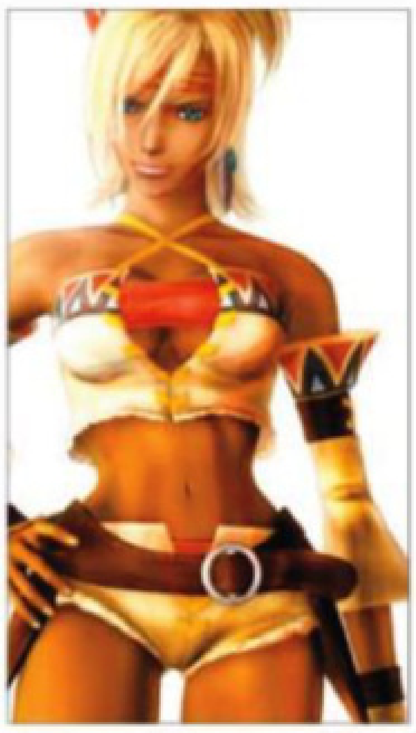




★★★★

Driver: Parallel Lines
(Xbox, PS2) Atari

Fans of the first and second *Driver* titles will be happy to know that driving is integral to the fourth game in the series. Set in the Big Apple, the story is split into halves: 1978 and today. In the disco-days missions, you'll cruise in muscle cars doing illegal jobs as "the Kid," until you're thrown in jail. Once out, you're hell-bent on revenge, and have a world of modern rides to assist you in making that happen.







★★

Shadow Hearts: From the New World
(PS2) XSeed

When we heard that the *Shadow Hearts* story had moved from mid-century, war-torn Europe to the present-day streets of a stylized Manhattan, we hoped other changes had been made. What we found was that new additions like customizing spell charts and shape shifting improved gameplay, but we were irked by the lack of camera control.

OLD COOL

Retro Stars

Despite innovations in game graphics, everyone has a soft spot for the days of *Donkey Kong*. If you want to relive the video game's early years, here are your best contemporary bets:



Jakks Plug-and-Play

These plug-and-play units look remarkably similar to their arcade cousins, and give you access to retro games without the pocketfuls of quarters. They plug right into your TV, and come with other classic titles, like *Galaga, Ms. Pac-Man,* and *Xevious.* JakksTVGames.com



Coleco Handhelds

These look nothing like your DS or PSP, but they're almost identical to the handheld games that Coleco released back in the early eighties. The old-school sports titles aren't likely to beat *Madden* in a showdown, but they're still kitschy and cool. TechnoSourceUSA.com



Taito Legends

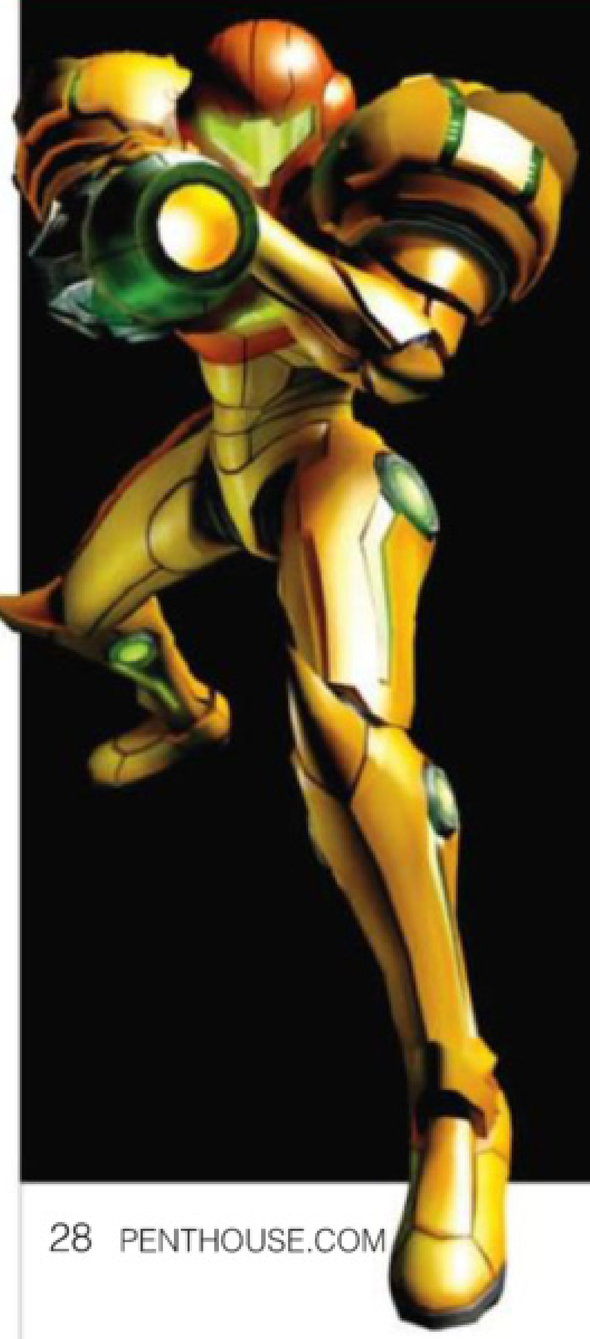
This is our favorite collection of retro titles. It encompasses nostalgic games, such as *Bubble Bobble,* early first-person shooters like the gritty *Operation Wolf* and *Thunderfox,* and one of the top retro titles of all time—the eternal fave *Space Invaders.* Sega.com

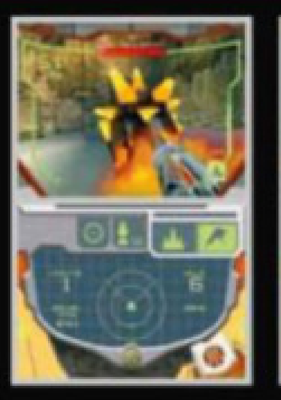


Mario Speakers

We'd love to own these four-inch *Super Mario*–themed speakers, which would go perfectly with our bite-size MP3 player. Unfortunately, they're only available in Japan. If you do get your hands on one, however, don't punch it like a coin-happy Mario. Lik-Sang.com

USE YOUR THUMBS

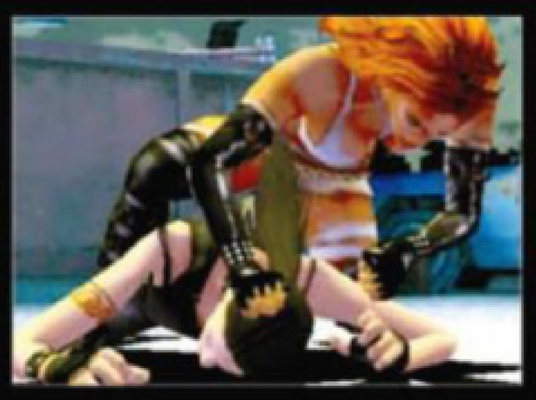






Metroid Prime: Hunters
(DS) Nintendo

In this sequel, the fearless beauty Samus will go head-to-head with six other bounty hunters to capture coveted relics and prove that she's the best in the galaxy. Even though the title is handheld only, the atmospheric graphics and nonstop action make it feel like it could be on the GameCube. Don't think you can put your arm cannon down—unless it's to use your morph ball.



Def Jam: Fight for NY
(PSP) EA

The hit game has arrived for the PSP. Carry some of your favorite hip-hop celebs (Ice-T, Snoop Dogg, and Sean Paul) anywhere you go, and make them fight! There aren't a wealth of differences between this title and its console cousin, except that you can now toss dirt in the face of Lil' Kim and other famous rappers before traveling to grab all the ice you'll ever need from Jacob the Jeweler.

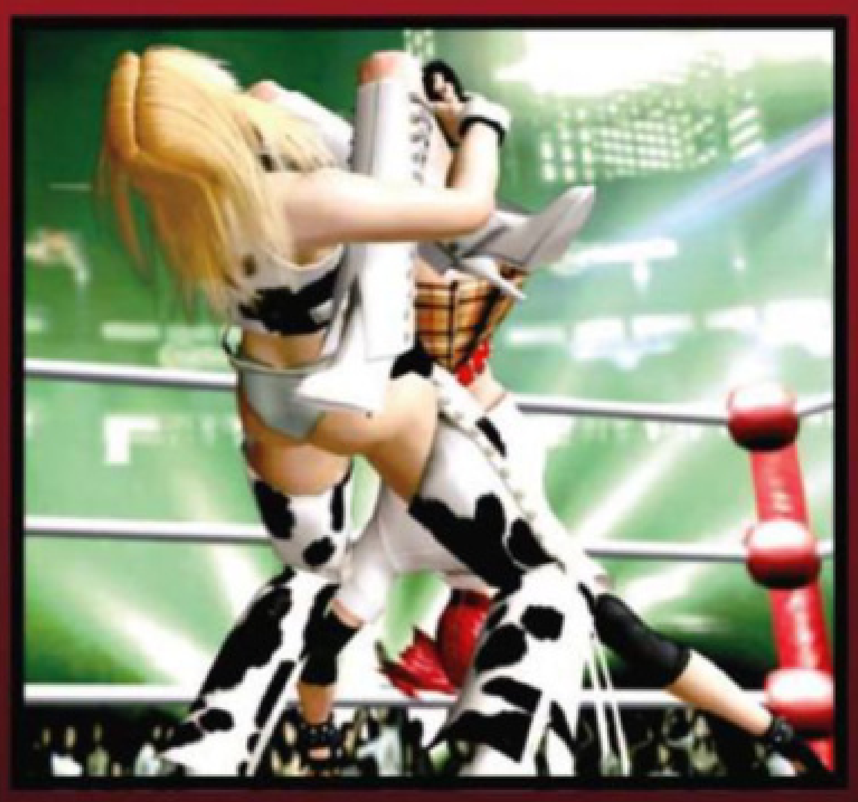


Daxter
(PSP) SCEA

For the first time in video-game history, the Ottsel gets to be in the spotlight! Between *Jak and Daxter* missions, Daxter became an exterminator. Though the title is targeted toward a younger audience, it's still fun to creep up on enemies and whap them with your bug swatter. We loved the mini-game where you grow your own "battle bug" and use it to fight your friends.

DIGITAL VIXEN





Name:	**Dixie "the Real Cowgirl" Clements**
Home state:	**Texas**
Height:	**5'11"**
Measurements:	**36-28-35**
Turn-ons:	**Rodeos and homestyle Texas cooking**
Turnoff:	**Aggressive men**
Favorite moves:	**Dixie Buster and the Double Bridge Hold**
Fun fact:	**She was ranked the most eligible bachelorette in Texas**
See her in:	***Rumble Roses XX*** **(Xbox 360)**

WE HAVE A CRUSH ON ...

Juliya

Combining the sultry brunette allure of **Bettie Page** with the hellfire bravado of a rock 'n' roll star, 23-year-old **Juliya Chernetsky** hosts *Uranium* and *Metal Asylum* daily on Fuse TV. With a little kink and a lot of raw attitude, she defines **must-see TV**.

Photograph by Pia Schachter (PiaPix.com)

How did you land this gig?
I had done a little bit of modeling, and that led to doing a metal show for [the now-defunct cable network] Music Choice. When Fuse started up, they asked me to do a show. It's been four years now. I dressed in all this crazy bondage gear, played music, and went out with bands, and it really connected with fans. MTV's *Headbanger's Ball* hadn't been around in a while, and metal wasn't being represented at all in the media.

Fuse seems democratic in the way it interacts with on-air personalities.
It's cool because the kids *do* have a choice in what they see. It's really satisfying because I have a say in what we play, too. There are no puppet masters at Fuse. We're always encouraged to come up with new ideas and bring our own voice and our own vibe to what we're doing. That's really rare. Frankly, it kicks ass.

Do fans sometimes get a little out of control around you?
Kids are crazy, period. But metal fans can be pretty extreme. I get people writing to me saying they love me, or that they're going to have my face tattooed on their arm. People who watch my show think they know me because I'm in their house every night, so a lot of times they act that way. They'll come up and give me a hug, which freaks me out. I'm like, "Don't freakin' touch me if I don't know you." I've had a few obsessive male fans. But it's all good.

What music did you listen to growing up?
The only album I listened to [when I was a kid] was Michael Jackson. I wanted to marry him, which my parents were not excited about whatsoever. But I was six, so they figured he had a few years on me. Then I got into Ace of Base when I was, like, ten years old.

Was there one album that changed your life?
The dude who I started dating when I was 12 showed me Guns N' Roses' *Appetite for Destruction*. I literally felt free listening to that. Plus, I lost my virginity to that album, so it holds a special place in my heart. It wasn't a bunch of songs about nonsense. It was about the whole "Screw you, do what you want" lifestyle, which is perfect for any struggling teenager.

I get the sense that music pulled you through some tough times.
Every teenager goes through a time when they're trying to find out who they are. I was the only metalhead in my school. My parents are immigrants, so they didn't understand. People in my school were really violent and abusive to me, and I was struggling to have the big personality that I have now. But it was so difficult for me. I really did want to die. There was this band, Life of Agony—a Brooklyn-based band—that really was there for me. [They were] talking about the same issues that I had. It was angst-ridden music about *my* feelings. That made me feel like there were other people who felt like I do. Without them, I probably would've slit my wrists and been found in a bathtub.

Does metal have any relevance to kids today?
Yes. The Swedish death metal scene is where it's at. Metal is really important because it doesn't avoid the issues at hand. It doesn't talk about some bullshit crush or silliness when there's a war and so much poverty going on. Metal has the balls to say it like it is.

You've said that you live a pretty extreme lifestyle. Tell me what you mean.
I'm into a lot of things that wouldn't be considered a normal lifestyle. I'm not afraid to do anything. I don't think I've ever backed down from a dare. Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll all the way. I'm not going to give you any details, but put it in the extreme. I'm one of those people who will be standing in an elevator and talking really loud about anal sex, just because I want to freak people out.

You're a beautiful woman hanging out with bands, many of whom you adore. Many of them are very obviously into you. Have you ever … been with the band?
The whole band? At the same time? Wow!

Well, we're not talking about a symphony orchestra. These are four-piece bands, right?
I don't think I have enough ... [*laughs*] never mind. Let's just say I'm not the kind of person who shits where she eats.

What's the secret to winning the heart of a girl like you?
[*Laughs*] Just be real. I hate games. If you think I'm cool and you want to hang, say it. If you think someone's hot and you want to go to bed, say it. Show some freakin' balls. But I like a guy who has his priorities straight. He's gotta be into metal. Oh, yeah, and long hair. If you have short hair, I won't go out with you.

"I'm not afraid to do anything. I don't think I've ever backed down from a dare. Sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll all the way. I'm not going to give you any details, but put it in the extreme."



DRINKSMANSHIP

Well Versed in Thirst



Rum Running

Pirates: knavish, scurvy-ridden … big drinkers. And what was the choice beverage for your average peg-leg? Rum. Molasses from West Indies sugarcane was distilled to become one of the hottest commodities in the New World. In fact, it was vital to the life of your average buccaneer. Back in the seventeenth century, a mixture of water and rum called grog was rationed to seafarers. Unfortunately, the U.S. Navy ended the rum ration for sailors in 1862. Fortunately, rum remains today a tasty, complex spirit that goes just as well in a daiquiri as it does in a snifter.

Top of the Tropics

Piña Colada

2 oz. light rum
2 oz. cream of coconut
1 oz. heavy cream
4 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice
Pineapple slices and maraschino cherries

Pour rum, cream of coconut, heavy cream, and pineapple juice in a blender and blend for a few seconds. Add ½ cup of crushed ice and blend for another 15 to 30 seconds, or until smooth. Pour and garnish with pineapple and cherries.

Cuba Libre

2 oz. light rum
Coca-Cola
Lime wedge

Pour rum over ice in a highball glass, top with Coke, and squeeze in the lime.

Hurricane

1½ oz. dark rum
1½ oz. light rum
2 oz. passion fruit juice
1 oz. fresh lime juice
1 oz. unsweetened pineapple juice
1 tsp. grenadine
1 tsp. simple syrup
Orange slices and maraschino cherries

Shake all the ingredients with ice, then strain into a chilled hurricane glass filled with ice. Garnish with orange slices and cherries.

Mai Tai

2 oz. aged rum
1 oz. Cointreau
½ oz. grenadine
1 tsp. orgeat (or almond) syrup
1 oz. fresh lime juice
Tropical fruit (kiwi, pineapple, orange, etc.)

Shake Cointreau, grenadine, orgeat, and lime juice with ice, then strain into a tall, chilled glass filled with ice. Garnish with fruit, tiny umbrellas, plastic sharks, etc.

Mojito

Three sprigs of fresh mint
1 tsp. super-fine sugar
1½ oz. light rum
2 oz. club soda

Muddle the sugar and mint in a mixing glass. Add rum and shake with ice. Strain into a collins glass and add club soda. Garnish with a mint sprig.

By Jonathan Stern • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh



Penthouse Picks

We've distilled our favorite rum down to nine categories. Feel free to mix and match to make the perfect cocktail.



Best Overall Rum
Oronoco ($35)
Made from cane juice, not molasses, this Brazilian beauty is crisp and makes a mean mojito.



Best Dark Rum
Gosling's Black Seal ($22)
Not only is Bermuda's best rich and dark, with hints of vanilla, but it also makes a wicked dark and stormy.



Best Dark Spiced Rum
Captain Morgan Tattoo ($18)
On several occasions, the Captain has made it happen for us. The newest offering is a rich, dark, orange-flavored rum.



Best Rum Liqueur
Rhum Clément Liqueur Créole Shrubb ($30)
Créole women on Martinique make this special citrus blend for holidays. Now you can enjoy it anytime.



Best Light Rum
Ron Matusalem Platino ($16)
Rated an impressive 91 by the Beverage Testing Institute, this white rum is not only smooth, but also fruity and flavorful.



Best High-Proof Rum
Bacardi 151 ($20)
Whether you're setting shots aflame or the entire bar, there's only one 151.



Hottest Rum
Starr ($30)
From the African nation of Mauritius comes the only rum endorsed by Snoop Dogg.



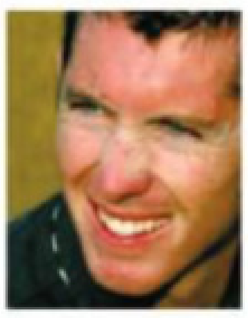
Best Light Spiced Rum
Sailor Jerry ($16)
Brand of the legendary sailor/tattoo artist, Jerry is a spicy kick for those who like their rum with a little backbone.



Most Exotic Rum
Coronation Khukri Rum ($20)
Take one look at the traditional Nepalese dagger-shaped bottle, and you'll understand why men don't return from Everest.

By Jack Spilberg

Doug Parsons



Parsons consistently finishes in the top ten in Freestyle Moto X events.

You created the Ride to the Hills contest. What's that all about?
It's a rider event [with natural-terrain jumps], designed by a rider for the riders—and judged by the riders. There are no rules. Riders are only judged by style. It's just about taking it back to the grass-roots of the sport: having fun with your buddies, riding, getting paid, and being part of history.

How did you get into riding hills and natural terrain?
I started riding [motocross] when I was about eight years old, in Reche Canyon [California], where I grew up. Throughout the course of my racing years, which was up until 2001, I had the hills in my backyard and did a lot of hill and natural-terrain riding.

How are plans coming along for the next Ride to the Hills contest?
Really well. We are partnered with Red Bull now. This year, we had our second event that will air on Fuel TV, and we also did a 20-minute piece that aired on NBC. Next year, we're looking into possibly turning it into a series. We're also talking about taking it international. It's getting bigger.

What have you been working on recently?
I've been working on coming up with a few more freeride events and trying to push that. As far as riding, the only thing I have left to challenge myself with is to actually go for the backflip and successfully pull it off all the time at all the events. That's the next step that I want to do, just for closure.

Are the hard-core pro motocross athletes really as insane as they look?
Everybody—except for a select few—are pretty down-to-earth. When you meet someone like Brian Deegan, you think he's going to be this gnarly, aggressive person. But he's actually pretty mellow. I think that humbleness comes from doing such a gnarly job and having to take such big risks.

I'm sure you've got a list of serious injuries you've sustained from riding motocross. What's your latest one?
A concussion at the Gravity Games two years ago. I also dislocated my wrist and tore three ligaments and broke a bone—all at once.

What are some of the scariest injuries you've witnessed?
I've seen people have to lose their spleen or kidney. I try to avoid those situations and not go over and look, but I've seen broken femurs, feet pointing the wrong way, legs going in directions they're not supposed to go.... That stuff just grosses me out.

Which pro motocross riders have the craziest reputation for scoring with the ladies?
I can't really say because, unfortunately, those people have families. [*Laughs*] I can't name names. When we get to an event or a contest, pretty much the first thing we do when we roll into town is find the local strip club—throw some dollars out and have some Coronas.

Do things ever get heated among the riders after-hours?
There have been a couple fights here and there. You get about 20 of us together—all with different personalities, from all over the country, and in one room with alcohol—and things get out of hand real quick. The energy is crazy weird. Everyone's just pumped up to see each other. They're riding, having a good weekend, feeling good. Then one thing leads to another, and fists start flying or bottles get tossed into the air.

Do you ever see the riders' competitive nature come alive outside motocross arenas?
Yeah. I would say it comes out with guys going after some of the strippers or cocktail waitresses. Seeing who can pull the ladies, or who can steal some chick from that person.

Any particularly wild stories from the road?
One time I was walking out of a [freestyle motocross] show and stopped to talk to this chick who was outside with her husband. There was just something about her. I knew something was up, so I invited her back to the motor home, where she starts asking her husband if she can strip in front of all of us and let us film her. Next thing you know, somebody randomly brings out two dildos, and the chick gets totally naked. She asked her husband if she could give the guys head. We were just completely blown away by the whole situation. There was some directing and commentating done during the filming on my part.

Is this the hidden bonus footage on your next motocross DVD?
Yeah, right. [*Laughs*] Most of the footage was not even worth keeping. It was fun, though—reminded me of the old days, back when I was racing motocross and getting crazy with the chicks.

"I've seen broken femurs, feet pointing the wrong way, legs going in directions they're not supposed to go.... That stuff just grosses me out."





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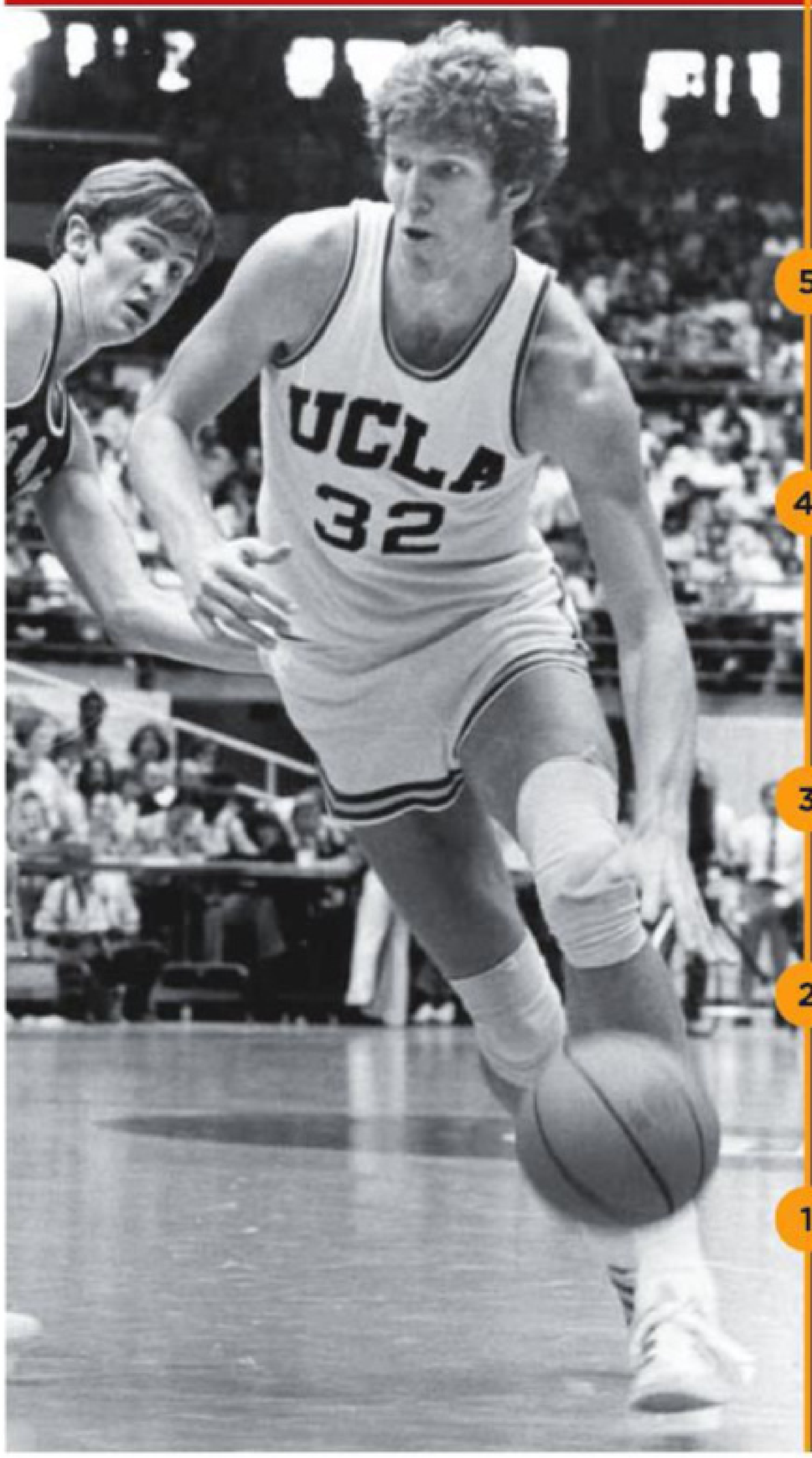
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GAMETIME

This Month in Sports: The Stats, the Scores, the Skinny

PENTHOUSE TOP 5
TOURNEY TOURS | DE FORCE



It happens roughly once a decade in the NCAA tournament: A single, transcendent player puts his team on his back and carries it deep into the brackets, sometimes all the way to the title. Here are the Top 5 individual performances in NCAA tournament history.

5. **Carmelo Anthony, Syracuse, 2003** A six-foot-eight freshman forward, Anthony scored 33 points and pulled down 14 boards in a 95–84 semifinal win against Texas. He followed that up with a 20-point, ten-rebound, seven-assist performance in the final, an 81–78 win over Kansas.

4. **Danny Manning, Kansas, 1988** This one rates a little higher than Melo's magic because Manning's supporting cast was not as strong as Anthony's. (That Syracuse team also had future NBA'er Hakim Warrick and sharp-shooting freshman Gerry McNamara.) Manning single-handedly led the sixth-seeded, unranked Jayhawks to the final, where he scored 31 points and grabbed 18 rebounds in an 83–79 win over Oklahoma.

3. **Austin Carr, Notre Dame, 1970** The Irish didn't advance very far, but Carr's run of 61 points against Ohio, 52 versus Kentucky, and 45 against Iowa for a tournament-record 52.7 points-per-game average has stood the test of time.

2. **Bill Russell, San Francisco, 1956** Russell steered San Francisco to consecutive NCAA titles (1955 and '56). In '56, he averaged more than 22 points per game, then scored 26 points and snagged 27 rebounds in the final, while holding Iowa center Bill Logan—who'd popped for 36 in the semis—to 12 points.

1. **Bill Walton, UCLA, 1973** Before his stellar pro career, and before he began souring the airwaves as an NBA broadcaster, Walton (left) won back-to-back NCAA championships with UCLA (1972 and '73). In the '73 final against Memphis, the big redhead made an astonishing 21 of 22 field goals and scored 44 points. He also pulled down 41 rebounds in the Final Four.

ON THE PIPE

With the X Games and the 2006 Winter Olympics already in the books, the upcoming U.S. Open Snowboarding Championships at Stratton, Vermont, cap off a killer year for snowboarding.

The U.S. Open, which runs March 13 to 19, was founded in 1982. It's the longest-running and arguably the most prestigious event in the sport. It's also a showcase for snowboarding culture—one that hasn't strayed far from its grassroots beginnings, when off-course fun was just as important as on-course competition. The 24th edition of the Open will include men's and women's slopestyle, rail jam, and halfpipe, as well as an event for younger boarders.

Top riders like Shaun White (right), Antti Autti, Danny Kass, and last year's winner of the Best Performance award, Risto Mattila, will be shredding at Stratton this month—and partying afterward.



By John Bolster



Mighty Mavericks

Mavericks, the behemoth break outside Half Moon Bay, 30 miles south of San Francisco, hits its peak season in early 2006. The window for the third annual Mavericks Surf Contest is from January through March. Twenty-four surfers are invited and given 24 hours' notice of impending huge surf, which—like the guy who can't believe he ate the whole thing—is guaranteed to be sick and heavy.

When the call goes out, the contestants drop what they're doing and roll to Half Moon Bay, ready to rumble. Winter storms can create waves up to 50 feet high. Their density, speed, and power—not to mention the frigid water temperatures, jagged rocks, and potential company of great white sharks—make Mavericks one of the gnarliest surf spots in the world.

Last year's contest went off on March 2, and local surfer Anthony Tashnick, 20, took home the top prize of $25,000. He'll defend his title this year against big-wave vets including Brock Little, Ryan Seelbach, Evan Slater, Darryl "Flea" Virostko, and Kenny "Skindog" Collins.

Traditionally, contest director and de facto Mavericks founder Jeff Clark has handpicked all of the contestants, but this year, he selected only 19 riders. The remaining five were elected online by fans at SurferMag.com.

LONG T LOST TWINS



Former soccer star Eric Wynalda

New Mets closer Billy Wagner



On the Record

"I don't have the first clue who he is talking about, because all I worry about is Jerome."
—**Knicks center Jerome James** (above), quoted in *Sports Illustrated* after his former coach, Nate McMillan, accused him of being selfish



ASK A SPORTS GEEK

Q. Why is zero called *love* in tennis scoring?

A. According to Cecil Adams of The Straight Dope, there is a misconception that the term *love* for zero comes from the French word for egg, *oeuf,* which, considering the shape of an egg, could be a stand-in for zero. The truth is that it comes from the idea of playing for love rather than money, because anyone who's always scoring zero has to be motivated by a genuine love for the game.

DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

It's such a good idea that even Major League Baseball commissioner Bud Selig might not screw it up: The World Baseball Classic, a 16-team world championship of baseball featuring professional players, launches this month. With dozens of MLB All-Stars suiting up for their native countries, the WBC promises some of the most tantalizing matchups this side of Yankees–Red Sox.

Then again, Selig *is* involved. And there are other flies in the ointment, including the timing of the event and the risk of injury it brings. But executed the right way, it could be the best thing to happen to baseball since Morganna the Kissing Bandit. Here are nine innings of answers to your questions about baseball's first World Cup:

1. What's the 411?

- The tournament runs from March 3–20. Games will be held in Japan, Puerto Rico, and the United States.
- Sixteen teams will be divided into four pools of four, playing each team in their group once in the first round. The top two teams in each pool will advance to the second round.
- In the second round, the eight teams will be divided into two pools of four for another round-robin. The top two teams from each group in that round will advance to a single-elimination semifinal. The semifinal winners will meet in a single-elimination final for all the marbles. Both the semifinals and final will be played in San Diego.
- The first-round pools:

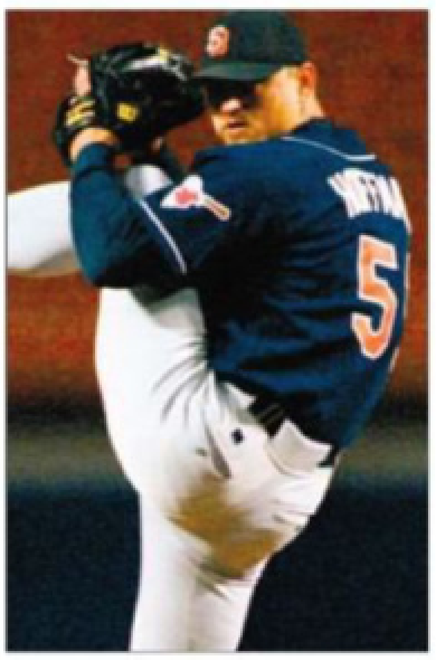
Pool A—China, Taiwan, Japan, Korea
Pool B—Canada, Mexico, South Africa, United States
Pool C—Puerto Rico, Cuba, Panama, Netherlands
Pool D—Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Australia, Italy



2. Why should we watch?

Some fans are skeptical, thinking it'll be little more than an exhibition. But it has the potential to go beyond that. There's more international flavor on the average MLB (or NBA) roster than on an episode of *Iron Chef,* and we're happy baseball recognizes that globalization is the wave of the future.

Further, the WBC is a tournament of All-Stars. For pitchers, the **U.S.** can pick the likes of seven-time Cy Young winner Roger Clemens, Marlins ace Dontrelle Willis, Toronto stopper Roy Halladay, and Barry Zito of Oakland, with the Padres' Trevor Hoffman and new Mets closer Billy Wagner in the bullpen. The **Dominican Republic** could field arguably the toughest lineup in history, with Baltimore's Miguel Tejada, St. Louis' Albert Pujols, the Angels' Vladimir Guerrero, and Boston's David Ortiz and Manny Ramirez.



3. Who are the favorites?

Obviously, the **United States** and the **Dominican Republic**. But Venezuela, Puerto Rico, and even Canada could contend.

Venezuela could assemble a pitching staff of Johan Santana (Minnesota), Carlos Zambrano (Cubs), and Freddy Garcia (White Sox), with Carlos Guillen (Detroit), Melvin Mora (Baltimore), and Bobby Abreu (Philadelphia) backing them up in the field.

Canada can throw the Dodgers' Eric Gagne, Rich Harden of Oakland, and the Orioles' Erik Bedard at teams, and send Larry Walker (who hit .289 for St. Louis in 2005), Jason Bay (.306 for Pittsburgh last season), and Justin Morneau (a promising first baseman who belted 22 homers for Minnesota in 2005) to the plate.

Puerto Rico will send newly minted Mets teammates Carlos Beltran and Carlos Delgado along with Bernie Williams (Yankees) and Ivan Rodriguez (Detroit) to the event.

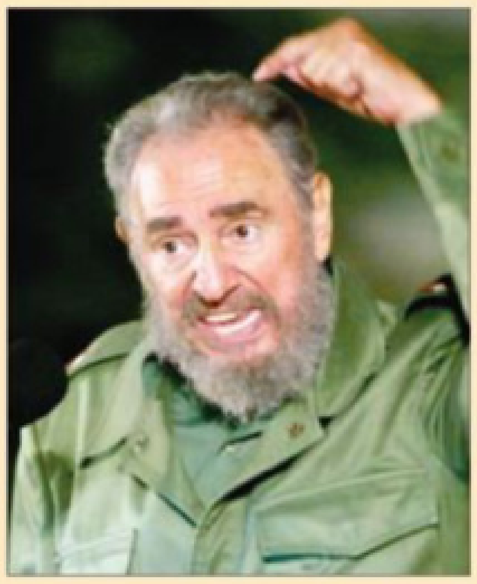




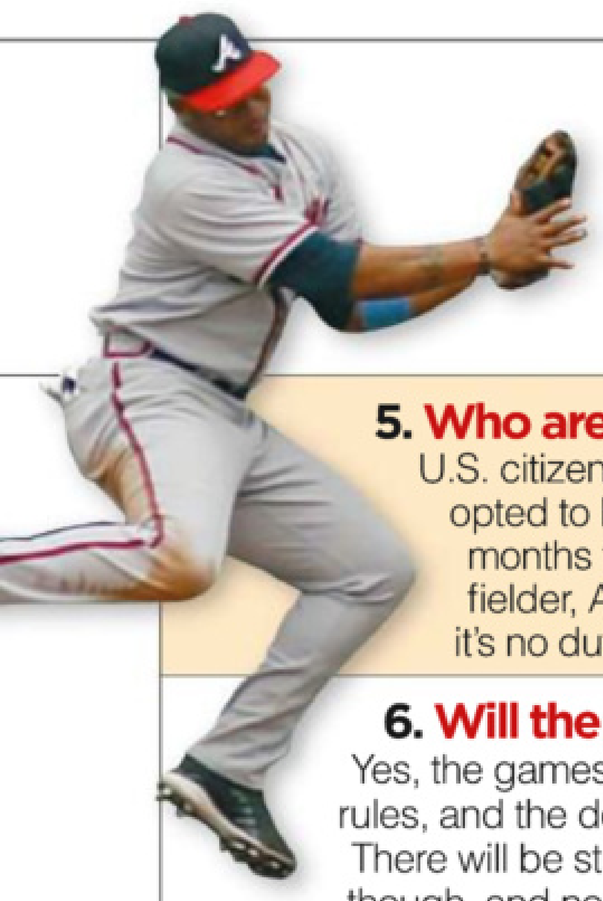
4. Any dark horses?

Japan will send Ichiro Suzuki—the Mariners right fielder with the .332 career average and rifle arm—and Chicago White Sox second baseman Tadahito Iguchi. Japan's pitching ace will be Daisuke Matsuzaka, who plays for the Seibu Lions in the Japan league, which continues to produce quality players—just ask Bobby Valentine, the former Mets skipper who won a Japan league championship with the Chiba Lotte Marines last season.

Mexico boasts San Diego third baseman Vinny Castilla and Jorge Cantu (.286 average, 28 homers, and 117 RBIs for the Devil Rays last season). But it may lack the pitchers to make a run.



Defectors Livan Hernandez (Washington), Orlando "El Duque" Hernandez (Arizona), and Jose Contreras (White Sox) are not welcome on the team, but **Cuba** has plenty more where they came from. The island nation will not be an easy game for anyone, and it almost was not allowed in the tournament. In January, the U.S. Treasury Department surprised WBC organizers by denying Cuba permission to field a team. Uncle Sam eventually reversed field on that decision, and it was a good thing, too. There would have been a huge drop in talent level when it came to Cuba's replacement in the 16-team field.



5. Who are the patsies?

U.S. citizens Mike Piazza (who hit .251 for the Mets in 2005) and David Dellucci (29 homers for Texas in 2005) have opted to honor their heritages by playing for **Italy,** but fans from Milan to Palermo will be looking ahead three months to another global tournament: the World Cup in Germany.... The **Netherlands** will have a stellar center fielder, Atlanta's Andruw Jones, whose citizenship in Curaçao enables him to play for the Dutch. After that? Well, it's no dutch treat.... This ain't cricket, and it's not rugby, either. Perhaps **South Africa** misread the invitation.

6. Will the standard rules apply?

Yes, the games will be played under MLB rules, and the designated hitter will be used. There will be strict limits on pitch counts, though, and no position player will be used for more than five innings. The pitch-count limit and five-inning rule parallel the amount of playing time Major League players get during spring training, which will be happening at the same time as the WBC. Also, the most games any team can play is eight, and only the two finalists will play that many. Major Leaguers will return to their clubs after their national team is eliminated from the WBC.

8. Are players worried about getting hurt and missing games for the clubs that pay their salaries?

Maybe a little too much: Yankees slugger Gary Sheffield, for one, said he didn't want to "jeopardize" his season by playing in the WBC. But we agree with Sheffield's teammate, pitcher Al Leiter, who told ESPN, "I don't see why it's that big a concern. Guys who are going to this [event] just have to start ten days earlier … so they get three or four batting-practice sessions in before regular spring training. You just get on a little bit of an accelerated program. That's all."

To that we would add: This is *baseball* we're talking about. It's a grand old game, we agree, but it's not the most physically taxing sport in the world. As former Phillies first baseman John Kruk once said, "I'm not an athlete. I'm a professional baseball player." They play 162 games every season in MLB—what's eight (at most) more? The worrywart players and GMs should relax and embrace the WBC as the massive international boost to the game it clearly could be.

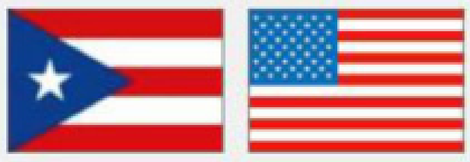


9. Will the players take it seriously?

Early indications are that they will. Obviously, this is crucial to the success of the event. If everything goes as planned, the WBC will improve every year. Whether or not it will blossom into a bona fide world championship—which, truth be told, is more than you can say for the "World Series"—remains to be seen.

7. Seventh-inning stretch

Cue "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" and check out the tastiest potential matchups of the WBC:



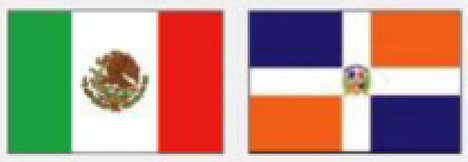
• Puerto Rico vs. United States

The U.S. tested weapons on the Puerto Rican island of Vieques for 60 years, over the objections of many of the commonwealth's citizens, including first baseman Carlos Delgado.



• Pedro Martinez, Dominican Republic vs. Roger Clemens, U.S.

Former Red Sox standouts, former rivals (Yanks-Sox), and future Hall of Famers.



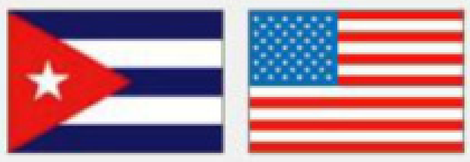
• Mexico vs. Dominican Republic

Mexico shocked D.R. to win the 2005 Caribbean Series, touching off delirious celebrations in the streets of Mazatlán. Payback, anyone?



• Dominican Republic's 1–8 hitters vs. any pitcher on the planet

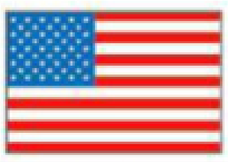
Best. Lineup. Ever.



• Cuba vs. United States

Since the U.S. initially rejected the communist island nation's eligibility for the event, we—and tournament organizers—are happy to see this one happen at all. It's a great matchup: Fidel Castro and George Bush are huge baseball fans, and there's a little history between the two nations. Just a little.

PENTHOUSE PICKS



1. United States
Proof of baseball's adage that good pitching beats good hitting.



2. Dominican Republic
Heavy bats, but not enough depth to top the U.S.



3. Venezuela
Quality pitching and great defense, but not enough else.

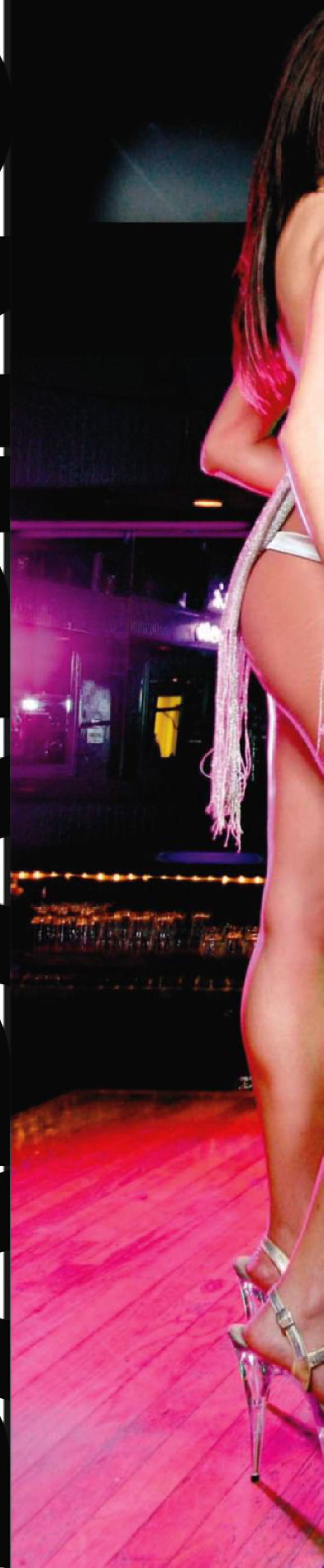
On *The Sopranos,* the Bada Bing Club is Tony's headquarters, where dancers get smacked and guys get whacked. But what's it really like at the world's most famous titty bar? The girls of Satin Dolls (aka Bada Bing) are ready to bare all.

THE REAL BADA BING

Although New Jersey's slogan is "the Garden State," it's better known for its foul odors, traffic jams, and contaminated swamps. But the state can't be all bad. After all, if it weren't for New Jersey, there would be no Bruce Springsteen, Thomas Edison, or Frank Sinatra. Most important, there wouldn't be a Satin Dolls, the real gentlemen's club that the fictitious Tony Soprano calls his office. Located just a few miles outside Manhattan on Route 17 in Lodi, the Satin Dolls club looks like any other windowless two-story building. But inside—thanks to the popularity of *The Sopranos*—dozens of sexy young women dancing in bikinis have become a tourist attraction. Twice a day, busloads packed with fans cough up 30 bucks per person for a glimpse at the mob-drama mecca.

They come motivated. Dirty ashtrays and glossy promotional fliers are often snatched up (such items are considered souvenir gold to these *Sopranos* fanatics). So it's not surprising that Satin Dolls general manager Nick D'Urso and his crew of bouncers, deejays, cooks, and hip-swirling

By Chauncé Hayden



Satin Dolls general manager Nick D'Urso

GOT IT Made

Steve Schirripa has been with the *Sopranos* family for six years now as Bobby, Tony's brother-in-law. As the mobsters head into their sixth season, Schirripa says that Bobby's still not ready to sleep with the fishes.



By Chauncé Hayden

Why did it take nearly two years between season five and this season?
A couple things. This was supposed to be the last season. So [the show's creator] David [Chase] got us together in a room and said, "I'll do another season, but I need 15 months off." He said, "I need to recharge my batteries. It's going to take me that long to get going again." He asked us to decide if we were willing to wait that long. He left the room for about an hour, and we sat and talked about it amongst ourselves. We asked each other who was in and who wasn't. Keep in mind, 15 months is a long time. We're not getting paid during that time! If you're working on other things, it's fine. But if you're not, it's not so fine.
Obviously you all agreed to wait it out. But did anyone bother asking him why he needed to recharge his batteries?
I know *I* didn't ask. I didn't want to get whacked!
Great segue to my next question. Since season one, Chase has made it a point to whack a fan favorite. Case in point: Popular characters



"Tony can do whatever he wants. That's sexy to a woman."—Christine

Makeup: Kim Bower/Williams Image Group. Hair: Neil Wilson

beauties have come to enjoy Hollywood notoriety as much as the actors.

What fate made a location scout choose Satin Dolls? As D'Urso tells it, one afternoon a producer and a scout from HBO were touring New Jersey, looking for stereotypical mob-type places to film *The Sopranos*' first season, when their car got a flat tire in front of the club. With two dead cell phones, they were forced to use the pay phone located inside Satin Dolls. While waiting to be rescued, it suddenly occurred to them that they had stumbled upon the perfect location from which Tony Soprano could operate his shady business dealings.

This month, HBO will air the sixth and reportedly last season of *The Sopranos*. *Penthouse* crossed the Hudson River to pay homage to what fans consider the best show on television.



"Everyone gets out of line here."—Amanda

like Big Pussy and Adriana are no longer with us. Since nobody seems immune, how do you avoid the same fate?

You want to know something? If your character needs to be whacked, he or she is going to get whacked. There's nothing you can do about it.

How about not forgetting Chase's birthday?

[*Laughs*] That's not a bad idea, actually! But seriously—even if David personally didn't like you, but your character was right for the show, you would still stick around. But by the same token, even if he loves you personally, but your character needs to go … your character is going to go. Listen, David loved Steve Buscemi! But Steve Buscemi had to go. I still don't think he's gotten over it. Steve didn't want to get whacked. But the way the storyline was written, he got painted into a corner. So David had no choice but to have him whacked. The show wouldn't be believable if certain characters didn't get whacked because of something they did or said. I mean, look at Big Pussy. Do you think the audience would believe you if he didn't get whacked because he was such a great guy? What are we supposed to say? We love him, so let's let him go?

How far in advance do you know if you're going to get whacked?

At the beginning of the season, you look at the front of the script. Then you go straight to the back to make sure you're still on the show.

Was the cast surprised when Adriana got killed off?

We really felt bad. Keep in mind, we knew about it way before the audience knew. When I found out about it, I felt a sense of disbelief. Drea [de Matteo] was a big part of the family, and always will be. Just like when we lost Vinnie [Pastore].

Is there a private send-off the cast gives when someone leaves?

We always have a big dinner. It's not like the real mob. The real mob takes you out to dinner, then kills ya. We kill ya, then we take you out to dinner! It's really sad because besides losing the money and having to find work again, you're also leaving the greatest working situation you're

ever going to get. How many people get paid for hanging out with friends?

Some television critics have accused *The Sopranos* of alienating its fans by taking so much time off between seasons. Do you think some fans will have lost interest by the time the show returns this month?

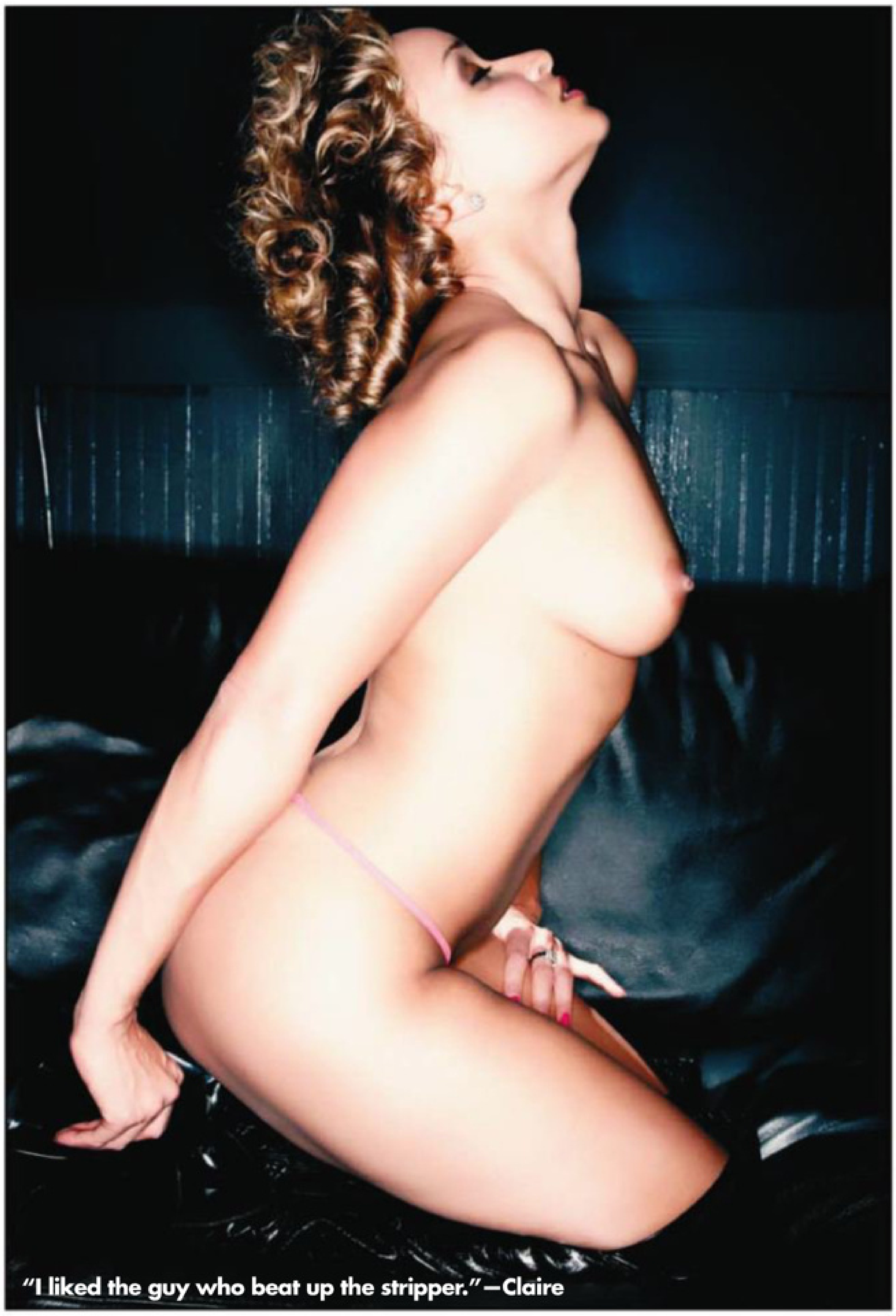
You would think that would be the case, but obviously that hasn't happened. Every day I walk down the street, all I hear is, "When's it coming back?" We have a very loyal following, and I believe that's because it's a very smart show. It's not just a shoot-'em-up. It's much deeper than that. It's about family. It's not just about whacking people.

But don't you agree that whackings—and lots of them—is what the fans want? In fact, some critics have accused *The Sopranos* of not being violent enough.

Hey, if you want to see people get whacked every week, tune in to CNN. You'll see all the whackings you want. Seriously. I got tired of hearing that. People say, "There's not enough beatings," or, "There's not enough killings!" That's not what the show is about. Do people get killed in the mob? Absolutely. But the people who are crying out for whackings and beatings every week aren't the real fans. They just don't get it.

Since season one, several Italian-American organizations have criticized the show for perpetuating negative stereotypes of Italians. Is *The Sopranos* guilty of that?

You want to know what's amazing about that? I'll tell you a story. This little old Italian lady who works at a deli where I go didn't know I was on the show. One day she tells me she didn't like the show because it made Italians look bad. So I asked her if she ever saw it, and she said, "No." So I asked her, "How could you know it made Italians look bad?" She says, "My friends told me." What do you mean your friends told you? Watch the show and make your own conclusion. I mean, are we kidding ourselves? Is there no mob? Guess what—there *are* mobsters. But if you believe every Italian is a mobster, you're ignorant. Do I believe every



"I liked the guy who beat up the stripper."—Claire

Nick D'Urso

The name of the club is Satin Dolls. Why not officially change it to the Bada Bing since that's how most identify the place? We thought about it. But we were Satin Dolls prior to the Bada Bing. Believe it or not, some people still don't even know us as the Bada Bing. How bizarre is it having tourists walking through the club like they're in a museum? It's comical! They come in groups of 20 to 30 people, and they're grabbing anything that isn't nailed down. Even matchbook covers! Have you ever smashed a phone over a bartender's head? Not a bartender. Maybe a customer. Sometimes the customers have to be put in line, but never our staff. How would Tony Soprano do if he operated the Bada Bing for real? Look, there's a lot more than meets the eye when it comes to running a strip club. Could he run it? Maybe … with a few instructions from me.

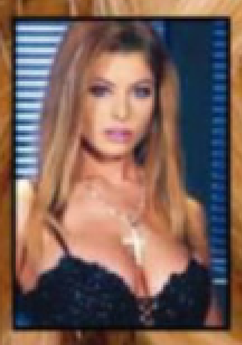
Mirabella

Are you a *Sopranos* fan? I have a confession: I don't really like the show. Why? I don't like violence. Is sex better with a stripper? I think sex is all about confidence—just like getting up onstage and stripping. The bedroom is the same way. You just have to get in there and do what you have to do. What's the wildest thing that ever happened to you while dancing here? Getting showered! Showered? Customers

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black guy is a drug dealer who raps? Of course not. If I did believe that, I would be an asshole. I think the story needs to be told, and David shows the characters for what they are.

But don't you agree that *The Sopranos* glorifies the mob to a certain extent?

Do you think the mob was glorified when Joey Pants beat his pregnant girlfriend to death? It was horrifying. These people are not nice. They kill, they stab, and they rob. They just don't do it to themselves. They hurt innocent people. That's a fact.

Yet we love Tony Soprano. Shouldn't we hate him?

Yeah. For some crazy reason, people love him, even though he's a murderer. I think people feel bad for him because they can relate to him.

The public also rooted for real mob boss John Gotti, even though he was a convicted murderer.

A lot of people did. Absolutely.

What is it about mob bosses that makes us want to cheer for them?

Tony Soprano has troubles just like you and me, and that's what attracts him to people. On *The Sopranos*, you see mobsters doing more than just hanging out in a strip club, fucking broads. You see a guy like Tony Soprano whose kids don't give a shit who he is. The son is mean to the mother, and she don't care about Tony, either. Last season, she stole all his money. [*Yells*] She don't give a shit about him! Tony's a mob boss, and he's getting his balls broke just like me and you!

Do you find that even real mobsters relate to Tony and the rest of the cast?

Absolutely! I know for a fact. I know wiseguys who have told me they love the show! That's why on Sunday night, whenever the show airs, the crime rate in New York City is down. I know a wiseguy who's the real deal, and he's such a fan that he told me I was going to get a promotion on the show. He knew from his real-life experiences that my character was going to get promoted! He told me that most drivers get promoted when their job is to drive the boss around. And he was right!

Does the show hire mobsters as technical advisers?



"I don't like violence." —Mirabella

will give the bartender 500 one-dollar bills, and she'll shower them all over me while the customer watches. It's so hot! It's a big deal here to shower a girl. And by the way—I've been a very dirty girl, so if anyone wants to give me a shower, I'm ready!

Mina Ann

Why do you work at Satin Dolls? It's just such a fun place to work, and there's a good aura here. **Are you telling me there are no bodies buried under the club?** No! [*Wink*] **What's your biggest complaint about the men who come here?** They don't seem to pay attention to the girls. They come here to hang out and have a few drinks and watch TV. **Chris Rock once said, "There's no sex in the champagne room."** I've never been in the champagne room, but I can assure you there's no sex anywhere in the club. **Even if a guy spends $250,000 in one night, he's not leaving with a happy ending?** He'll leave happy, but he won't leave *that* happy. Sorry, boys!

Amanda

Is it strange dancing onstage while tourists walk around the club like it's a Hollywood set? It's weird, because they look at you like they've never seen people before. **How much money do you make?** It varies. You have your ups and downs. **What's an up?** I can make

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by Coquette

That's been a rumor, but I don't believe it. We have writers from all over the country. Maybe when it comes to very specific things, they may have to do some research. Like how a guy gets made—because if we don't get it right, people won't believe the characters. But I don't know that for sure.

Some cast members of *The Sopranos* have shown up at the trials of real New Jersey mobsters. What's that about?

Hey, look—you got to remember something. I grew up in Bensonhurst, [Brooklyn]. My father was a small-time hood. Big Pussy [Vincent Pastore] grew up in the Bronx. Some guys from the show grew up in Jersey. If you're Italian, you got to know somebody. Somebody's uncle, somebody's cousin … somebody has something to do with the mob.

Pretend I'm a federal agent and the only way out of jail is to give me some information about season six. What do ya got for me?

I'll tell you this: I've already been to a few funerals.

Are there *Sopranos* groupies?

Absolutely! You certainly have to watch out. You get girls who are very bold, so you have to be careful. Me and Gandolfini have a thing we always say: "They say TV puts ten pounds on you. I say it takes 50 pounds off!"

Ever wish you were single, just for a night?

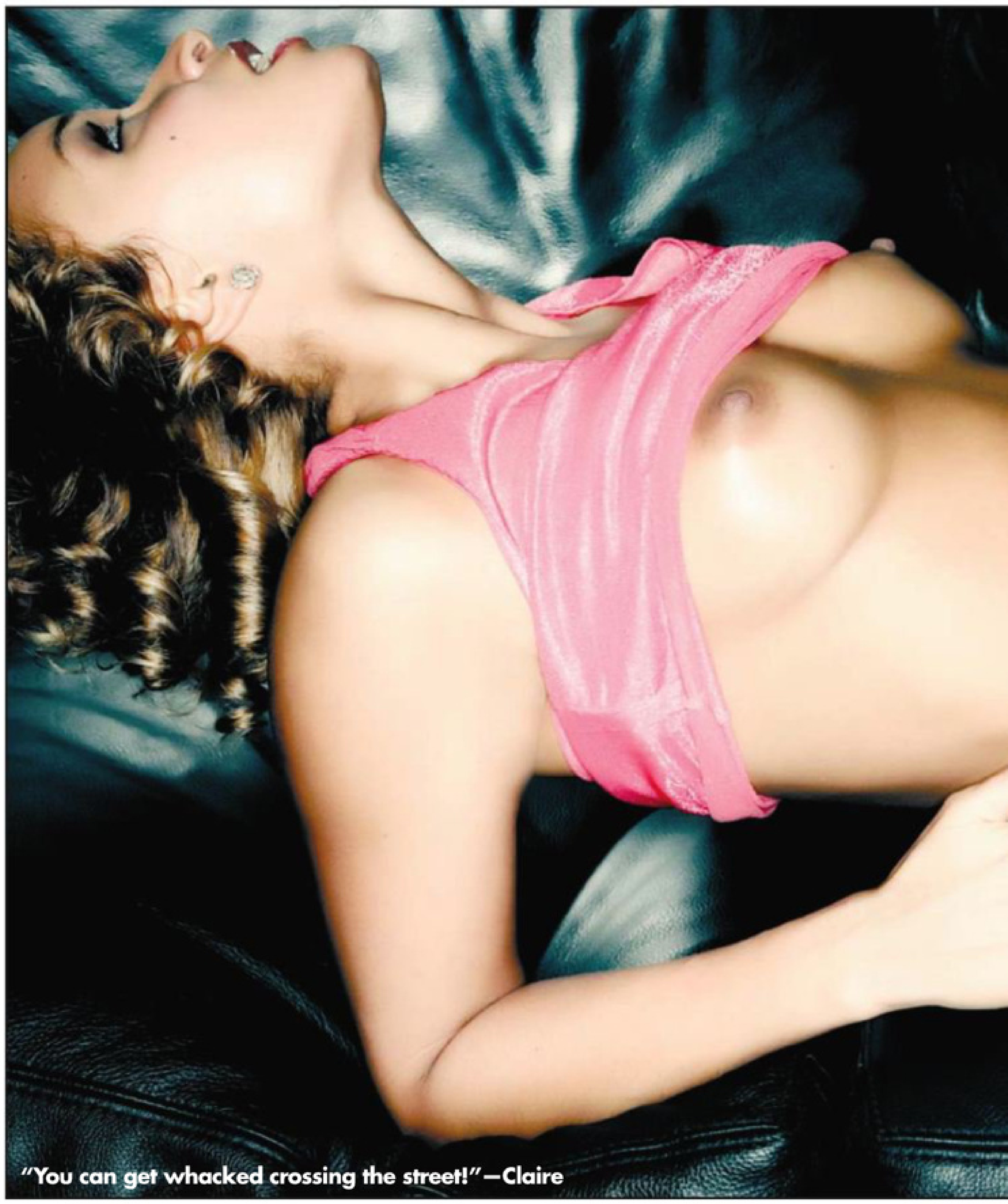
I didn't get married till I was 31. I was living in Vegas working as a bouncer, and I was fucking running around all the time. I'll be honest: If I was 21 years old, making the money that I'm making now, I'd be a little dangerous.

One of the biggest scandals to hit *The Sopranos* cast was the story about Vinnie Pastore beating his girlfriend on a New York City street. What's your take on what happened?

That was awful. That was bad. That was really bad. He's been with that girl for a long time. In fact, Vinnie just went in for triple bypass surgery. I think the stress of what happened has something to do with it. The amazing thing is that he's still in love with her! Still!

What do you think of her?

She was always nice to me, but Vinnie is a sweet guy! So



"You can get whacked crossing the street!"—Claire



"Sex is all about confidence."—Mirabella





a couple thousand dollars in one night. But some nights, I'll only make $200. It depends. If you're smart, you can make a lot of money. It's crazy how much money you can make.
Have you ever gotten out of line while working here? Everybody gets out of line here.

Christine

Has working at the club changed your impression of men? Actually, no. When I first started working here, I thought it was horrible that a man would come to a place like this. But when you work here and you see what goes on, you feel differently. I'd rather my boyfriend come to a club like this than go to a regular club, to be honest. In fact, my boyfriend comes here all the time! He lives here! **Which *Sopranos* cast member is your favorite?** I would have to say Tony. Power is so sexy—he can do what he wants to whomever, whenever he feels like it. People fear him! That's sexy to a woman!

Claire

Fans of *The Sopranos* think this place is a mob hangout where strippers get whacked out back if they step out of line. What do you say to that? What you see on TV is just a glimpse of what can happen anywhere. You can get whacked crossing the street! You can get whacked asking a stripper at the Bada Bing Club too many questions about people getting whacked. **Would you date a mob boss?** Only for a one-night thing, for fun. **Who do you want to whack on the show?** Janice. She's not good on the show. There's no use for her—she's an idiot! **Which character do you like best?** I liked the guy who beat up the stripper behind the club: Ralphie. He was entertaining!

here's a guy, 58 years old, who everyone likes. He [was] one of the stars of the show, one of the most well-liked, and he dies after the first season. He never got a chance to make the big money like the rest of us. We all got raises after the third and fourth seasons. But he was never bitter. He's a really good guy.

You went from being an entertainment director at the Riviera Hotel in Vegas to a Hollywood star. Do you run into any jealousy from acts you used to book at the hotel?

A lot of the big comics I've booked are great to me. But then you have these club comics who are bitter, angry, socially inept scumbags! Those are the guys who it kills to say hello to me. You have some 130-pound little Jewish guy who's mad at me because I'm on *The Sopranos*! You would think we were going for the same part! What? I didn't pay my dues? I didn't live out of a trunk for 20 years? What's the problem?

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I would guess you've discovered lots of new friends you never knew you had.

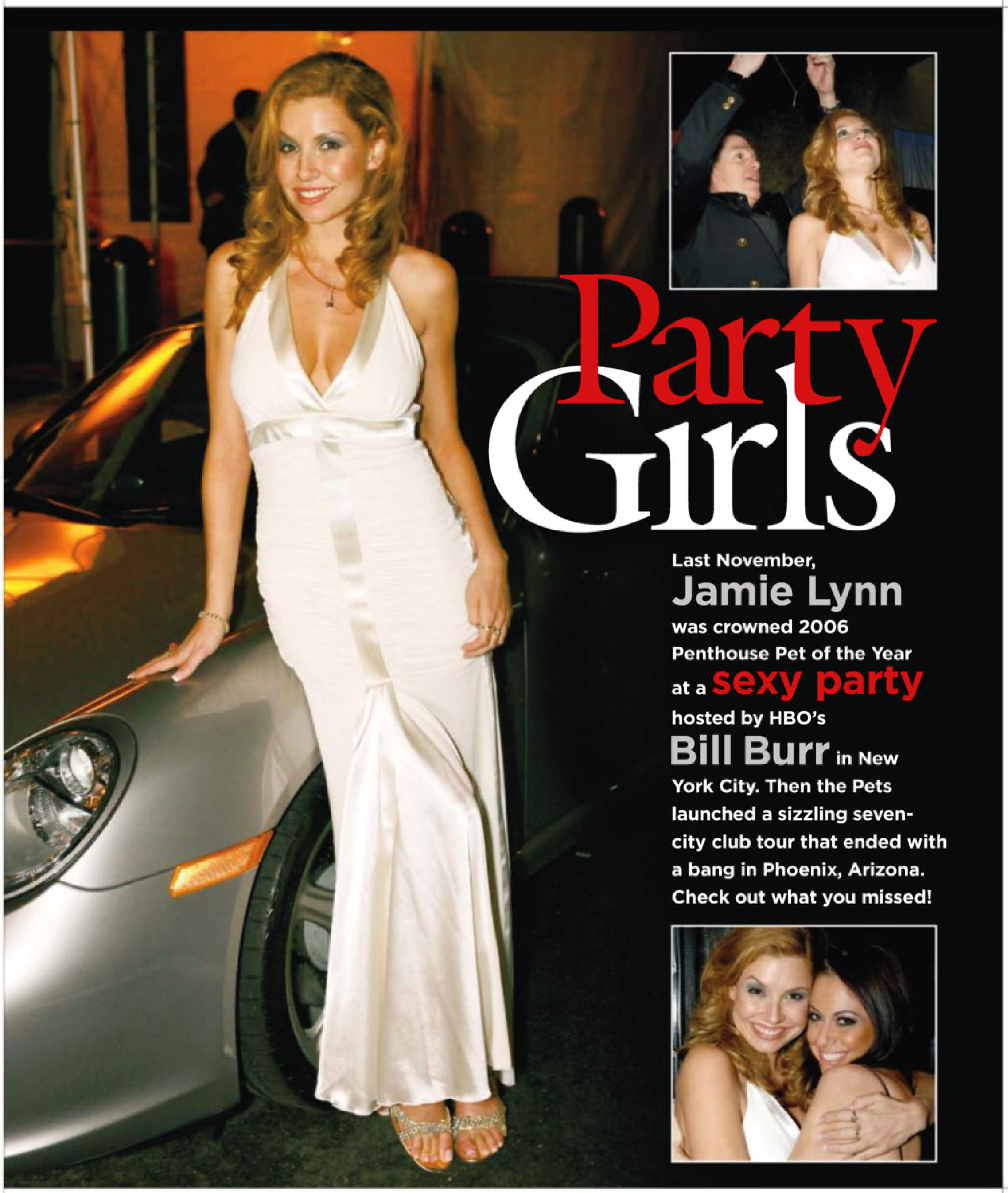
I get calls from guys I haven't talked to in years! They say, "Come on, let's have dinner." Two years ago, I met a guy on the street I haven't seen in fucking 25 years. But I was happy to see him. I grew up with him, and he knew my family. We got together and had dinner. It was a delightful night talking about the old days. Two weeks later, I get a call from the guy asking me to do him a favor and come to his company Christmas party. [*Yells*] Now the guy is turning me out! It's kind of odd how some of your friends change when you become famous. Look, I'm not an A-list star. But there are times when I'll be stuck on the street waiting for a cab and people are fucking bugging me. I want to crawl into a sewer sometimes.

Will there ever be a *Sopranos* movie?

I don't think so. We asked Dave that during the meeting, and he said he didn't think that was going to happen.

So is it safe to say we'll see you at the end of season six?

I'll accept anything that happens to me. But I hope they keep me around until the end.



Party Girls

Last November, Jamie Lynn was crowned 2006 Penthouse Pet of the Year at a sexy party hosted by HBO's Bill Burr in New York City. Then the Pets launched a sizzling seven-city club tour that ended with a bang in Phoenix, Arizona. Check out what you missed!

By Lainie Speiser

New York City

"It's just starting to sink in now.... I'm Pet of the Year!" exclaimed **Jamie Lynn** en route to the swinging Penthouse Executive Club for the party celebrating her title. Jamie Lynn was joined by Pet of the Year Runner-Up **Cassia Riley** and 13 other Penthouse Pets. They dazzled more than 900 attendees with their beauty, grace, and sinfully sexy charm. Hosted by comedian **Bill Burr** of HBO's *One Night Stand*, the event was our most stellar to date. Other high-profile comedians in attendance were **Christian Finnegan** and **Chuck Nice** from VH1's *Best Week Ever*.

Reality hit home when Jamie Lynn saw the Porsche she won waiting in front of the club. "This is the moment I've worked for since I became a model three years ago," she said. "I love it!"

The display of Pet love was overwhelming as the bevy of beauties got to know one another. It was also a sweet reunion for POY '03 **Sunny Leone** and POY Runner-Up '03 **Kelle Marie**. "I'm so happy to be back with the girls," Kelle told us. "I've missed Sunny grabbing my boobs and butt."

The party also marked the passing of the *Penthouse* title from 2005 POY **Martina Warren**. "When I first came to *Penthouse*, I was 19 years old," said Martina. "They've been such a warm and loving family." Cassia Riley also showed that coming in second to Jamie Lynn is nothing to sneeze at. "It's an honor to spend the year with Jamie. She was my first friend at *Penthouse*, and now we're like an old married couple. Jamie even tells people I'm her wife!" Jamie Lynn added, "Yes, and Martina is my mistress! How lucky am I? After tonight, the three of us are going on our whirlwind Pet of the Year club tour."











Victoria Zdrok (POY '04), Sunny Leone (POY '03), Courtney Taylor (POY Runner-Up '04), Sophia Santi (POY Runner-Up '05), and Penthouse Media Group thank Maker's Mark, the official drink and sponsor of the New York, Dallas, Houston, and Denver clubs; Iceberg Vodka; Universal Music Group; eMusic; and Caswell-Massey for their generosity and support.

Top left: Comedian and host Bill Burr of HBO's *One Night Stand* hams it up for the audience. Bottom right: Martina Warren (POY '05) steps to the mike and passes the torch to Jamie Lynn (POY '06).



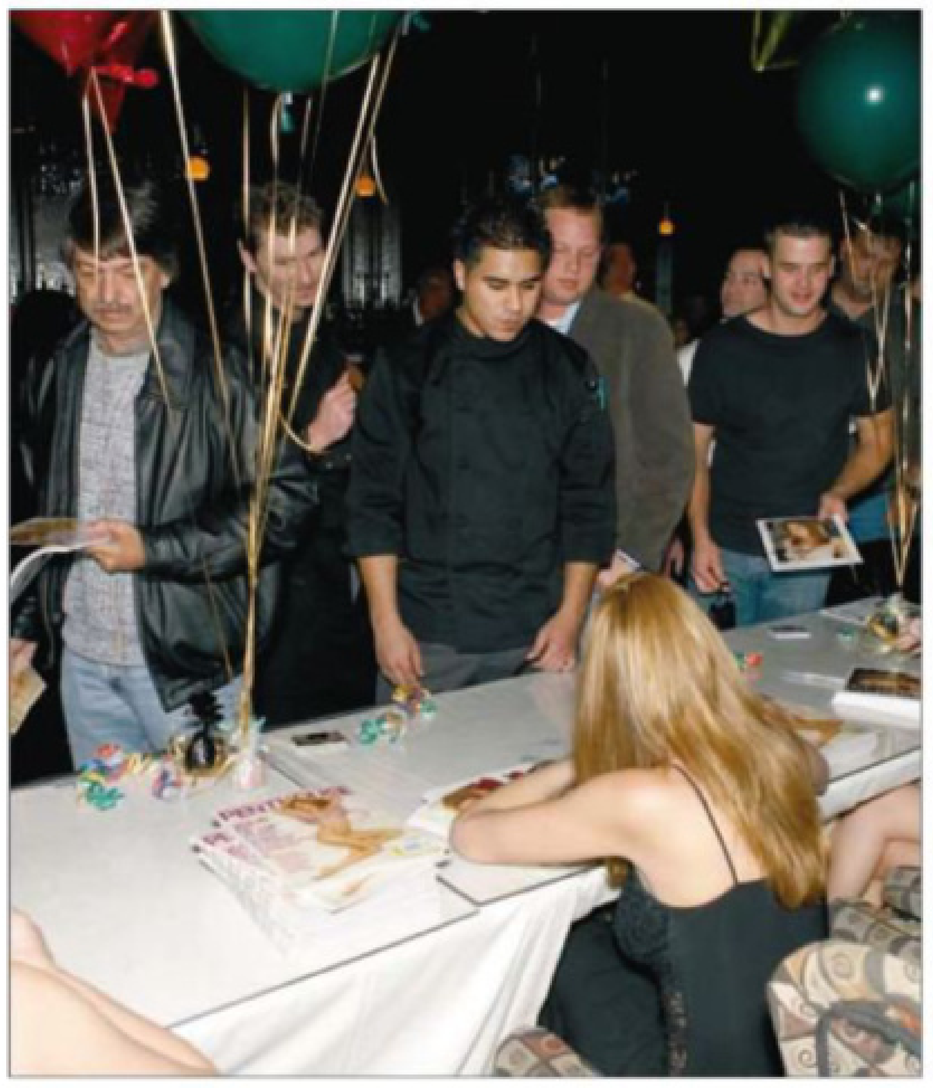




Dallas and Houston

Next was the friendly state of Texas, where the clubs are always hospitable and the dancers are gorgeous! The Dallas Penthouse Club drew more than 600 die-hard fans, many of whom brought merchandise featuring the luscious Pets. "I don't know where they find half this stuff, but I'd like to get a copy of all these things myself," laughed Jamie Lynn.

At the newest Penthouse Club, in Houston, Jamie Lynn was interviewed by the weekly newspaper *Houston Press,* where she revealed the secret to staying sexy during long photo shoots: selecting good music and imagining there's a really hot guy behind the camera. The reporter said he hoped his fiancée wouldn't read his interview after Jamie Lynn dropped the front of her dress to prove that her beautiful, firm D-cups were, indeed, natural.







Bottom left: Jamie Lynn, Martina, and Cassia wave tips at club dancers to score lap dances. Above: Paging Dr. Pet: Jamie Lynn administers shots to Cassia. Top right: Jamie Lynn meets and greets her fans. Bottom right: Cassia, Jamie Lynn, and Martina smile pretty with Penthouse Club dancers in Dallas.

Myrtle Beach and Spartanburg

The sexy trio's first stop on the Pet of the Year club tour was Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Despite the unseasonable cold, the Pets attracted more than 500 fans. The girls made merry with the dancers, generously tipping them at every turn. "I like going to gentlemen's clubs, and hanging out in the Penthouse Clubs isn't work for me at all," said Jamie Lynn, who reportedly spent Thanksgiving in L.A. getting lap dances with a special friend.

The tour continued at the Spartanburg, South Carolina, Penthouse Club, where Martina, Cassia, and Jamie Lynn partied into the wee hours. "I'm making it my business to corrupt Cassia," said Martina with a mischievous grin. "I'll teach her how to live it up like we do back home in Essex."





Bottom far left: Martina and Cassia perfect a hands-on dance move. Bottom left: KBPI-FM's program director, Joe Bevilacqua, gets close to his favorite Pet, Martina. Top right: The perfect pair—Martina and Jamie Lynn adore Cassia's assets. Middle right: Martina climbs aboard her adoring hubby for a celebratory lap dance.





St. Louis and Denver

At the St. Louis Penthouse Club, one Martina fan drove two hours through a blizzard just to say hello. *Penthouse* owner and chairman Dan Staton was in attendance and got to see Cassia do a little dance onstage. "I've never been to a gentlemen's club before, but I'm sure none are like the Penthouse Clubs," Cassia raved. "They're sexy, but female-friendly. I was curious how it felt to dance onstage." The verdict? "It's awesome! That is, if you don't trip and fall!"

The Denver Penthouse Club's big turnout was largely due to rockin' radio station KBPI and the popular "Uncle Nasty Show." When the girls played Pet Strip Trivia, Cassia scored so well that she kept every stitch on. "But I flashed Uncle Nasty before I left," she said. "I couldn't resist, and the look on his face was worth it."



Phoenix

Since the Phoenix Penthouse Club was the last stop on the weeklong tour celebrating all things *Penthouse,* the ladies lived it up until 6 A.M. "What I liked about the Phoenix club is that everyone came to really talk to us, to just look at us," said the engaging Jamie Lynn. "That's what I hope for whenever I go on tour for *Penthouse,* and that's what I'll try to make happen all year long. I'm a totally real person, and I want the fans to know that I'm just like them—except I'm probably naked a lot more than they are."

The Penthouse Clubs have also inspired the Pet posse to take up pole dancing. "We've been offered lessons," says Jamie Lynn. "Many of the Pets want to try it. It would be tons of fun, and a way for our fans to see more of us." That's our 2006 winner—always eager to please the public.

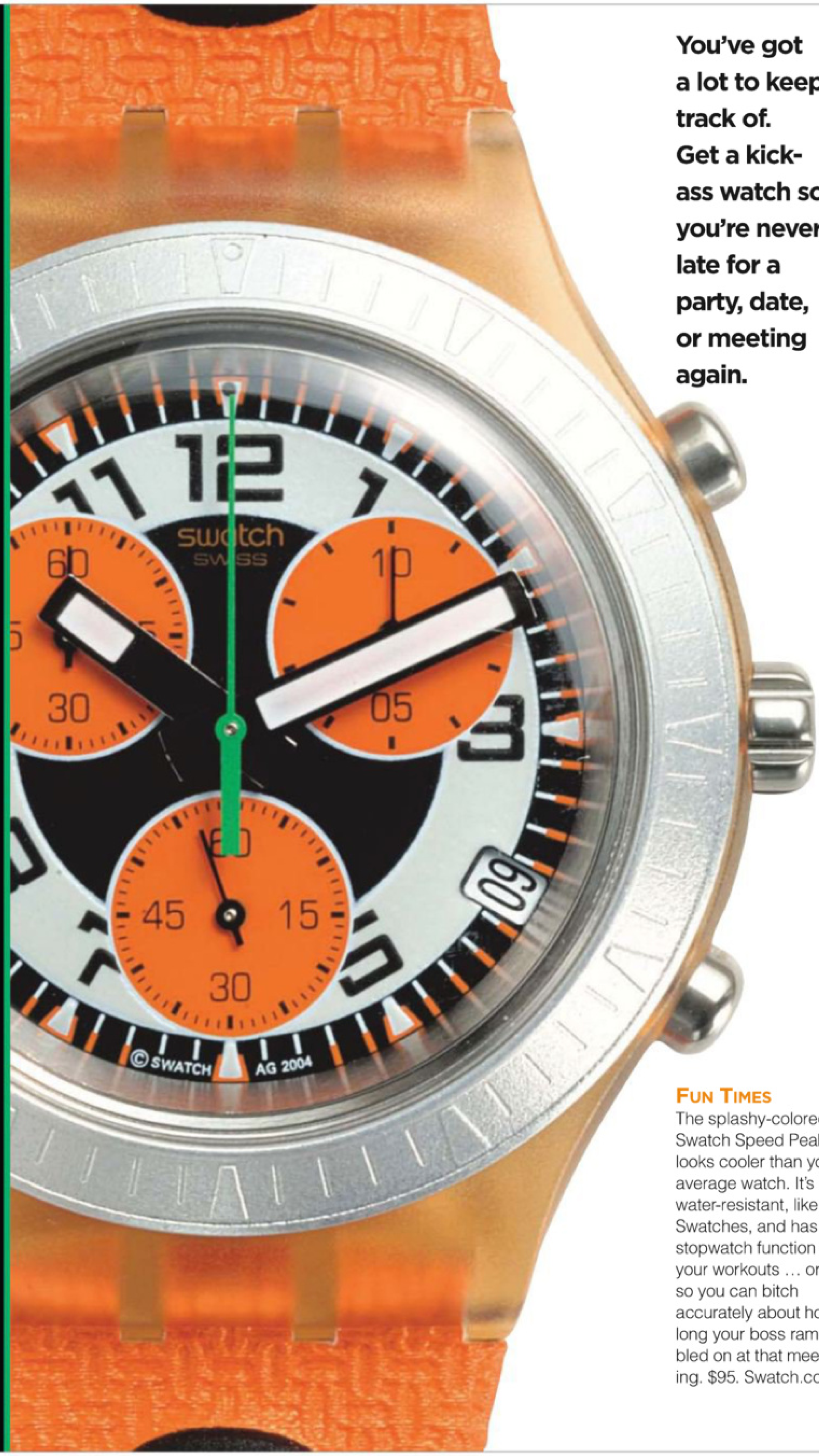






Swatch yourself

You've got a lot to keep track of. Get a kick-ass watch so you're never late for a party, date, or meeting again.



Fun Times
The splashy-colored Swatch Speed Peak looks cooler than your average watch. It's water-resistant, like all Swatches, and has a stopwatch function for your workouts … or so you can bitch accurately about how long your boss rambled on at that meeting. $95. Swatch.com

Service by Linda Giustino • Photographs by Nicholas Eveleigh



Smooth Jazz

The gold-plated case and brown, genuine crocodile strap on the Jazzmaster Power Reserve by Hamilton scream sophistication. Plus, girls will know you're loaded. $3,795. HamiltonWatch.com

Seek and Destroy

Not for the weak or scrawny, Vestal's oversized, stainless-steel Destroyer looks tailor-made for the guy who knows no fear. $184. VestalWatch.com

Max Versatility

Made of stainless steel with contemporary style links, this Skagen watch is great for the office, a night out, or everyday wear. It comes in black or chrome dial. $125. Skagen.com

Be Bold

The Militant watch by Vestal makes a rugged fashion statement with a canvas and leather cuff. It comes in a variety of colors to match your wardrobe, especially if you own a lot of camo. $126. VestalWatch.com

Minute Waltzing

This Technotunes watch rocks. Attach headphones and it's an MP3 player with 256 MB of memory. Download songs, and you'll be dancing to your next meeting. Colors and styles vary. $199. Technotunes.net

World's Toughest Watch

If you always scratch the shit out of your watch, get the Rado V10K. Its links and case sides are coated in diamond particles, making them harder than … well, anything. Each is individually numbered. $5,000. Rado.com

Time Travel

So you're a jet-setter who's sick of resetting your watch. With the T-Navigator 3000 by Tissot, you touch the tactile crystal and choose one of 150 countries or cities. It even keeps track of daylight savings. $525 to $575. Tissot.ch



Form and Function

This Skagen watch looks dressy from afar, but the sporty rubber band makes it tough enough to go anywhere. It has a square titanium face with triangular hands and a multifunction dial for a different look. $145. Skagen.com

Charm Her Pants Off

This sleek and sexy Skagen has three multifunction features. The face is 100 percent nickel-safe stainless steel, and the band is black Italian leather, perfect for the man who likes to seem mysterious. $125. Skagen.com

There's Always Time for Sex

These cute, fluffy bunnies are having hot kinky sex. Who knew Swatch had it in 'em? The Bunnysutra is a Touch model—just tap it to see the other functions. $60. Swatch.com

Watch Out

The Legionnaire by Vestal has a thick, black canvas band and looks badass. The only question: Can you pull it off? $78. VestalWatch.com

TAG, You're It

TAG watches are always in style; they look great and last for ages. The solid-steel TAG Heuer Link Automatic Chronograph is no exception. $2,700. TAGHeuer.com

Heavy Metal

This watch has Skagen Denmark's signature mesh band in titanium. It's sleek and light on the wrist, but the titanium case makes it strong. $110. Skagen.com

Clock Rock

The Dolby stainless-steel watch by Vestal has a big, rectangular, digital face. And it looks ultra-hip and more expensive than it really is. Vestal watches are so cool, they even come with a guitar pick. $126. VestalWatch.com

By David Kushner

INVASION OF THE POD PEOPLE

Photographs by Lionel Deluy

Every day, from the basement of their Wisconsin farmhouse, Dawn Miceli and Drew Domkus podcast their sex life for public consumption. In doing so, they're changing the face of entertainment, inspiring 100,000 people to "iTune" in and turn on to a less-than-typical married couple.

It's hangover-brunch hour in a café in New York City, but Dawn Miceli and Drew Domkus are ready to restart the party. Last night they were up 'til 4 A.M. at a piano bar partying with a clan of underground circus freaks. Today, Dawn has a fresh idea. "Maybe I should milk Drew's prostate!" she announces, causing other patrons to turn their heads. "I've never done that, but it sounds like fun."

They have reason to celebrate. While corporate America is still waking up to podcasts—home-brewed audio broadcasts distributed for free on the Internet—Dawn, 29, and Drew, 34, a married couple of self-described "gutter punks," have become the burgeoning medium's breakaway hit. As hosts of "The Dawn and Drew Show," a half hour of raunchy banter and songs they record five times a week in their 1895 Wisconsin farmhouse, they're firmly rooted in the Top 10 podcasts on the Net.

Free from FCC regulation, Dawn and Drew chronicle their sex lives with unabashed glee. One show was devoted to female ejaculation. In another, they simulated sex. Once, Dawn brought out a mouth harp during a podcast and played it live—with her vagina. Although they surely aren't the first Wisconsinites to lube each other up in a barn, they're the only ones to podcast it. "We actually put the liquid on our genitals and described how warm it was," says Dawn, who sports blue hair and a nose ring. "We don't hold anything back. It's just the life of a couple in Wisconsin who struggle like everyone else."

Their quirky candor has earned them plenty of fans. An estimated 100,000 people download "The Dawn and Drew Show" daily and listen on their laptops or iPods. They come from all walks of life: gamers, bankers, doctors, and rockers. Some of Dawn and Drew's most avid listeners are soldiers in Iraq. "They say it's nice to hear people talking like their friends," Dawn says. "It gets them out of the idea of being at war." Fans show their appreciation by mailing in porn and cookies.

The only thing more unlikely than the success of Dawn and Drew is the story of the so-called Pod-father who made it possible: Adam Curry. Once

Hair and makeup: Yukiko @ The Rex Agency





known for his big-hair, heavy-metal show on the "old" MTV, he's become the Bill Gates of podcasting, and he's the key to understanding how "Dawn and Drew" went from underground phenomenon to over-ground sensation. "Adam's such a glamour boy," says Dawn, "but he's been a forerunner of everything on the Internet. It has nothing to do with his persona on MTV."

Thanks to Curry, their audience is about to get bigger. Under Curry's newly minted deal, Dawn and Drew are bringing a weekly medley of their show to Sirius Satellite Radio. After a year of hosting their show as a labor of love, they can officially call this a full-time gig. "I literally quit my day job yesterday," says Drew, who sports a goatee and is wearing baggy shorts and a Bob Marley T-shirt. The leap to satellite radio is the consummation of the power of this new medium, and the unlikely love story of its two biggest stars.

It's nearing midnight, and Curry desperately wants to chat with somebody. For the past half hour, he has been riding alone up and down in the chandeliered elevator of Manhattan's swanky Waldorf-Astoria hotel, fishing for conversation. It has not gone well.

A young guy steps inside carrying a toothbrush and a cell phone. "Toothbrush and cell phone!" Curry quips. "What else do ya need?" No luck. An Asian bellhop joins him several floors later. "Busy tonight, huh?" Curry says. "It's all the American Forest and Paper Organization people, right? Are they nice? The paper people?" The elevator dings. "This is the lobby, sir," the bellhop says.

The last time Curry was at the Waldorf, the conversation flowed freely. But that was almost 20 years ago. It was the go-go eighties, and Curry, one of MTV's first veejays, was the king of *Headbangers Ball*. This was the pre-Nirvana epoch, when big hair was in, and none was bigger than his—Curry's mane was so alpine, it was hard to tell whether it was frosted blond or capped with snow. "Everybody was fucking jealous of my hair," Curry recalls.

Curry is 40 now, and his locks are long trimmed. Though he retains glints of flash from his glam years—*Miami Vice* pink lenses, an Ozzy-size, silver-tangled crucifix medallion—he slips back unnoticed into the hotel's oaken elevator. But anonymity suits his plan. Curry isn't here to simply make conversation. With a hidden lavaliere microphone and digital audio transmitter, he's here to podcast it.

Curry helped pioneer podcasting in late 2004, and it has since exploded into an audio revolution of blog-like proportions. Named for Apple's ubiquitous iPod, it allows anyone with a computer, an Internet connection, and a microphone to create and exchange DIY radio. A recent study by the Pew Internet & American Life Project found that one in three adults who own an MP3 player in the U.S. have downloaded a podcast.

There are more than 10,000 podcasts, and the number is growing. There are 'casts by garage bands, gamers, bass fishers, drag queens, wine snobs, and Paris Hilton. Senator John Edwards, an early enthusiast among politicos, podcasts informally from his kitchen. Old-fashioned radio broadcast companies, from the underdogs, like Air America, to the overlords, Infinity and Clear Channel, are scrambling to catch up. The most popular podcast? "Catholic Insider," a show by a Dutch priest with exclusive access to the Vatican. "You gotta love the Godcasts!" Curry says.

Tonight at the Waldorf, Curry is improvising what he calls an "elevatorcast," snatching anonymous snippets of dialogue, like a lost track of Pink Floyd's *Ummagumma*. "Usually, people just look at the floor or the numbers," Curry whispers into his lapel. "But if you are really listening to what's happening, you can hear some interesting stuff." Or not. But who cares? This isn't about perfect hair. It's about the frayed ends. The cloying rebel who once personified the blow-dried media machine is now breaking it down. His cross-platform technology is not an endorsement of Apple or any regime, he says: "No one owns the pod."

Curry's journey from heartthrob to heretic is not as unlikely as it seems. As an American boy growing up in Holland, where his dad took a PR job, Curry was an outsider from the start. Unable to converse with the Dutch kids, he fiddled with a Radio Shack Electronics 101 kit instead. "I was a loser geek," he says. But when he showed his classmates how he could broadcast David Bowie's "Sound and Vision" on his home-brewed transmitter, he earned instant cred. "This was my way to be cool," he recalls.

Curry hustled a spot at a pirate station in Amsterdam called Decibel Radio and broadcast every Saturday night as "John Holden," a 24-year-old Harley-riding hipster Yankee. "In reality, I was 16 and rode a moped," he says. Before long, he was smoking hash under a glass with a young Madonna and other stars rising from the underground. Then, after he had dropped out of college, a seemingly more radical opportunity came calling: MTV.

One of Curry's own podcasts, "MTV Chronicles," is a dishy scoop on his days inside the network's own surreal life. "There's only so much of that shit you can take," Curry says. One day in 1994, Curry quit on the air. "I think there's something on this Internet," he announced. "I'll see you in cyberspace."

It was a lucrative move. The next day, the network sued him for registering the MTV.com domain name, despite their prior approval. Curry took them to court, and parlayed the settlement into his own Web design start-up. Just before the dot-com bust, he sold his company for $400 million and pimped himself out in true headbanger style. Curry bought a castle in Belgium, learned to fly a helicopter, slept in, and toked up. "You'd find me in my bathrobe at two o'clock, checking my e-mail and smoking," he recalls.

Then he got his paws on an iPod. "Apple marketed it as a



"ADAM CURRY SOLD HIS COMPANY FOR $400 MILLION AND BECAME THE BILL GATES OF PODCASTING."

jukebox," Curry says. "But I saw a hard drive." And hard drives could store more than just songs—shows, for example. While living in London, Curry became a fan of a Boston deejay who was recording street interviews and uploading them online as MP3s. Curry had an idea for a program he called iPodder, which would automatically feed MP3s right to the player. So he solicited the help of the open-source community: the obsessive coders who create, modify, and share free software online. Curry's in-box was soon flooded with e-mails from pioneering geeks who began using iPodder to create their own reality radio shows. And two of the best were coming from a couple in a barn in the middle of nowhere. Their names were Dawn and Drew.

The only other thing unlikelier than Dawn and Drew's raunchy hit show is that they ever got together in the first place. It's a punk-rock Romeo and Juliet story—albeit with a happy ending, farm animals, and plenty of lube.

Dawn grew up as the outlandish and outspoken daughter of a custodian and a graphic arts designer outside Milwaukee, Wisconsin. While other kids tipped cows and rode tractors, Dawn was more like a teenage Courtney Love. "I was into all sorts of naughtiness," she says. At 15, she was the lead singer of a local band called the Virgins. "It was sort of a joke name," she explains, clicking her tongue ring between her teeth.

Several states away, in Burbank, California, Drew was also an aspiring rocker. But unlike Dawn, he had a considerably more conservative inspiration: religion. Though he listened to heavy metal and Howard Stern by day, at night he was the faithful young keyboardist in his brothers' Christian rock band, Scattered Few.

When Dawn's friends asked her to come see Scattered Few in 1994 in Milwaukee, she demurred. At the time, she sported dreads and nose rings, and expressed a budding interest in paganism. "I'm not into Christian music," she says. But when her friends offered to buy her dinner at the show, she conceded. Dawn was working as a telemarketer, and money was tight. "I basically met Drew because of a turkey sandwich," she says. The moment they met after the show, she fell hard for him, despite their different backgrounds.

Getting laid, though, was another story. "He wouldn't put out," she says. He had a reason: Just before the tour, Drew had been baptized in a backyard pool. Dawn tried rubbing her knee in his crotch, to no avail. "I was convinced it wasn't right to hook up with a girl who wasn't Christian," Drew says.

He got over it. During a visit from Dawn on Christmas Eve, they finally got busy. "We made a little baby Jesus," Dawn jokes. And Drew realized he was on the wrong path. "I was off track," he says. "Christianity just wasn't my thing." The pair got hitched, and to celebrate their commitment, they got matching tongue piercings. Soon they bought an old farmhouse on five acres in rural Wayne, Wisconsin. Relishing the solitude and freedom of life among corn and cows, Dawn and Drew transformed the farm into their own skewed Neverland, spinning fire and banging drums at night under the stars. They began chronicling the local farm-punk scene in self-published zines. "One of them was called *Pig Face*," Dawn says. "It was all about cops."

Drew, a computer programmer by trade, discovered an even better medium: the Web. They played around with blogs and Web diaries, but when Drew heard about Adam Curry's podcasting scene, he was intrigued. He hooked up a microphone to his computer and recorded himself improvising a love song for Dawn. The next day, he showed her what he'd uploaded. "This is lame," he said, "but imagine the possibilities."

She did. With podcasting, Dawn realized, anyone could have a voice and reach people around the world cheaply, easily, and, best of all—especially in an age of neoconservative culture wars—without regulation. "There's no censorship," Dawn says.

Dawn and Drew started sitting down regularly at the mike in their living room. They talked about their day, their farm, porn, chickens, and whatever else came to mind. One day, they simulated having sex. The next day, they found they were in the Top 10 list of podcasts. And, to their surprise, they quickly discovered that plenty of people around the world were listening.

During the 2004 BloggerCon, a convention for Web personalities, word leaked out that the hosts of "The Dawn and Drew Show" were in attendance. They had uploaded pictures of themselves beforehand, so people recognized the cherubic woman with blueberry-colored hair. "They kept coming up to me and saying, 'Hey, are you the iPod girl?' " Dawn says.

E-mails poured in, as did gifts. During one show, Dawn mentioned that she liked Hello Kitty accessories, and soon they started arriving at the farmhouse. So did sex toys. "Someone sent me a pocket pussy," says Drew. Durex, the condom and lube manufacturer, even sponsored their show.

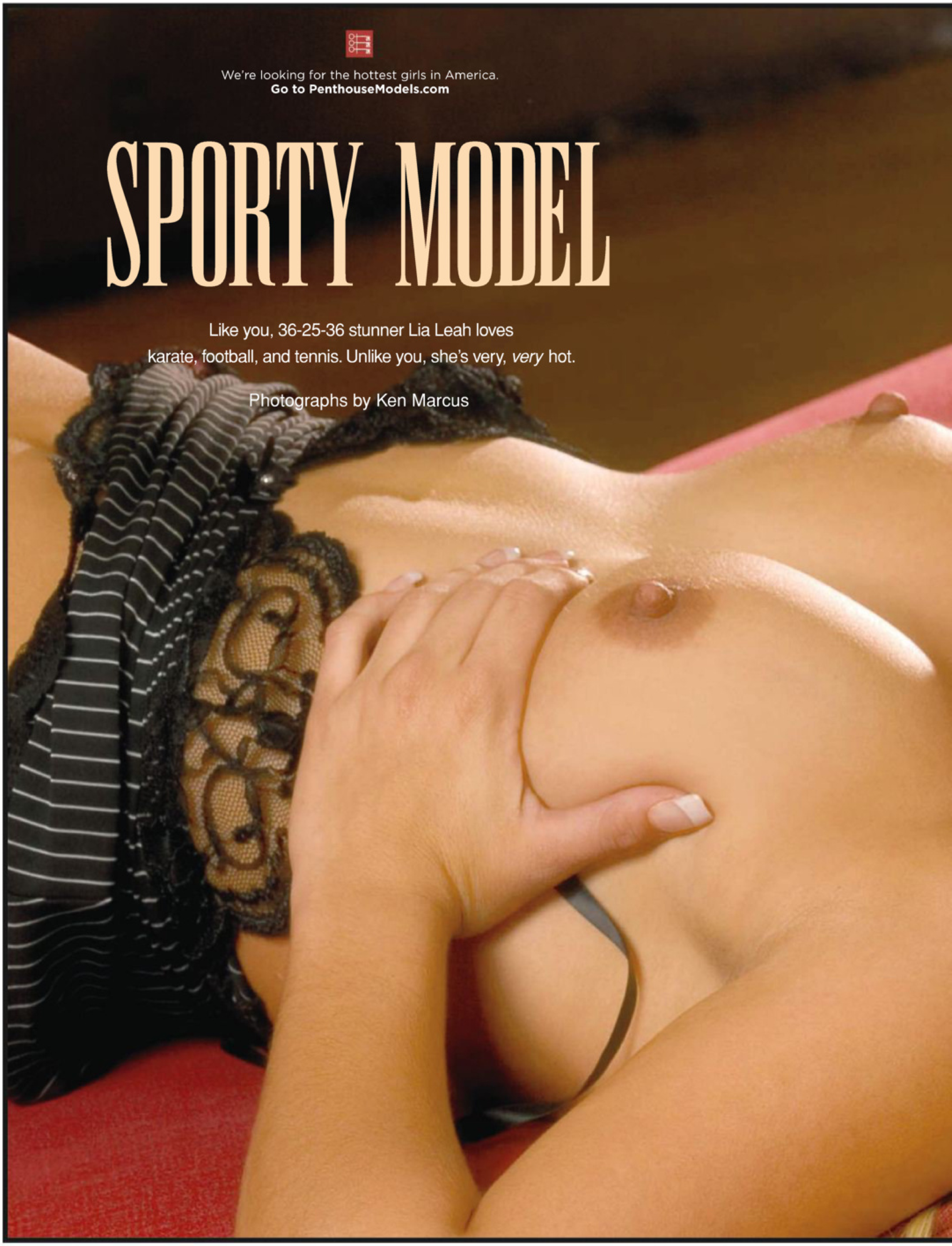
But the podcasts aren't just about sex. Without a script, they'd talk through the bad days, too. Dawn would bitch about her period cramps or, on the verge of tears, talk about her sick grandpa. They knew they were hitting the big time, or their version of it anyway, when the locals started tuning in. "One day an old neighbor came by on her ATV and said, 'I like your pod show,' " Dawn says. And when they received a congratulatory e-mail from their stiffest competition, the "Catholic Insider," Dawn and Drew realized that after years on the fringe, they'd really made it.

We're looking for the hottest girls in America.
Go to PenthouseModels.com

SPORTY MODEL

Like you, 36-25-36 stunner Lia Leah loves
karate, football, and tennis. Unlike you, she's very, *very* hot.

Photographs by Ken Marcus






“My ideal date would involve hopping aboard a private jet to an NFL game, where we would have box seats.”





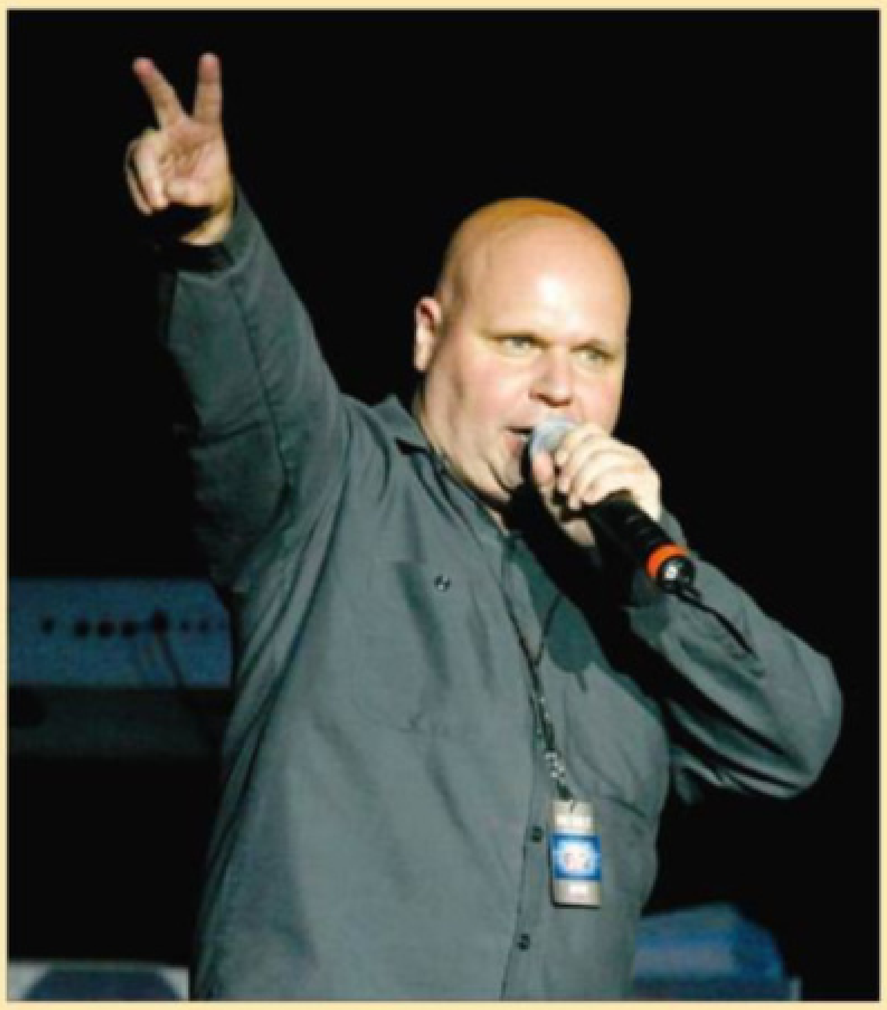

"I want to take control of a guy and give him mind-blowing orgasms. Afterward he'd leave, but he'd masturbate to me every night."


"If I'm really into a guy, I'll give him a hint in public, like whisper something dirty in his ear or slip my panties in his pocket."



The Mus

Matt Pinfield knows more about music than you do. In less than a decade, the gravel-voiced walking encyclopedia went from New Jersey deejay to being the barometer of cool on MTV's *120 Minutes*. After a stint at Columbia Records, he's back on television as a VH1 veejay. All hail the most knowledgeable man in rock.







"I'm hearing drums behind my head. The bass guitar is surrounding me. It's like being a kid with your headphones on, fantasizing about being with the band … except I'm actually singing with KISS." Matt Pinfield has stories about almost everyone, from the Rolling Stones to 50 Cent to Radiohead. He signed Coheed and Cambria. He introduced Stone Temple Pilots to the world. But this was even bigger.

Pinfield was born in Athens, Georgia, and lived there until his father took a teaching job in New Jersey. As a kid, he spent hours listening to records. "The first faint memories I have are of sitting in front of a record player. I wanted Beatles and Stones and Motown. From the time I was five, I was asking my parents to buy me '96 Tears' and 'Talk Talk' by the Music Machine."

By 16, Pinfield had his first radio gig: a weekly spot on Rutgers' college station, WRSU. "I lied and said I was going to be 18 and in college, just to get on the air."

While at Rutgers, Pinfield booked bands and deejayed at New Brunswick's Melody Bar. After graduating in 1984, he was hired by New Jersey's WHTG to be its music director and disc jockey, but his big MTV break didn't come until 1993. Though he was originally selected to be the music department

sic Man

By Rebecca Swanner







Pinfield lights up the stage, then gets down and dirty with (clockwise): No Doubt diva Gwen Stefani, Ali Landry and Limp Bizkit's Fred Durst, and Creed's Scott Stapp.

manager—not a veejay—Pinfield occasionally filled in as the host of *120 Minutes.* Despite disparaging notes on his "look," he became the show's permanent host in 1995.

When the alternative-rock nation started to weaken, Pinfield spearheaded the USA Network's *FarmClub.com,* then became an A&R rep for Columbia Records. Starting this month, he will be VH1's new *Top 20 Countdown* veejay.

How soon after leaving Columbia did you start talking to VH1?
VH1 was already talking to me, and I was going to do all of it. When I went to Sony [Columbia], my manager at the time was Chris Rock's manager. He made sure it was in my deal that I could do radio *and* television, as long as it didn't interfere with my job. If someone wanted to get rid of me, they were going to find a reason anyway.

That must have made it a little easier to leave the label.
There was that first feeling of real uncertainty, but I'm not as upset as I would have been had VH1 not been speaking to me. When you get let go from a gig, you go through a series of emotional changes. First you're shell-shocked. Then you're like, "I'm going to be fine." Five hours later you're like, "I'm fucking pissed." Then you might be a little sad. When I said, "Shit. I'm not going to be working with Coheed [and Cambria], and Crossfade, and Acceptance on their next records," that upset the shit out of me. That was the reason I was so Goddamn … That was the upsetting part of it. [But one of] my friends said, "Matt, don't feel bad about getting dropped from Columbia. So were 50 Cent and Alicia Keys. I think you're in good

company." [*Laughs*]
When did you first meet Coheed and Cambria?
I met the guys at the Reading Festival. We went on a double-decker tour bus [around Europe]. There were many late, shirtless nights—blasting music and deejaying for each other with our iPods.
Did you like being at Columbia?
I learned a lot and worked with some really great people. Don DeVito's office [was] next to mine.



The veejay extraordinaire speaks his mind and meets with (left to right): Mya, Mandy Moore, and rock band Disturbed.

He's the A&R rep for Bob Dylan, Bruce Springsteen, Billy Joel. He worked with Janis Joplin and the Byrds. He produced Bob Dylan's album *Desire*. Chicago, Aerosmith—he had them all.
What was the hardest part of being an A&R rep?
It's a hard job to get and it's a hard job to keep, because you have to have a good track record. But I believe in all the bands I've signed over the years, even bands that didn't sell thousands of copies. I enjoy the process. I believe in artist development. I'm considering starting my own label. I hope to have it [off the ground] by this summer.
What kind of music would be on your label?
Good music. Stuff that makes a difference. This will be a rock label. It'll be esoteric, but cool. I have at least three bands I want to put out. You start with bands you think have potential, and you put out stuff and let it grow organically. If something grows, you cross [the next] bridge when you come to it.
How do you find the bands you sign?
There's no set way. It's demos. It's friends who turn you on to something. It could be some link in your e-mail. It could be what I hear on the radio, on WOXY. I check out HMV and buy new indie records online from England, and I'll discover bands in the giant stacks that I get. There are bands that I just love, and I try to turn as many of my friends on to them as possible.
You've also been working on *Sound Off With Matt Pinfield* for HDNet. What's that been like?
It's all over the place. I've interviewed everyone from Ice-T to Dee Snider to the Killers.
50 Cent was also on the show.
50 was amazing. I asked him, "You get asked all the time about being shot, but you got up and were driven to carry on with your life and not let it get you down. You were dropped by your record label right after. All that stuff [came] at once, but you prevailed." He goes, "Matt, it was more painful that I got dropped from the label than getting shot all those times. I could deal with the physical pain, but the pain of not knowing where my life was going after all that and getting dropped from the label … That was the real pain."
What should we expect from your VH1 show?
I want to bring music information back in so people know something about the artists. There will be more music, more interviews, more performances, and world premieres.
When you started in this industry, it was a pretty fertile time for rock.
It was the beginning of the eighties. You had new wave, punk, and post-punk, and people were looking back at the sixties and seventies—Bowie, T.Rex, and the Velvet Underground. It was an exciting time to be on the radio. I could go to the record store and buy new indies and imports, and there was something great coming out every day. I thought it would never end.
Do you think it has?
I still believe there's great music out there. I think some people get older and don't connect because it's a different age.
Besides being an on-air deejay, you also spun at the Melody Bar for 12 years. Did anybody important make the trip out to Jersey?
Nine Inch Nails, the Mission, and Radiohead. Somebody brought Radiohead there from New York City. When I did their world premiere for *Hail to the Thief* on K-Rock, they did a performance for my show. I remember guitarist Ed O'Brien saying, "Hey, Matt! You remember that night when we had cheese fries and gyros across the street from the Melody?"
During the eighties, you were also working at the radio station WHTG. Was that a lot of paying dues?
It was a labor of love, and it was great. We [broadcast] out of this little house in the woods of south Jersey. We broke a lot



"Back on MTV, Puffy used to call me up at the studio when Dave Grohl was playing drums on 'It's All About the Benjamins.' I remember Puffy saying to [MTV's talent director] Michele Dix, 'I wanna be on *120 Minutes*.' She goes, 'You can't be on *120 Minutes*.' "

of new bands. 311 played Philly for 34 people, D.C. for 52 people, and when they got to Asbury Park, [New Jersey], there were 800 people there. They would have enough money to get through seven or eight gigs because I was playing their first record on the air.

Besides 311, what bands did you help break?

I remember driving with Dean DeLeo in his pickup truck, and him going, "Matt, I got this new band: Stone Temple Pilots." I go, "What can I say about it?" And he said, "Well, Brendan O'Brien—the engineer on [the Red Hot Chili Peppers'] *Blood Sugar Sex Magik*—he produced our record. You can mention that." So I played "Sex Type Thing," [and it was the] first time it was ever played on the air.

Tell me about the first time you guest-hosted *120 Minutes* with Depeche Mode.

[Lead singer] Dave Gahan was really good, but [guitarist] Martin Gore was out of it [and] hardly answered questions. They aired it that night, and we watched it at the Melody. I got a call from the woman who was the head of talent, and she says, "Matt, you did a really great job with Martin *Bore* last night. We'd like you to do some more stuff."

But before that, you were passed over, and it took two years until you got the gig. Why?

Years later, I found out the reason was that they weren't sure about my look. Some people weren't into the bald thing. I ended up getting hired in 1994 to be the manager of music programming—one of the ten people who pick music videos.

When they finally hired you as host, your first interview was with Oasis. They seem like a difficult interview.

It was with Noel [Gallagher] and Bonehead. Liam [Gallagher] is not a great interview anyway. He's out of his mind. [MTV] said, "Here's your shot. If it goes well, we'll give you two more weeks." Noel had fun, [and] Bonehead was busting my balls because I said I loved the Jam when I was a kid. He made a comment that I was older, going, "Oh, I would've thought it was Buddy Holly," so I smacked him in the head. Then I started a fight between them over [the] Manchester City and Manchester United [soccer teams]. I looked in the camera and said, "While these guys are fighting, we're going to go to commercial break."

What did MTV think?

The same woman who thought I was too bald to be on the air said, "Oh my God. I did a complete 180. You've gotta do the show." The next week I was on with Lisa Loeb. The week after that, I'm by myself without a guest. Three weeks turned into three months, and that turned into years.





How did you go from the grunge and alternative-oriented *120 Minutes* to hosting the more hip-hop *FarmClub.com* on the USA Network?

I knew about hip-hop, R&B, and the history of funk and soul. So there was respect from hip-hop guys like Dr. Dre, Jay-Z, Wyclef, and OutKast. Back on MTV, Puffy used to call me up at the studio when Dave Grohl was playing drums on "It's All About the Benjamins." I remember Puffy saying to [MTV's talent director] Michele Dix, "I wanna be on *120 Minutes*." She goes, "You can't be on *120 Minutes*."

Do you still enjoy meeting musicians after all these years in the biz?

It means the world when I meet an artist. I hadn't met Jack White until he was doing a concert for [*De Stijl*] on K-Rock. We sat and talked for a long while. [Meg White] spoke in that one. She's cool, and a big record collector.

Anyone else you've loved interviewing?

I did the first Rolling Stones broadcast in 30 years with all four members. They didn't move for 90 minutes. Mick got up once to stretch, and the other guys got up once to pee. They were laughing like they probably did when they were 20. Keith was drinking orange soda with vodka—that's his drink these days—and the rest of the guys were drinking tea. People I worked with [were like], "You can die now. I think that's the ultimate."

Where is the weirdest place you've run into a musician?

One time [we were] shooting at the MTV winter house in Aspen, Colorado. I walk into the bathroom at a sushi restaurant to take a piss, and Don Henley comes up next to me. I look down and say, "Hey, Don, I mowed lawns as a kid to buy your *On the Border* album." He strikes up a conversation and ended up sitting at our table. That also happened to me at MTV. I was brushing my teeth in the bathroom, and I think I see Peter Gabriel out of the corner of my eye at the pissing stall. [I say,] "Hey, Peter—is that you?" He goes, "Yes! It is!" I tell him, "Peter, I have [Heather Nova's] cover of [your song] 'I Have the Touch.' " Me and Peter Gabriel [end up] walking around the hallways of MTV, and he comes to my office to get free CDs. You'd be surprised how many meetings you have in the bathroom.

Did your rendezvous with KISS happen in the bathroom?

I did the voice-over for this KISS DVD, *Second Coming*. At KISS' office, their handler goes, "Gene wants to take you out to lunch." We're in his Lincoln Navigator that Paul [Stanley] bought him for his birthday, and [Gene] goes, "Wanna come to rehearsal?" [When we got there,] this guy brings over [Gene's] *Love Gun* boots, and Gene makes me put [them] on. I almost tripped and broke my ankle.

What else happened at rehearsal?

I look at the set list and say, "All the classics—that's great. I used to listen to these songs as a kid." And Gene's like, "You wanna have a go?" Ace [Frehley] gives me his guitar, and the next thing I know, I'm singing ["Rock Bottom"] with KISS. Here I am, standing with three of the original members of KISS, singing Paul Stanley's parts. It was surreal. They're like, "You wanna do one more?" and I'm like, "'100,000 Years'?" I wanted to hear Ace rip that lead.



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By Kara Wahlgren



NUTRITION

SNACK HAPPY

Lack of food can kill your mood—here's how to avoid the hunger rage.

You know how babies scream and cry when it's past their regular feeding time? Turns out we never really outgrow that. Keep us from our Burger King for too long, and we'll snap at anyone within a 50-foot radius. Hunger isn't just a survival instinct—it's also a mood killer. Delaying mealtime can cause a dip in blood sugar levels, which can make you feel irritable, belligerent, dizzy, or a pleasant combination of the three. Luckily, there are ways to avoid hunger-induced hostility (also known as "food swings" or "hanger"). Memorize them, and maybe you'll stop acting like a big baby.

1. Snack right. When you're cranky, a candy bar isn't the solution. Find a snack that's high in protein, fat, and/or fiber. String cheese, fruit, nuts, and hummus will all do the trick.



2. Have a stash. Keep food in your desk drawer at work in case of a midday meltdown, and stow some grub in your glove compartment to avoid road rage.

3. Graze. Eating three big meals a day gives you three opportunities for premeal crankiness. Eat smaller meals at breakfast, lunch, and dinner so you can feel free to snack in between.

4. Own up to it. Suck it up and apologize to all the innocent souls who are being victimized by your raging case of the munchies. Most people can relate to a simple, "Sorry, I'm just hungry."

Hell hath no fury like a snack attack unfulfilled. A shortage of munchies can leave you feeling irritable, but luckily there are easy ways to prevent hunger-induced hostility.

Illustration by Chris Hiers

HEALTH NEWS

Heading Off Concussions

The key to keeping your brain from bouncing around in your skull may be in your mouth. Around 300,000 athletes suffer from concussions each year, and almost half of all high school football players will get a concussion at some point. But a growing number of coaches and athletes—not to mention the American Dental Association and the American Academy of Pediatrics—are saying that better mouth guards might help prevent concussions.

Ben Roberts, an 18-year-old tae kwon do competitor, agrees. After injuring an opponent in the nationals with a swift kick to the face, Roberts started researching sports equipment that could help prevent concussions. He stumbled across Brain-Pad, a device that protects the top and bottom teeth. According to the company, it works by creating a buffer between the lower jaw and the base of the skull.

Some researchers and coaches argue that the evidence is anecdotal. Still, researchers at Wayne State University put dummies through a free-fall test and found that those wearing Brain-Pad had a 40 percent decrease in impact to the base of the skull.

That's good enough for Roberts, who's asked New York Senator Suzi Oppenheimer to draft legislation setting higher standards for mouth guards. "It's unnecessary to knock the idea down so quickly and thoroughly," Roberts says. "It's not going to hurt anybody. It's uncomfortable, but if people are willing to sacrifice comfort for safety, it can help. I've been using Brain-Pad since 2002, and I've never had a concussion—and I've definitely been kicked in the head. If anything, it gives you peace of mind."



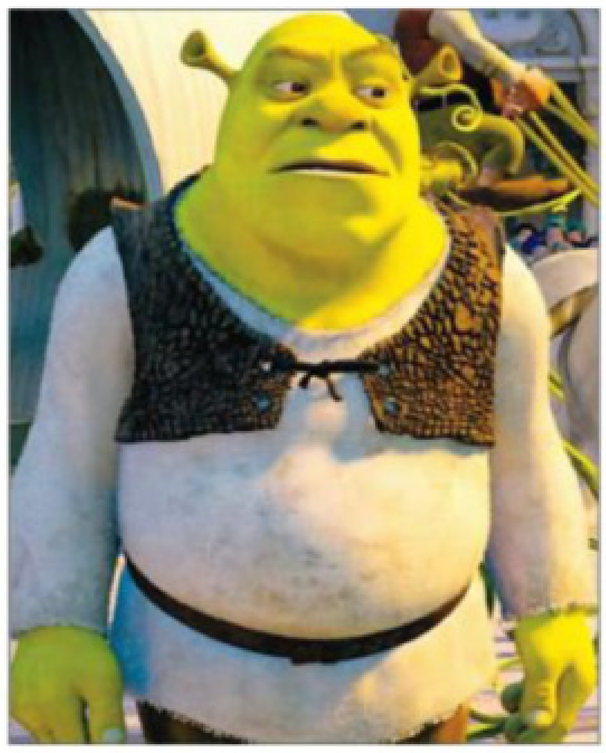
Tae kwon do competitor Ben Roberts is one of a growing number of athletes who believe that a new type of mouth guard could reduce the high number of concussions.

Have No Fear

When you're feeling stressed, you're better off blowing your top than panicking, studies show. People who become anxious or fearful in stressful situations have a stronger biological response than those who get angry—which means higher blood pressure, heart rates, and stress hormone levels.

In the study, participants had to solve annoying math problems, like counting backwards by seven from 9,095. Researchers pointed out their mistakes and harassed them to go faster. (It's surprising that no researchers got punched during this study.) The pissed-off participants generally had lower stress response levels than those who were nervous. In other words, when the going gets tough, don't be a pansy.





Smart Side Effects

Stress makes you stupid, but a blood-pressure drug called propranolol might fight its effects on your gray matter. Volunteers watched *Saving Private Ryan* and *Shrek*, then took problem-solving tests. After watching Tom Hanks do combat, they performed worse than after laughing at the ogre. Yet in a related study, the same researchers found that propranolol may counteract the negative effects of stress by blocking the stress hormone norepinephrine. Or you could just sucker your overachieving coworker into picking up your slack.

Clear the Air

Having a houseplant can keep contaminants out of your house, according to a new study by—seriously—a teenager in California. According to Ryan Kim, an English ivy can get rid of all the gross stuff floating around in the air, from mold to dog poop.

In the name of science, Kim put moldy bread and dog feces in sealed containers and measured the airborne particles. Then he repeated the process with English ivy added to the containers. Mold levels went down by 78.5 percent, and airborne fecal matter decreased by 94 percent. The theory: Plants absorb pollutants into their roots and soil, leaving your air clear.

Pollution experts aren't convinced though. They argue that English ivy can be toxic to small children and pets (minor detail!), and that purifying a container is easier than purifying a whole room. Jeffrey Siegel, an indoor air-quality expert, suggests keeping pollutants out of your house in the first place—don't smoke indoors, put an exhaust hood over your stove, and (we're just speculating here) don't leave dog feces lying around.



Frontline Dentistry

Along with the usual issues of gunfire, explosions, and warfare in general, combat soldiers also have to worry about their teeth. It's actually a big problem—between 14 and 19 percent of deployed soldiers have a dental emergency at some point. Stress increases the growth of bacteria in the mouth, and it's not exactly easy to brush and floss in the field.

Scientists are working on a chewing gum that could fight bacteria and prevent cavities, plaque, and gum disease. The gum would gradually release bacteria fighters, giving it an edge over other gum with dental benefits. It won't add weight to soldiers' packs, since regular gum is already standard fare in ready-to-eat meal packages. Scientists are now working on improving the flavor, and ensuring that the gum retains flavor and bacteria-fighting ability for up to an hour. They hope to begin testing the product with Army units within the next year. If it passes muster with the troops, it should be available within four years.

Quitters Win

It may soon get a whole lot easier to quit smoking. An experimental drug called varenicline was four times more effective than a placebo in helping smokers quit, and it's twice as effective as Zyban. The drug works by binding to nicotine receptors in the brain. Once the drug is occupying that space, the nicotine can't get in—even if you have a cigarette, you won't get the usual chemical rewards. Participants in the study took the pills for 12 weeks. Of those who took varenicline, 44 percent quit, compared to 30 percent in the Zyban group and 17.7 percent who received placebos. Those who successfully quit during the first study were split into two groups, with half getting varenicline and half getting a placebo. After 12 weeks, 70.6 percent of people in the varenicline group were still smoke-free, compared to 49.8 percent of the placebo group. The bad news is, less than half of the quitters in each group were still completely smoke-free at the end of the year. So experts say the key is preventing people from getting hooked in the first place. For the 50 million people who already smoke, though, the drug may someday be the key to kicking the habit.



Double Whammy

You already know that 65 percent of Americans are overweight, which boosts their risk for diabetes. But now diabetes poses a double threat because doctors are starting to see more patients with type 1 *and* type 2 diabetes.

Type 2 is the form usually linked to obesity; the extra fat cells cause a resistance to insulin. The condition is usually treated with medication and diet. Type 1 diabetes affects only five percent of diabetics. The body's immune system fights the cells that produce insulin, and patients usually have to take insulin injections.

The new phenomenon of "double diabetes" means some patients are testing positive for both types. So what causes it? Some patients are type 1 diabetics who follow a high-calorie diet, gain weight, and start developing type 2 diabetes. In other cases, a patient who seems like a textbook type 2 actually tests positive for type 1. Doctors are working on more comprehensive treatment methods, but prevention is still the best bet—maintain a healthy weight, stay active, and don't eat the *whole* box of Devil Dogs.



With the new phenomenon of "double diabetes"—when patients suffer from both type 1 and type 2 diabetes—this dude has more to worry about than those ugly-ass overalls.

(The Razzies)

Oscar's



Most guys hate Academy Awards night, but John Wilson has done something about it. He disses the film establishment by mocking its most sacred cow.

By Daniel Nemet-Nejat





FRESH RAZZBERRIES

Halle Berry strode onto the dingy stage at L.A.'s Ivar Theatre holding the Oscar she had won for *Monster's Ball* three years earlier. She approached the pressed-wood podium, where a burly man in a tuxedo and gold bow tie handed her a golf ball–size gold raspberry. Berry raised both awards in the air and let out a whoop. The crowd exploded into a frenzy. "Thank you so much," she said. "I never in my life thought I'd be up here.... I want to thank Warner Bros. Thank you for putting me in a piece-of-shit, god-awful movie."

Berry was accepting the award for Worst Actress for her performance in 2004's mega-bomb *Catwoman* at the 25th annual Golden Raspberry Awards, better known as the Razzies. Led by founder and Head Razzberry John Wilson—the burly guy with the gold bow tie—the Razzies have incurred the ill will of the Hollywood establishment by dishonoring Tinseltown's most dubious achievements.

Wilson first gained an appreciation of bad movies when he saw *Snow White and the Three Stooges* in 1961. "I remember at [the age of] eight thinking, *What idiot wrote this movie?*" he recalls. But it was a 99-cent double feature he saw in 1980 that changed the course of his life. It was *Can't Stop the Music,* a pseudo-biopic about the Village People, and *Xanadu,* the Olivia Newton-John roller-skating musical ("I actually asked for my 99 cents back," says Wilson).

On March 31, 1981, at an Oscar potluck party he was hosting in his tiny Hollywood apartment, Wilson introduced the Razzies to his guests. Immediately following the Academy Awards, he called people to a hand-painted cardboard podium in his living room alcove to accept awards honoring the year's worst cinematic offenders in eight categories, including Worst Picture, Worst Actor and Actress, and

Evil Twin



Worst Song (both *Music* and *Xanadu* were big winners). The ceremony featured the inaugural Razzie, a handmade raspberry spray-painted gold and mounted on an eight-mm film core (total cost: $3), and clips that he had compiled from the trailer company where he worked. It concluded with a sing-along parody of Oscar's necrology—the soppy annual tribute to the stars who died that year. The song, "Dead Entertainers," which Wilson set to the tune of the upbeat "That's Entertainment," underscored the cheeky wit that would come to characterize the Razzies:

"They've all gone / To backlots in the sky.
"But they live on / In their films, so don't cry.
"They've all decomposed / So now we've composed
" 'Dead Entertainers!' "

"It was just pure silliness," says Nancy Lillienthal, an original Razzie member and Wilson's valued aide at subsequent ceremonies. "And trust me, it still is."

On a lark, Wilson sent press releases to all the local papers. The *Los Angeles Daily News* actually ran an item a few days later under the headline AND THE WINNERS AREN'T.

The following year, the Razzies received their first published response. Wilson recalls reading that diva Faye Dunaway reportedly flew into a rage when she heard about her Worst Actress win for 1981's vamp-fest *Mommie Dearest*.

By 1984, the Razzies had expanded enough to justify holding the ceremony in a grade school cafeteria. Future ceremonies were held at the Roosevelt Hotel—the site of the first Oscar ceremony, as Wilson and other Razzie members are only too happy to point out. Wilson made the wise decision

From left: Halle Berry *whoo*'s; at the first Razzies, John Wilson looks confused; Ben Affleck is bemused.

to switch the event to Oscar eve, out of direct competition with its mainstream counterpart. The annual tweaking of superstar egos received its first national exposure from CNN and UPI. Today, the awards are covered by media outlets worldwide, and are referenced by major critics like Roger Ebert in their reviews.

In 2004 Wilson had Ben Affleck's Razzie for *Gigli* presented to him on *Larry King Live.* Affleck refused to accept it, and Wilson promptly sold it on eBay for $1,750. Not only did it help fund last year's ceremony, but it effectively made Affleck the evening's executive producer. "These days, if you win a Razzie and you're a person who pays any attention to entertainment news, all those people are going to know," says Wilson.

OSCAR'S EVIL TWIN

Wilson has defined the Razzies in opposition to the Academy. At last year's ceremony, he dubbed them "Oscar's evil twins" to enhance their underdog appeal and send up the pomposity of Hollywood in general. "The Academy really gets into their whole hubris of how important they are, and I find that is just begging to be made fun of," he says. "Over the years, we have really played off of the joke of the Oscars being this multimillion-dollar, glitzy, glamorous, red-carpet, beautiful-gowns event, and we're down here renting tuxedos from Friar Tux."

A sly marketer, Wilson's press releases boast that the Razzie itself still costs less than $5 to make (though he privately admits that its real cost is closer to $20), and he says the ceremony typically costs less than $7,000 to stage. In contrast, the Academy produced the 2003 Oscars for about $18 million, according to awards guru Tom O'Neil, author of *Movie Awards* and columnist for "The Envelope" on LATimes.com.

The Razzies combine low production values with Wilson's corny sense of humor—he substitutes "berry" for "very" at all times—to create what Lillienthal calls "the un-pageantry" of their ceremony. Even in years when budget and personal constraints have reduced the Razzies to a glorified press conference, "we always had an opening number, because it's not an awards show without an opening number," she says. In the spirit of "Dead Entertainers," these songs, with lyrics by Wilson, include "Lame," to the tune of "Fame"; and "Wind Between Our Cheeks," to the tune of "Wind Beneath My Wings."

In addition to the traditional categories, Wilson has created awards like Worst Remake or Sequel, Worst Screen Couple, and the Joe Eszterhas Worst-Written Film Grossing Over $100 Million to further slag Hollywood. Each nominee is introduced with a scathing quote from a major critic. Wilson's favorite is from Roger Ebert's *Wild Wild West* review: "[It's] like watching money burn on the screen."

The Razzies flaunt their cornball, amateurish style—presenters appear in silly costumes, such as Village People headdresses, throw DVDs of the nominated flicks into a garbage can, and deliver groan-worthy puns on a stage often decorated with nothing more than movie posters, a podium, and a TV set. When Tom Green showed up in 2002 to collect his five Razzies for *Freddy Got Fingered* (including Worst Screen Couple for himself and "any animal he abuses"), he embraced the parody by arriving in a 1960s-style white limo and unfurling his own red carpet. But Wilson says that "Tinseltown's Tackiest Trophy Trove" is just trying to keep up with the Joneses. "I have always thought the Academy Awards ceremony is wonderfully tacky without trying to be," he said. "We *try* to be, and I still think that it's arguable which one is more tasteless."

Beneath its satirical, vaudeville presentation, the Razzies serve a nominal function in Hollywood. Wilson says, "I do think the movie industry needs something like Razzies to hold it accountable for its big-budget failures, like *Catwoman* and *Wild Wild West*."

His daggers are aimed at these high-profile disasters rather than independent films, which might be constructed with inept yet tender loving care. *Rolling Stone* film critic—and voting Razzie member—Peter Travers agrees with this approach. In his introduction to Wilson's book, *The Official Razzie Movie Guide,* he writes, "[The fact] that the ceremony always takes place the day before the Academy Awards is particularly appropriate. Oscar night always finds the major studios taking bows for quality when we know that 90 percent of what they grind out is indisputable hoo-hah.... Nothing is better than a Razzie to burst the balloon of Tinseltown pretension."

O'Neil believes the Razzies have struck a satirical nerve with an industry that values winning above breathing. "Movies that get tagged as the Worst Picture of the Year end up becoming official standards of failure in showbiz history, and that's a terrifying thing for people obsessed with success," he says. "This is an industry that measures everything by awards, so to use its obsession with awards to mark its failures is the ultimate send-up of the system."





THE FART IN CHURCH

What does the Hollywood establishment care about some potshots from a bunch of nobodies? "Ninety-eight percent of the movie business treats us like the proverbial fart in church," Wilson says. "It didn't happen, so we're not going to acknowledge it. We all smell it, we know it's there, but if we ignore it, it'll go away." He says Hollywood takes this tack because "admitting we even exist would also imply admitting they make crappy movies."

A senior publicist at one studio admits to being amused by the Razzies, while others say many industry bigwigs hardly give them a thought. Richard Smith, a longtime member of both the Razzies and the Academy, as well as the onetime head of publicity for both Universal and Columbia (he left Los Angeles 15 years ago), believes "the Hollywood dream factory" tries to suppress any negative vibes in order to protect its "glamorous image"—and its stars' fragile egos.

In 1990 the Razzies' favorite whipping boy, Sylvester Stallone (he has 30 nominations and ten wins), received an award

Clockwise from top left: Tom Green gets *Fingered;* a sly Stallone; cult heroines Julie Newmar and Divine; President Bush on 9/11; and Will Smith and Kevin Kline in *Wild Wild West*

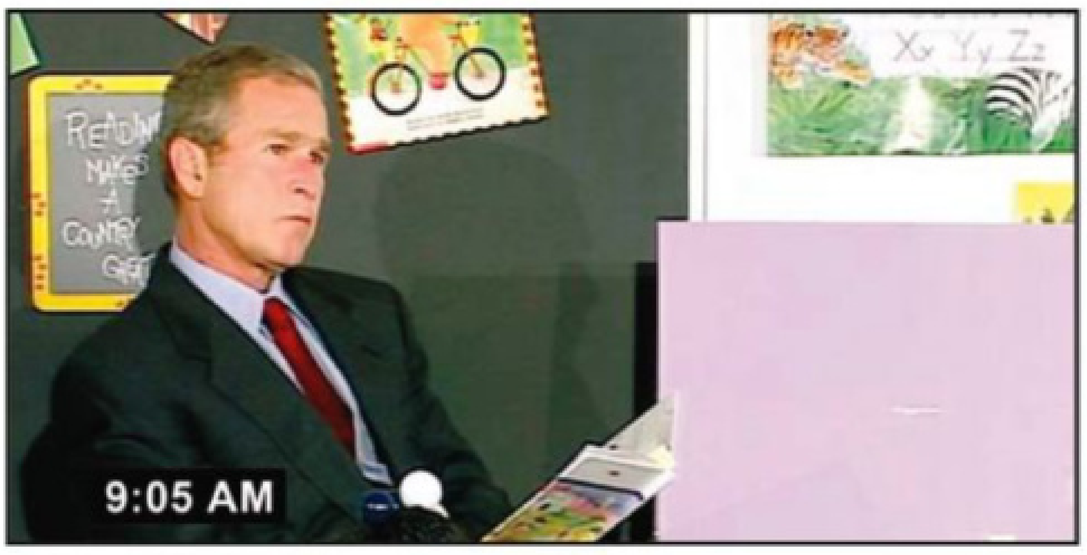
for Worst Actor of the Decade. Soon after, Wilson received an angry answering-machine message from someone who, "for legal reasons," Wilson says "sounded like" Sly. (Stallone's reps deny he was the caller.) Wilson played the message as Stallone's acceptance speech at the ceremony.

EMBRACE YOUR RAZZIE

As a result of it being "kind of hard to pretend it doesn't happen anymore," as Wilson says, scattered members of the industry have decided that owning up to their failure might be the way to go. MGM even trumpeted its Razzies when it repackaged *Showgirls,* the quintessential Razzie movie, as a midnight camp-fest in 1996. The occasional winners, like Green, *Catwoman* screenwriter Michael Ferris, and *Showgirls* director Paul Verhoeven, have shown up to accept their dis-honors. Halle Berry's gracious acceptance speech—she was far and away the biggest star ever to appear—was the strongest proof of the Razzies' growing legitimacy. "That was certainly the most amazing moment







in Razzie history," says Lillienthal. "It shows that we are a part of pop culture now." Last year the Razzies extended its satirical reach when it named President George W. Bush as Worst Actor for his work in *Fahrenheit 9/11.* Wilson says he was deluged with hundreds of angry e-mails from the Religious Right. ("They know a lot more dirty words than they let on," he remembers.)

Wilson insists that the Razzies are intended as an affectionate satire. "I like to say we're a banana peel on the floor, not a slap in the face," he says. "In a perverse sort of way, I love a lot of this stuff." The roughly 700 dues-payers—mostly comprising film critics, movie buffs, and people working in the industry (ironically, often in PR)—share his attitude. Suzanne Stone, a Razzie member and staff writer for *Jeopardy!,* says the members she knows are all making a good living in the industry and simply enjoy "the cleverness of the Razzies, and the entertainment value of criticizing these big, bad movies and the celebrities that star in them."

At the 25th annual Razzies, the atmosphere was like a lodge meeting. The audience shouted along with the infamous "no more wire hangers" scene from *Mommie Dearest,* and with other turkeys contending for the Worst of the Last 25 Years award. Ferris, who accepted the Worst Screenplay award for *Catwoman* on behalf of himself and the 26 other writers, recalls, "Everyone seemed to be there just to have a good time." He now keeps the award on his mantel. Although Tom Green called the awards "definitely mean-spirited," maybe he'd be comforted by Travers' words in the *Razzie Movie Guide:* "Wilson only kills the things he loves."

HEAD RAZZBERRY

While he loves his Razzies, Wilson says his involvement has hurt his actual career as a movie promo writer and trailer maker—and he's even been fired on a couple of occasions. As a result, he says that while he doesn't lie about his identity in his professional life, he doesn't advertise it, either. And how does he justify cutting trailers for bad flicks and then deriding them? "I'm the Bruce Wayne of bad movies."

Despite the recognition from Berry and Green, the Razzies will never be televised. Celebrities won't attend, studios won't license clips, and no network would want to offend its parent corporation. At the conclusion of last year's ceremony, Wilson vowed to be back next year, "and the year after that, and the year after, and the year after that, until Hollywood either runs out of bad ideas, stops making bad movies, or figures out a way to actually make hell freeze over."

The Cream of the Crap

Razzies creator John Wilson delights in sincere yet shitty flicks. "It's like if your teacher was addressing the class very seriously and his fly was unzipped," he explains. Here are the best of the worst.

The Lonely Lady (1983)

"An obscure one that I absolutely love," says Wilson of the first movie to sweep the Razzies. Wilson actually worked on its promotional campaign and was ordered by the studio to keep Pia Zadora—the film's star—out of the trailer.



Glen or Glenda (1953)

Operating on an ultra-low budget, Ed Wood often spliced in stock footage—regardless of whether it fit the story. "I think there are buffalo stampedes and atomic blasts in the dream sequences that don't appear to have anything to do with anything at all," Wilson recalls.



Xanadu (1980)

The movie that helped inspire the first Razzies holds a special place in Wilson's heart "because it is so incredibly dated. By the time it came out 25 years ago, it was already dated because roller disco was dead—as was Olivia Newton-John's film career."

Anaconda (1997)

It "features the best deliberately bad performance I have ever seen," Wilson says. "Jon Voight is clearly hamming it up. He really ought to have a meat company's name stamped on his head."

Showgirls (1995)

Holds the record, with 13 Razzie nominations. "The idea that someone tried to make a serious, dramatic film about lap dancers in Las Vegas is … ridiculous," carps Wilson. "Even if someone like Meryl Streep played Nomi, it still would have been ridiculous."



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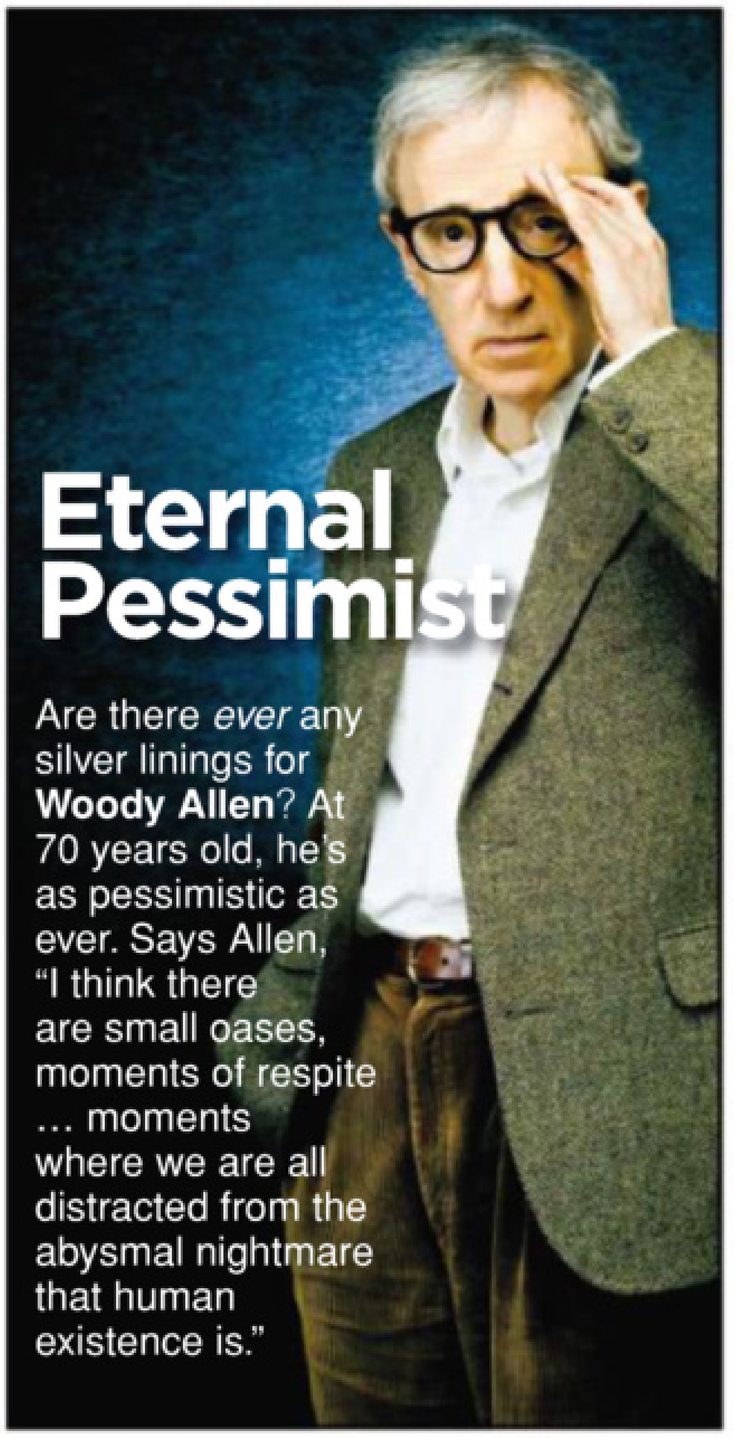


Picture This!

If the only thing hotter than a sexy woman is a sexy woman appreciating another woman's body, **Denise Richards** is on fire. The actress admits, "I wouldn't mind having **Jennifer Aniston**'s ass. I saw her ass in person when I did *Friends*. She's got the best butt ever."

You Want Fries With That?

A man named **Ronald MacDonald** has been charged with taking money from the safe at a New Hampshire Wendy's. Perhaps Hamburglar would have been a more suitable moniker for the guy.



Eternal Pessimist

Are there *ever* any silver linings for **Woody Allen**? At 70 years old, he's as pessimistic as ever. Says Allen, "I think there are small oases, moments of respite … moments where we are all distracted from the abysmal nightmare that human existence is."



An Uplifting Idea

In the ongoing quest to build a better brassiere, Hong Kong's Polytechnic University has introduced a degree in bra studies.



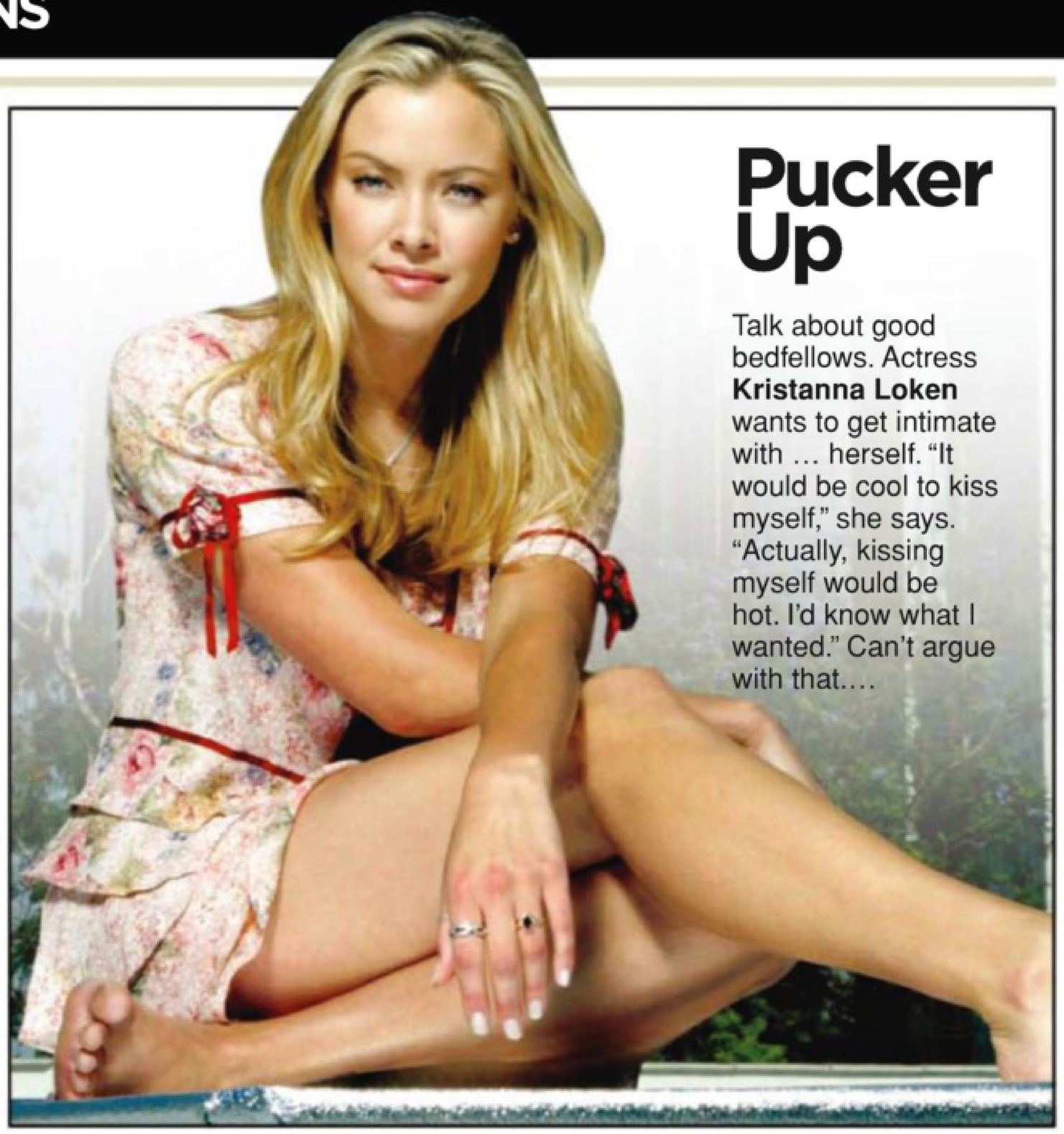
Napkin, Please!

Pink, on fellow songstress **Kelly Osbourne:** "I think Kelly's straight, but she's really sexy. I could eat her up."



Hitting the High Notes

Charlotte Church may have the voice of a goddess, but karaoke trips her up. The 20-year-old Church admits, "If I'm tipsy, I can sing my arse off. But not if I've had a night out and there's a karaoke session and I try a bit of 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart' or 'I'm So Excited.' If I'm properly drunk, I can't sing a note."



Pucker Up

Talk about good bedfellows. Actress **Kristanna Loken** wants to get intimate with … herself. "It would be cool to kiss myself," she says. "Actually, kissing myself would be hot. I'd know what I wanted." Can't argue with that….



Meryl Streep, Watch Out!

Poor **Sarah Silverman**. The ballsy brunette comedienne-cum-actress is tired of being typecast. Says **Jimmy Kimmel**'s girlfriend: "The only things I get offered are the wacky friend, the bitchy friend, and the cunty New York girlfriend the guy's with before he realizes that he really loves the other girl. I don't want to play cunts anymore!"

Dumb and Dumber

A Florida man fired an AK-47 at his roommate after a dispute over spaghetti and beer. The gunslinger asked the roommate for a beer, and the other man asked him for some spaghetti. Shots erupted when neither man would give up a portion of his bounty.

Method Acting

Val Kilmer has come clean about his experience filming the 2004 **Oliver Stone** epic *Alexander*. Of his scenes with **Angelina Jolie,** who played his wife, Olympias, Kilmer admits, "I kept blowing my lines on purpose so I could kiss her some more."



Groin Pull

Don't try this at home, fellas: A California man has pulled a truck, not with his arms or legs, but with his penis. To prime his pecker for the feat, martial artist **Tu Jin-Sheng** tied a strip of fabric around his shaft and testicles, and tugged to make sure the cloth was on tight. Then an assistant kicked him hard between the legs, and Jin-Sheng leashed himself to the truck. He proceeded to pull the vehicle several yards across a parking lot.

It's All Relativity

Nobody can accuse **Kim Cattrall** of not being comfortable with her sexuality. "When it comes to sexual intelligence," she says, "you can call me Ms. Einstein."





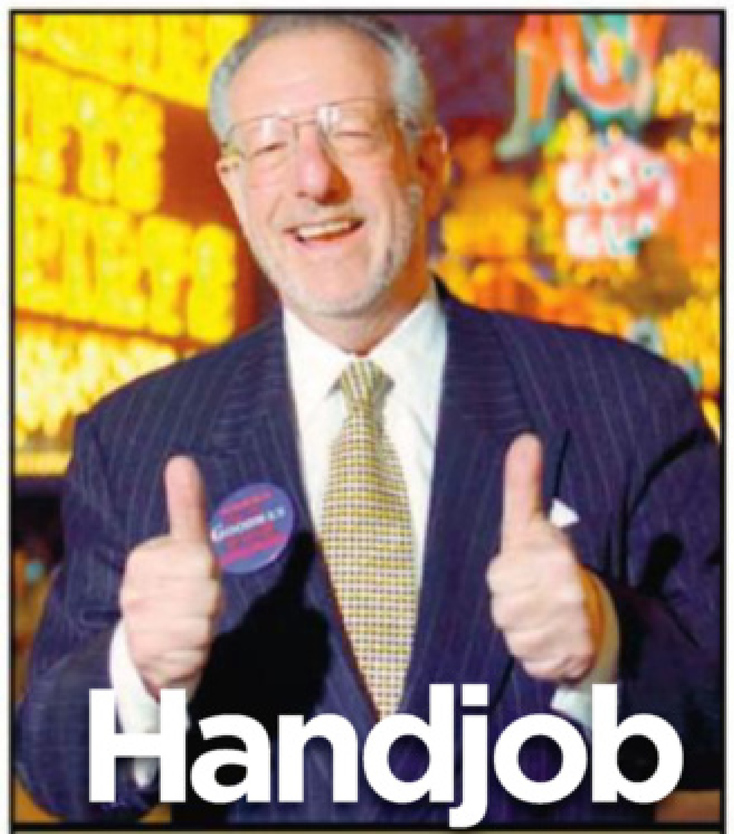
We Feel Your Pain

The owner of a Swiss strip club accidentally burned the place to the ground while trying to prove to safety inspectors that it was fireproof.



Did She Learn This From Kabbalah?

Madonna, on the word *fuck:* "It's fantastic. It means so much. I love the fact that it used to mean one thing, and now it means a thousand others. It just feels so good to scream it out loud, sometimes positively, sometimes negatively. And I just love how it irritates everyone."



Handjob

Las Vegas Mayor **Oscar Goodman** has suggested that graffiti artists have their thumbs cut off, saying on a Nevada news program, "In the old days in France, they had the beheading of people who commit heinous crimes. We have a beautiful highway-landscaping redevelopment in our downtown.... These punks come along and deface it. I'm saying maybe you put them on TV and cut off a thumb."

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Tropical Tease

Krista Ayne's 34C-25-36, traffic-stopping form left us breathless. "I enjoy being daring," the 23-year-old stunner says. Warning: Dangerous curves ahead.

Photographs by Brett Bereny



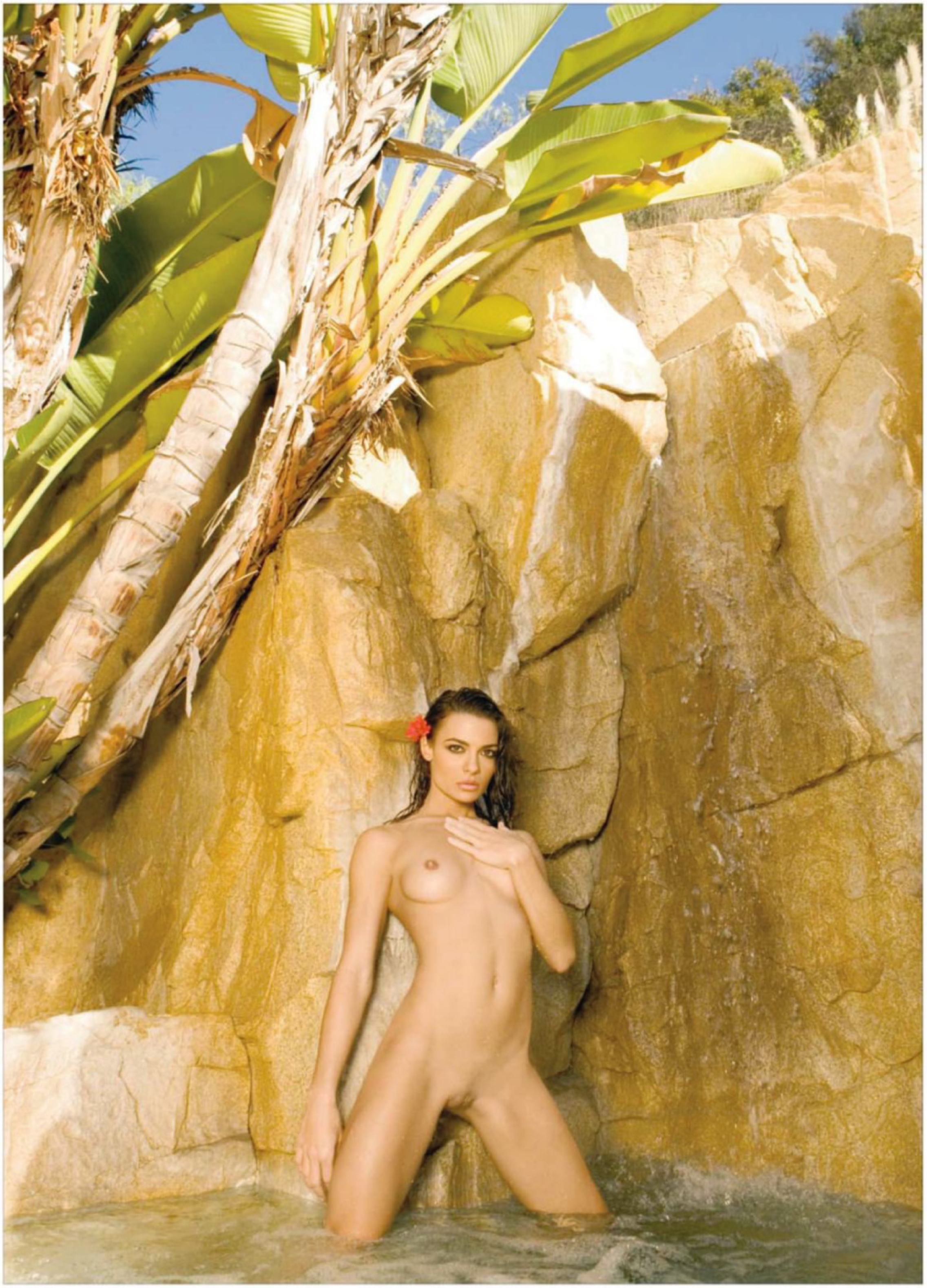


"I'm always up for an exciting adventure," our Pet of the Month says. "I like spontaneity and travel."



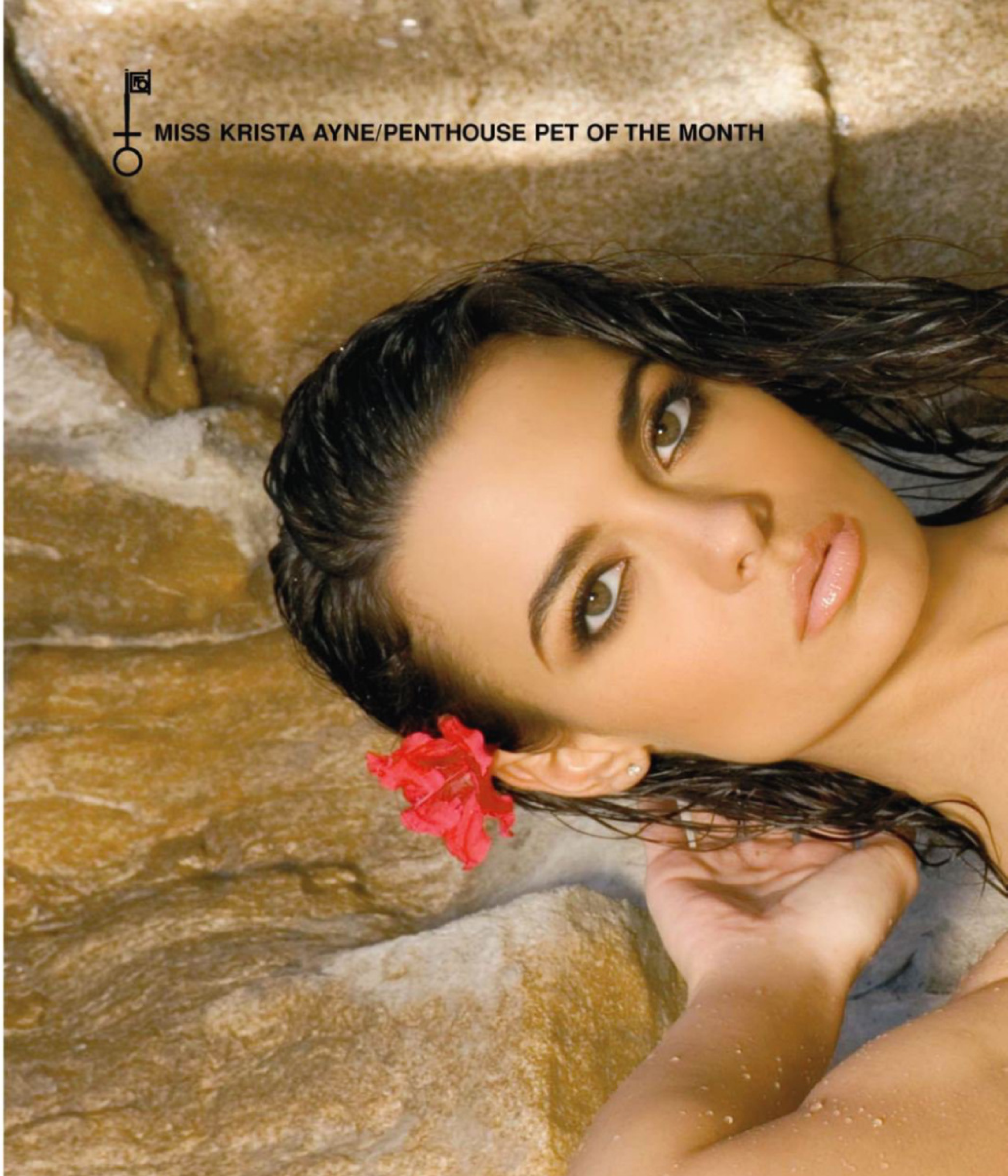



"I had so much fun on this shoot," she adds. "I get really turned on at the thought of lots of guys watching me."




"I want
to run
around
naked, lie
on the
beach, and
have sex
under
the stars."

MISS KRISTA AYNE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH







APRIL 2006



Krista

VITAL STATS:
23 years old, 34C-25-36

FAVORITE FOOD:
Italian

FAVORITE DRINK:
anything chocolate, from martinis to milkshakes

IF I HAD A MILLION DOLLARS, I'D:
travel the world with my friends and family.

PET PEEVE:
lateness

FAVORITE TV SHOW:
Discovery Channel shows

FAVORITE MUSIC:
rock

FAVORITE SPORT:
dancing

FAVORITE VACATION SPOT:
Hawaii






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By Rachel Kramer Bussel

Triple the Pleasure

At a recent party, I wandered over to my friends Eileen and Inez* to hear them whispering furiously about one of our favorite topics: threesomes. "I wanted to have a threesome for my boyfriend's 30th birthday," Inez said. "But I've done it before and he hasn't, so he's nervous that I've had more experience. We've joked around about it, but the truth is, I don't necessarily want to watch him make out with someone else," she continued, sounding slightly wistful at this missed opportunity. For now, it'll be relegated to pillow talk, but perhaps someday Inez and her guy will take the plunge.

"I once had a really hot threesome with this couple I met on vacation in San Francisco," Eileen divulged. "They're married but have an open relationship, and they both came on to me at once. Amy was so persuasive, and seemed to want me to get it on with Jake. They made me the center of attention, too!"

"It was that easy?" asked Inez.

"Yes—they'd clearly done it before, so it wasn't as big of a deal for them. And because I didn't live in the same city, it made it easier for all of us—it's not like we were going to run into each other all the time," Eileen said. "It was a clean break."

Inez laughed, saying, "Yeah, but have you ever done it with someone you were dating?"

Eileen launched into her sordid story. "With my ex, Sam. One day he was over with his best friend, Mark, and Sam and I just couldn't keep our hands off each other," she said. "We'd been drinking earlier and were a little buzzed. Sam began kissing me, and Mark was staring at us the whole time. Finally, I just reached over to Mark and touched his arm while Sam caressed me. Mark moaned, and I looked at Sam for permission, raising my eyebrows. Sam looked over as my hand slipped under Mark's shirt to pinch his nipple and he winked to let me know he was more than happy to share. While Sam was fucking me, I jerked Mark off. I can't tell you how hot I felt making two guys come at once," Eileen finished, her face flushed.

Everyone agrees that making threesomes work in real life is, well, work. "It's hard to find a situation where everyone's up for it and no one takes it too seriously," Inez explained. "You can't be jealous or feel left out."

It's best to first determine who you want to include in the threesome—three singles? You and a couple? You with your girl and another chick or guy? The latter is probably the trickiest permutation because no matter how prepared you think you are for the sight of your girl with someone else, the reality can often prove otherwise.

I chimed in with my own tawdry tale. "I was once the last to leave a party, and I wound up in bed with the two hosts. They'd been very flirtatious all night, so it wasn't a huge shock. But once we were alone, they were just wild, with their hands and mouths all over each other. But they managed to include me, too. We were all groping one another. I wasn't just a third wheel. Getting in the middle of their sex life, literally, was such a turn-on because with as much passion as they had together, they wanted to include me, too.

"What's the best thing about having a threesome?" I asked.

"It's having that extra person in bed—it means more hands, more mouths, and more stimulation," said Eileen. "There's a thrill of doing something taboo. I wouldn't do it regularly, but it's an occasional treat that makes me feel really wild and sexy.

"A spontaneous threesome is the best kind because everyone's making the decision at the same time—you're not springing it on someone," she said.

According to my little focus group, a threesome isn't always an unattainable fantasy. Until then, you and your girl can spend time planning (and role-playing) exactly what you'll do when a lovely lady does join you.

*Individuals' names have been changed.

"My hand slipped under Mark's shirt and Sam winked to let me know he was more than happy to share. While Sam was fucking me, I jerked Mark off. I felt so hot making two guys come at once."

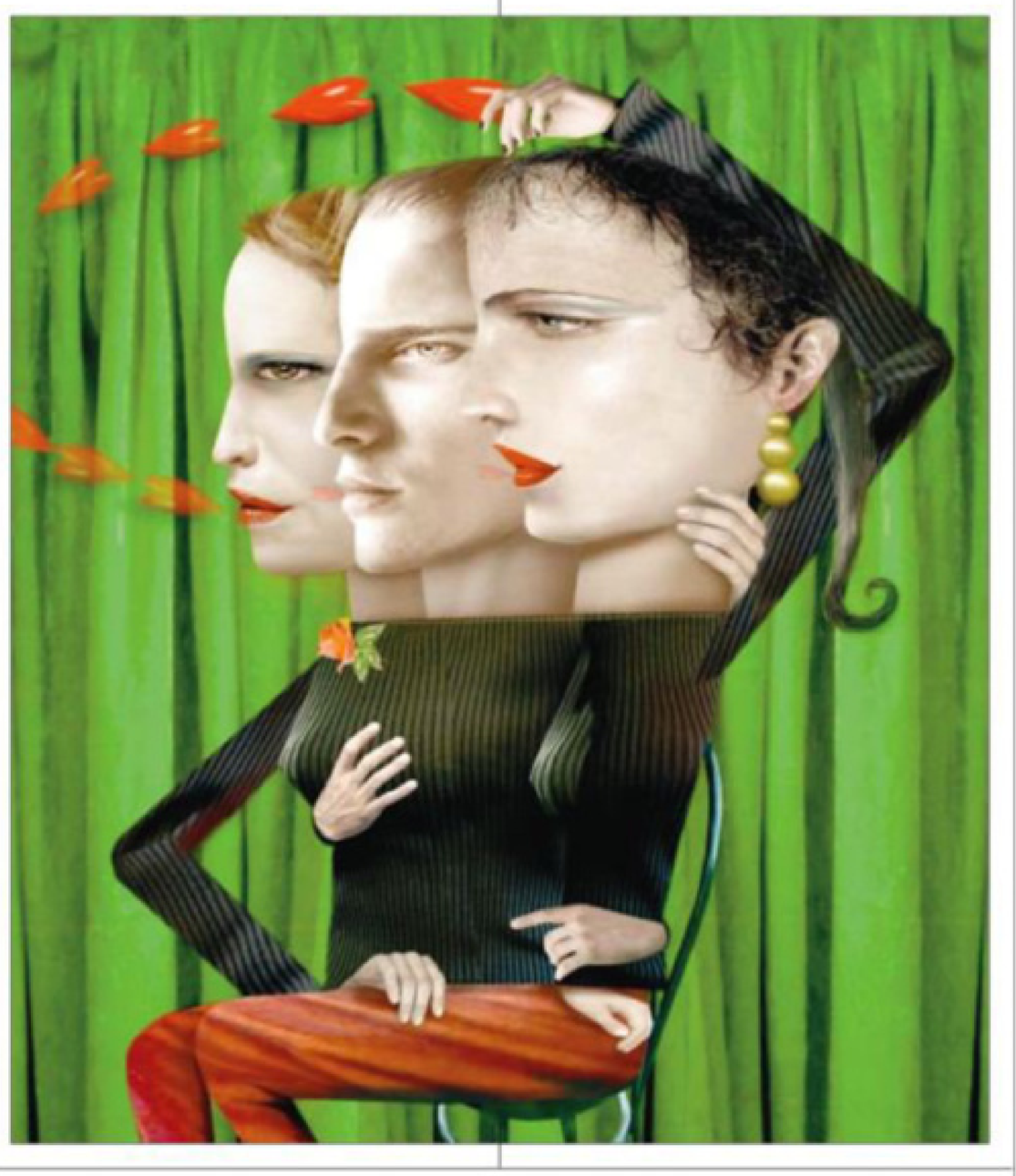


Illustration by Janet Woolley

FREE WHEELERS

Handling the Hottest Handlebars

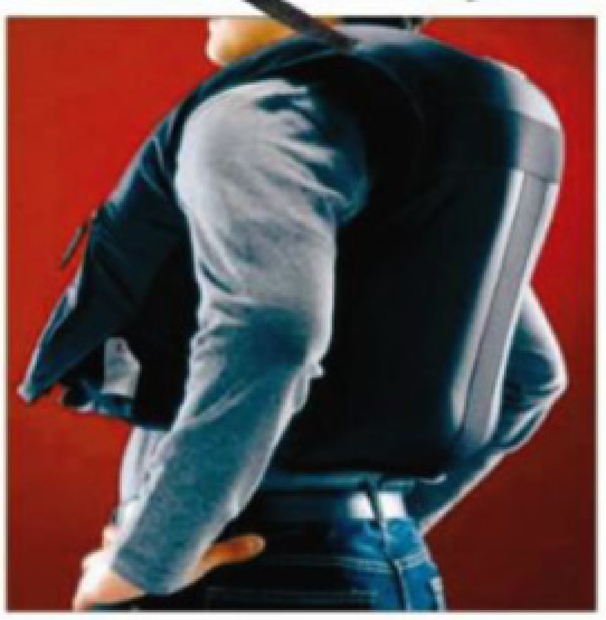
Ride Hard, Ride Safe



Just another ordinary riding vest? Behold—a genuine supervest! AireTronics' air bag gets Hulk-ish in a hurry if you leave your bike unexpectedly.







Years ago, after a particularly violent ejection from his Grand Prix motorcycle, a rider quipped, "The problem was gravity. First there was too little, then there was way too much."

True, unplanned physics lessons can be a bitch. Leaving your motorcycle before you've parked it is unpleasant. And if you hit something really hard, the results can be catastrophic.

But just as motorcycle engines and suspensions are becoming more sophisticated, so too are the safety systems designed to protect riders in the event of an accident. Honda and AireTronics have recently introduced a technology that, while it's long been familiar in automobile safety, has been unheard of in motorcycles: the air bag.

While the basic concept behind these devices (i.e., the use of a rapidly inflated bag to cushion impact) is the same, these two companies use dramatically different strategies in their deployment.

Since Honda makes cars as well as motorcycles, it's no surprise that its air-bag system for bikes is similar to its automotive version. Available on the top-of-the-line 2006 Gold Wing GL1800 motorcycle, the system has been more than 15 years in the making, following an extraordinary amount of research and development. Honda has determined that more than half of motorcycle collisions involve frontal impact, so it created a system designed to absorb front-impact energy while decreasing the forward velocity of the rider. The air bag pops out of a small compartment at the base

By Bill Heald





Honda developed the world's first motorcycle air bag, available exclusively on its top-of-the-range Gold Wing Touring Bike this year.

of the Wing's fuel-tank bodywork when a collision is detected, inflating in less time than it takes to blink, which is about a fifteenth of a second.

As with auto air-bag systems, it's completely passive, working automatically without any input from the rider. The bag also deflates quickly. While it can't protect you in every kind of mishap, it can certainly decrease injury potential if you hit something (like that pantload that just turned left in front of you).

The AireTronics air-bag system is different from Honda's in that it's actually an air bag you wear instead of one that deploys from the motorcycle. Resembling an ordinary and mild-mannered (yet stylish) vest, this innovative garment has two CO_2 cartridges connected to a lanyard system, which you attach to the motorcycle. The lanyards click into two small buckles when you mount the bike. If you get up abruptly, the pins are yanked from the cartridges and the bag inflates around your body—like instant-acting torso Viagra.

It takes just under half a second to inflate, which is slow by auto air-bag standards. But the vest is quick enough to offer protection in most situations. This system is less passive than the Gold Wing's, as it's the rider's responsibility to properly outfit the vest with the cartridges and to click the vest securely into buckles on the motorcycle.

You also have to remember to release the buckles before you climb off the bike or the vest will inflate prematurely, which could be embarrassing to you and your riding partner.

When the vest does inflate, it clinches your torso like a tight-fitting glove, providing ample protection. Unlike other air bags, the AireTronics vest can be used again and again. All you have to do is install and arm two new CO_2 cartridges.

There are different sizes and styles available, as well as jackets that incorporate the vest. Prices start at $250. For more info, visit AireTronics.com.

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A 500-horsepower V-10 engine, seven-speed auto-manual transmission, and 279 possible driving programs make the BMW M5 a most entertaining rocket.

This four-door sedan just might be the most computer-intensive performance car ever built, and it's certainly the quickest and fastest in BMW's history. The amazing model is the latest offering from M, the BMW motorsports subsidiary that builds only racing and high-performance automobiles.

At the heart of the M5 is a new five-liter V-10 engine making 500 horsepower and 383 foot-pounds of torque. This is a huge advance over the previous M5's V-8, with 106 more horsepower and 17 additional foot-pounds of torque. The V-10 is a screamer, rated to run as high as 8,250 rpm, and uses an ultra-high 12-to-1 compression ratio to build power. This big, bad Beemer will run from zero to 60 mph in a mere 4.5 seconds, and close to 200 mph flat out with the limiter disconnected.

The V-10 engine uses ten individual throttles on top, like a racing engine, but unlike most other street engines controlled by an electronic drive-by-wire system and a set of electromechanical motors. An electronic module using three 32-bit microprocessors—capable of 200 million operations per second—controls the throttle, ignition, fuel injection, and communication with the transmission.

As if all that power, torque, and revs weren't enough to make driving fun again, the M5 features an all-new,



By Jim McCraw



The engine in the M5 is a V-10 that makes 500 horsepower and nearly 400 foot-pounds of torque. It's as smooth as butter, with a loud, angry growl at full throttle that propels the car from zero to 60 mph in about 4.5 seconds. The front-fender gills are a clue to the M5's true personality. The M5's tasty interior (bottom) packs more electronic content than any other BMW.









seven-speed sequential manual gearbox (SMG): a clutchless manual transmission operated by either the dual-gate floor stick or steering wheel–mounted shifter paddles. For those M5 customers who prefer a conventional manual transmission, a six-speed will be offered later this year.

The SMG uses an illuminated short-stick shifter for its 11 different shifting programs. There are two shift modes: "sequential" for performance driving, and "drive" for those times when you're crawling through traffic or high-gearing it along the interstate. The sequential mode has six programs, and the drive mode features five. The sportier the program, the quicker the shift speeds in either mode.

The M5 also comes with a variable differential lock to split torque between the rear tires, plus electronic traction control and yaw control, that combine to keep the car under control, even during spirited driving and lousy weather. Electronic Damping Control, BMW's electronic suspension, comes with three modes—normal, comfort, and sport. A special power-steering system, quicker than that of the regular 5 Series, has two levels of speed-sensitive power assist.

Compound, steel-and-aluminum, cross-ventilated disc brakes slow and stop the M5 on a dime. These are BMW's largest and most powerful brakes ever, measuring 14.7 inches at the front and 14.6 inches at the rear. The M5's whole front end is made of aluminum, which reduces overall weight and enables near-50/50 front/rear weight distribution.

The standard package also features 19-inch alloy wheels with Z-rated performance tires developed specially for the M5: 255/40ZR-19 front and 285/35ZR-19 rear. Keep in mind that they aren't run-flat tires, and the M5 doesn't carry a spare—just a repair kit—so keep your cell phone handy. BMW will rescue you.

The new M5 also marks the first appearance of MDrive, a submenu of the signature BMW iDrive control system that lets the driver customize his performance and handling settings. P400, the default mode, allows a maximum of 400 horsepower and normal throttle response. P500, the performance mode, provides the full 500 horsepower and quicker throttle response. P500 Sport allows full engine power with even quicker throttle response. The POWER button on the console, next to the shifter, lets you choose the settings.

When you multiply these drive modes by all the other variations in transmission, traction control, yaw control, suspension, and steering assist, you get 279 programs. These are instantly recalled with a push of the M button on the steering wheel.

When you spend this kind of money on a car, you want the world to know it. The M5 exterior design carries a unique front bumper, front spoiler, and lower air intake, with gills in the front fenders, flared rocker panels, special aero rearview mirrors, a new rear bumper, rear spoiler and lower diffuser, and four stainless-steel exhaust outlets. Inside, there are M sport bucket seats upholstered in Merino leather, with 16-way adjustment on the driver's side and 14-way on the passenger's side. Brushed-aluminum interior trim is standard, with olive or walnut wood trim optional at no cost. GPS navigation is also standard, as is a 13-speaker, Logic7 surround-sound audio system with two subwoofers and a six-CD changer.

One of the coolest features on the M5's short option list is a head-up display that projects data onto a three- by six-inch field on the windshield, like a jet fighter. The color image provides a complete status report at a glance. Using the iDrive menu, the driver can decide whether to display navigation instructions, vehicle speed, cruise-control speed, engine revs per minute, an upshift indicator, or the gear number.

Another must-have option is the multifunction sport seats. They automatically respond to cornering forces, so the side bolsters tighten during curves to provide extra lateral support to keep you in place. Three seat programs are selectable from the MDrive menu. The upper side bolsters are power-adjustable to calibrate backrest width and support according to the occupant's preferences.

The M5 accelerates so effortlessly, brakes so powerfully, and turns so accurately at high road speeds that it will make you feel invincible after about three corners. On the back roads of suburban New York and the farm roads of northwestern Connecticut, it cruised easily at 145 mph with three persons and luggage aboard, staying solid, stable, and planted no matter the conditions. The exhaust note is a healthy one, muted by the luxurious interior appointments and the output from that amazing 13-speaker sound system. This is a complete BMW luxury sedan that just happens to be a sports car, too.

Every customer who buys or leases a new M5 will be BMW's guest for a course in advanced driving techniques in M5's and other M models at the BMW Performance Center in Spartanburg, South Carolina. M5 prices start at $81,895.

BMW design boss Chris Bangle raised the rear ends of all his recent sedans to give more high-speed stability and rear down-force. It was a controversial move, but it seems to be working: BMW sales just keep climbing.





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Water Nymph

For 21-year-old Liz Harvey, slipping out of her clothes poolside was the most natural thing in the world. "I love skinny-dipping! I was ready to strip as soon as I saw that beautiful pool."

Photographs by Viv Thomas



"Being a model in London can be hard because of the weather," the 34-24-35 hottie adds. "Sometimes I'm freezing my ass off. At least for *Penthouse* I didn't have to hide my nipples."





"I was excited about posing for *Penthouse* to begin with, and things couldn't possibly have gone more swim-mingly … if you'll forgive the pun. It was so easy to smile for these photos!"



"After we finished the shoot, I was totally aroused, *and* I couldn't resist that sparkling water for another minute. I jumped into the pool to cool off, then went home and jumped my guy!"



Pour It On

Looking to update your daily maintenance with one simple step? Body washes and shower gels get you clean from head to toe, one squirt at a time.

Liquid luxury: Go beyond bar soap and treat yourself to a shower experience that leaves you feeling not just polished, but also pampered.

Not Just Pants

Turn the cap a quarter rotation and unleash Corduroy Hair & Body Wash. Its woody, masculine scent exudes power without being overpowering, which both you and your girl will love. Layer with other Corduroy fragrances to create a scent that lasts all day—and night. The sleek, sophisticated bottle looks great, and is ideal if you have limited shower space. (CorduroyFragrance.com)

Squeeze Play

Total Shampoo from ClarinsMen has a two-fold effect: It doubles as a body wash. It also neutralizes the drying effects of hard water, and is gentle enough to be used every time you lather up. As if that's not enough, it tones skin as it conditions *and* makes hair more manageable, so you step out of the shower improved from top to bottom. (ClarinsMen.com)

In the Black

Cut your shower time in half with Jack Black's All-Over Wash. It's designed for body, hair, and face, making it one hardworking gel. And since one tube covers all your bases, it's also excellent for travel. All-Over leaves you feeling cool and refreshed long after your shower is, well, all over. (GetJackBlack.com)

Get Wicked

From Bijan, a respected name in fragrances for women and men, comes Wicked Hair & Body Shampoo. The dark-blue tube evokes a provocative sense of moodiness, but the clear gel inside is light and smooth—just like you. (Bijan.com)

Good, Clean Fun

Feeling dry and flaky as a reptile? Lose your lizard skin with Nickel's Super Clean. It's packed with

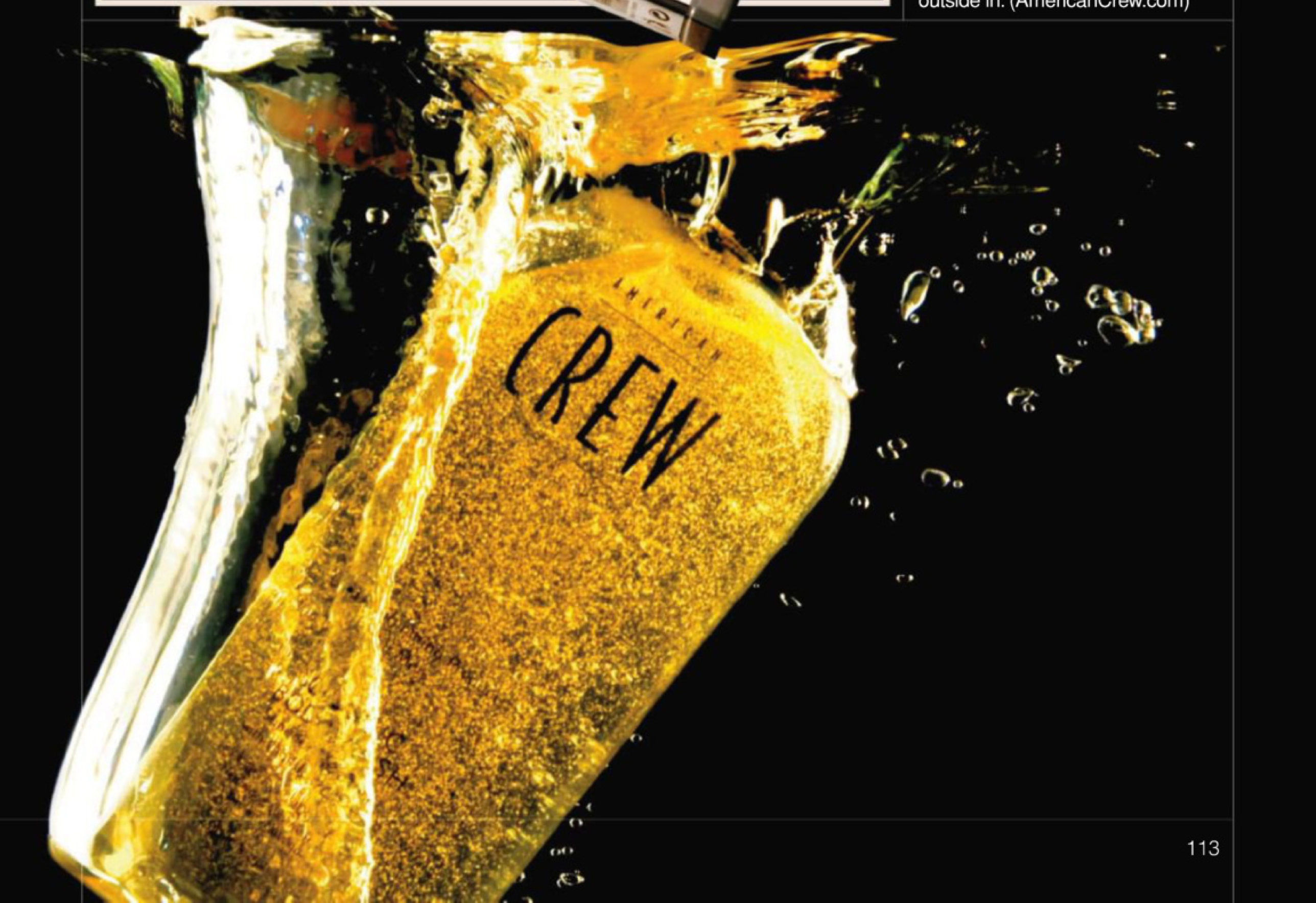
Service by Alyson Zamkoff • Photographs by Jim Huibregtse



jojoba wax beads to strip your body of dead cells and rough patches. It's also infused with pistachio extract to increase skin's elasticity and softness.... For a gentle cleanser that can be used on hair, too, check out Nickel's Washing Machine (not pictured). Kiwi moisturizes and detoxifies, while sage purifies the scalp to prevent oily hair and dandruff. Washing Machine also neutralizes the nasty stink of chlorine, so grab this gel if you spend a lot of time in the pool. (NickelSkinCare.com)

Gel, Yeah!

American Crew's Classic Body Wash blends spice and citrus for its clean, subtle scent. It's infused with ginseng-root extract to nourish and moisturize, as well as vitamins A and E to improve the overall condition of your skin. Also, try Crew's Citrus Mint wash, whose lime, orange, peppermint, and spearmint scent smells great. For a post-workout lift, the SPORT Wash and SPORT Scrub cleansers are designed to invigorate from the outside in. (AmericanCrew.com)





Get the Axe

By now you're probably familiar with the standard black packaging of AXE products. Cool, yes, but not that unique. AXE's new line of shower gels, however, get you clean and look groovy, too. Lime-green Recovery contains electrolytes to pick you up on a groggy morning, promising to "[make] your next day almost as good as your last night." Re-Load, in turquoise, revitalizes with oxygen. Dark-blue Groove is speckled with stimulating "power beads" and guarana. And when you need to break out the big guns, Snake Peel, a flashy orange shower scrub, deep-cleans and exfoliates to remove dirt and dry skin. (TheAxeEffect.com)

Soak It In

Are you a weekend warrior? If so, Aromafloria's Muscle Soak Body Wash may be just what your body craves. Eucalyptus helps relieve aches and pains, peppermint soothes muscle fatigue, and lemongrass wards off exhaustion. Massage in gently; inhale deeply. (Aromafloria.com)

Gentlemen, Start Your Engines

Treat your skin as well as you treat your paint job. Heavy Duty MotorWash gives your body a superclean finish. Humectants bind water to the skin for additional moisture, and herbal extracts soothe and condition to keep your motor hummin'. This one works into a rich lather, too. (HeavyDutyCo.com)

To Gel and Back

Brave Soldier's Shower Up is specially formulated for use after a vigorous workout. The bright-green gel removes any buildup of sunscreen, salt, and sweat, while replenishing moisture. It's gentle enough for face and hair, too. (BraveSoldier.com)

Small Package

This small pump packs a lot of power. A little men-ü Ultra Concentrate Shower Gel goes a long way—each bottle lasts through about 60 showers. Suitable for all skin types, the moisturizers in this gel hydrate as mint-menthol invigorates. (men-uUSA.com)

Need a Jump?

Awaken all 2,000 of your body parts with Lever 2000's Energize Body Wash. It's chock-full of ginseng and vitamins A, B5, and E to care for your skin and stimulate your senses. A gentle lathering with Lever 2000 Energize will prep you to conquer the day. (Lever2000.com)





Tour de Force

Okay, so you may not qualify for the Tour de France this year, either. That doesn't mean you can't get yourself some Tour de Body Wash Sports Bar from Organic Sudz Co. It's formulated with jojoba beads and eucalyptus to rejuvenate your body, and is made from nearly three-quarters organic ingredients—which are kind to the environment *and* your skin. When you're done with the body wash, don't toss the container: Rinsed thoroughly, it doubles as a water bottle, so you can tote it to the gym. (OrganicSudz.com)

Spice of Life

That venerable standby, Old Spice, branches out with its High Endurance Hair & Body Wash—a simple solution for head-to-toe sudsing. The rich lather rinses clean, but the crisp scent stays with you all day. Don't let this one slip from your paws: At a hefty 18 ounces, you wouldn't want this bad boy falling on your toes. (OldSpice.com)

Zesty ... Zingy

Zest Moisturizing Body Wash bills itself as "energizing refreshment," and it doesn't disappoint. The wash smells great and won't dry out your skin, like ordinary soap can do. Zest's newest scent, Tangerine Mango Twist, is a real crowd-pleaser, which means you're sure to have all the right people sniffing you out. (Zest.com)

By Linda Giustino



Get Tanked

Want a cool fish tank, but don't know where to begin? We cast our net wide to find the best tips on how to build and maintain a home aquarium, and the experts at AquariumPros.com and Tenecor.com dropped us a line. (Sorry, we're hooked on awful fish puns.)

Go to the Pros

When starting out, remember this rule of thumb: Don't be cheap. At a minimum, depending on whether you opt for a freshwater or saltwater tank, be prepared to spend anywhere from $500 to $3,000 on a decent setup. Big chains may carry less expensive products, but Ma and Pa at your local pet shop are trained to answer all your fish queries. Any aquatic authority should spend about an hour teaching you the ABC's of setting up an aquarium.

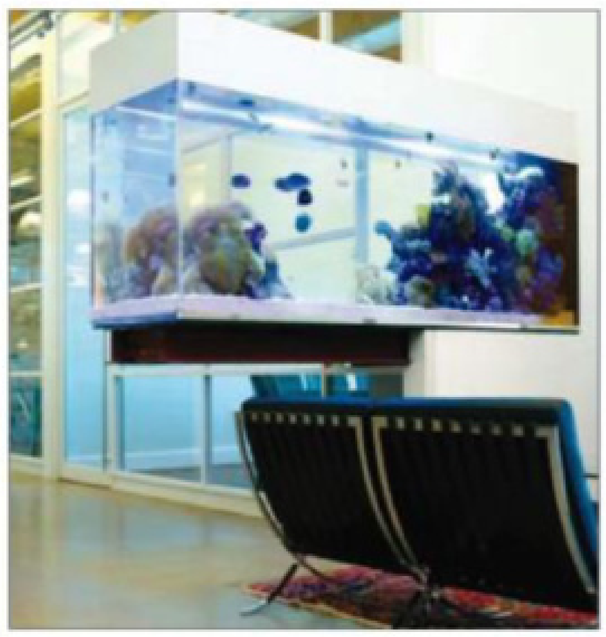
Fresh or Salt?

If you're a fish newbie, you may want to start with a freshwater tank. Why? The fish and supplies are cheap, and you can fill your tank with a whopping 12 inches of fish per square foot. But if you're feeling adventurous, saltwater tanks aren't *that* much harder to maintain, although they can be more expensive and require a bit more knowledge. The only caveat: You can't house that many fish in one tank due to the density of the saltwater, which results in less oxygen for the fish. (Think three inches of fish per square foot.)

Weather Conditions

Maintain a stable temperature between 76 and 80 degrees. "Fish are cold-blooded, so their temperature will mimic the water's. Get a heater and thermometer for your tank," says David Hauser, president of AquariumPros.com, an









Supersize it: Surprisingly, it's harder to maintain a smaller tank than a larger one. Top left: 785-gallon saltwater reef tank with supportive steel beams. Bottom left: 270-gallon saltwater tank. Top right: 400-gallon, fish-only saltwater tank. (For purchasing info, go to HouseOfFins.com.)



online aquarium supply store. Don't place the tank in direct sunlight, near a heater, or an air-conditioning vent—you'll be overrun by algae before you know it.

Supersize It

Back when you were in middle school, keeping a goldfish that you'd probably kill anyway in a little octagon bowl was good enough. But surprisingly, it's harder to maintain a small tank than a larger one. "Octagon tanks may look cool but they have less surface area, which means your fish get less oxygen," says Hauser. "Ideally, opt for a 55-gallon rectangular tank for salt- and freshwater. Plus, the larger the volume of water, the harder it is to pollute."

Master Your Domain

While glass doesn't scratch easily and is cheaper, acrylic is the best material for your fish colony. It's lighter and allows a clearer view of your fish. Acrylic tanks also leak less because there are no seams, like with glass.

Befriend Bacteria

Unlike the funky green stuff growing out of your week-old Chinese food, some bacteria are good. Why? Those pesky little microbes keep your fish alive, since they metabolize fish poop. "The ammonia in their waste is toxic to fish. So whether you have a freshwater or saltwater tank, buy a biological filter to break down the ammonia to products the fish can manage." In addition, oil can collect on the surface of saltwater, which deprives your tank of oxygen. Just get rid of it with a protein skimmer.

Water Works

For freshwater tanks, fill the tank with plain tap water and add a basic water conditioner, like Aquarium Pharmaceuticals Stress Coat or Kordon NovAqua. Then leave the tank alone for about two weeks, while keeping the filter and heater on. This gets the good

Home aquarium photos courtesy of House of Fins (HouseOfFins.com)

bacteria forming before you add your fish. Air bubbles may form due to undissolved air, but just wait for them to dissipate. Then feel around the inside of the tank. "If the sides are slimy, bacteria is forming and your tank is ready for fish," says Hauser. Oh, and keep an eye on your pH levels during the first month. Saltwater tanks have kits that let you test for stable conditions and monitor the growth of bacteria. Most pet stores offer this as a free service to customers if you bring them a water sample.

Pimp Your Crib

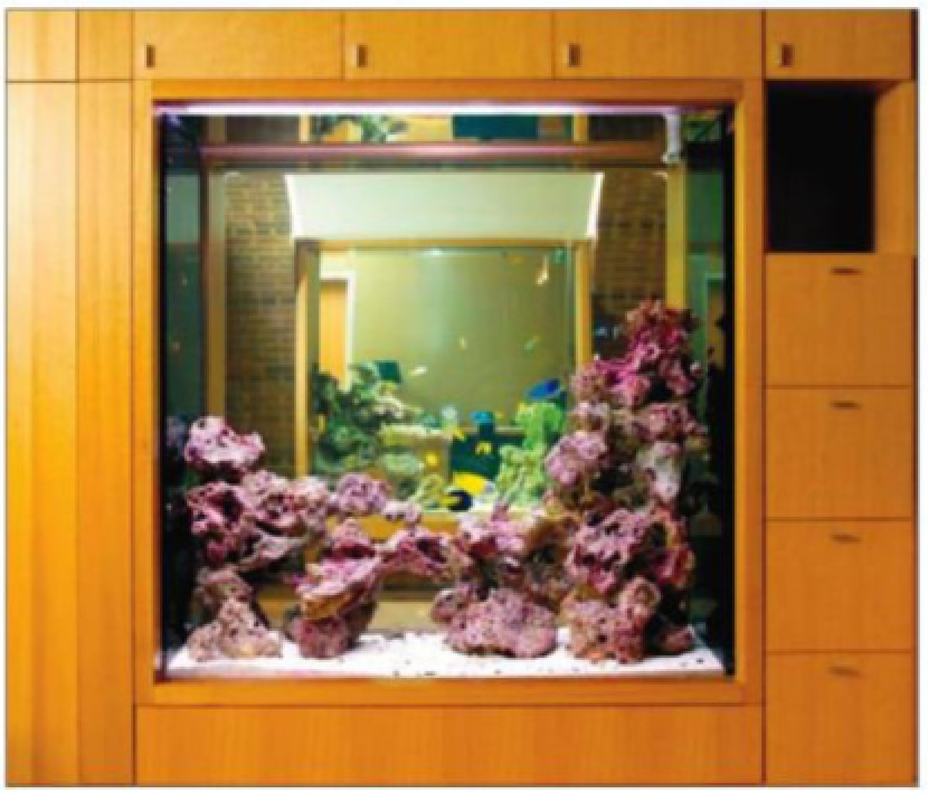
Once you throw down the standard gravel and rocks, pick out the fun stuff, such as treasure chests and little scuba divers. "People often shy away from decorating their tank because they fear their fish will get scared and hide from sight," says Hauser. However, it's these very hiding places that fish need to feel comfy. They don't like to be exposed all the time, so if you give them a few places to duck behind, they'll live more happily. (*You* try living in a glass bowl.) Finally, only use decorations designed for aquariums. Don't use rocks from your yard, even if you boil them. Many "found" rocks contain chemicals and metals that can be toxic to fish.

Go Fishing

Now for the fun part: picking your fish. Start with hardy fish that can tolerate the inevitable ammonia build-up. Damsels, clownfish, and basslets flourish in saltwater, while swordtails, barbs, and gouramis usually inhabit freshwater.

Feeding Time

Don't just throw food in the tank and walk away. Put in a pinch of food, let your fish eat it, then add another pinch. "Only give them as much as they can consume in three to five minutes," says Hauser. "If they play with their food, spit it out, or chase it around the tank, they're healthy and full." But beware of overfeeding the little guys—most pollution in tanks comes from excess food. What seems like a few grains to you is a feast for him.



Make Nemo's house a home. Once you throw money down for standard rocks and gravel, pick out fun stuff like treasure chests and little scuba divers. But only use decorations designed for aquariums. Left: 400-gallon saltwater tank with wood paneling (HouseOfFins.com).

Housekeeping

Clean your aquarium every four weeks or so. Don't empty the tank—just buy a gravel vacuum to siphon out 25 percent of the water and vacuum the substrate. Refill the tank with fresh water that is the same temperature as the water in the tank. Then add water conditioner. You should also wipe off the algae from the inside of the tank about once a week.

If you're too lazy to do all this upkeep, such companies as the Aquarium Professionals Group, Hauser's Chicago-based service, will set up *and* maintain your aquarium. They do the same for many celebrities, including Michael Jordan, Ron Howard, and LL Cool J. Then all you have to do is sit back and enjoy the relaxing view.

A Starter Kit

Here's your handy blueprint of expected costs for a 55-gallon tank:



Tank:	$200
Lighting:	$80
Undergravel filter:	$50
Power filter:	$60
Heater:	$30
Thermometer:	$3
Gravel:	$40
Water Conditioner:	$10
pH test kit:	$9
Fish food:	$10

For saltwater tanks, expect to spend about $700 more on salt, protein skimmer, filter, and a multi-test kit.

TECHNOMANIA

High-Tech Tools for the 21st Century

Sights and Sounds

The **Packet8 VideoPhone** has a five-inch LCD and a CCD camera to send or receive high-quality, full-motion video at 30 frames per second to another Packet8. It can also function as a regular phone for audio only, uses Voice over Internet Protocol, and can connect to any phone or cell phone. VideoPhone, $149.99. Residential plan with unlimited service, $19.95 per month. Packet8.net

Panasonic's **Toughbook eLite W4** notebook has a 12.1-inch antiglare LCD and is housed in a full magnesium alloy case. It comes with 512 MB of memory—expandable to 1,024 MB—and a 40-GB removable, shock-mounted hard drive. It weighs less than three pounds, has a battery life of up to six hours, and comes in four colors. $2,199. Panasonic.com

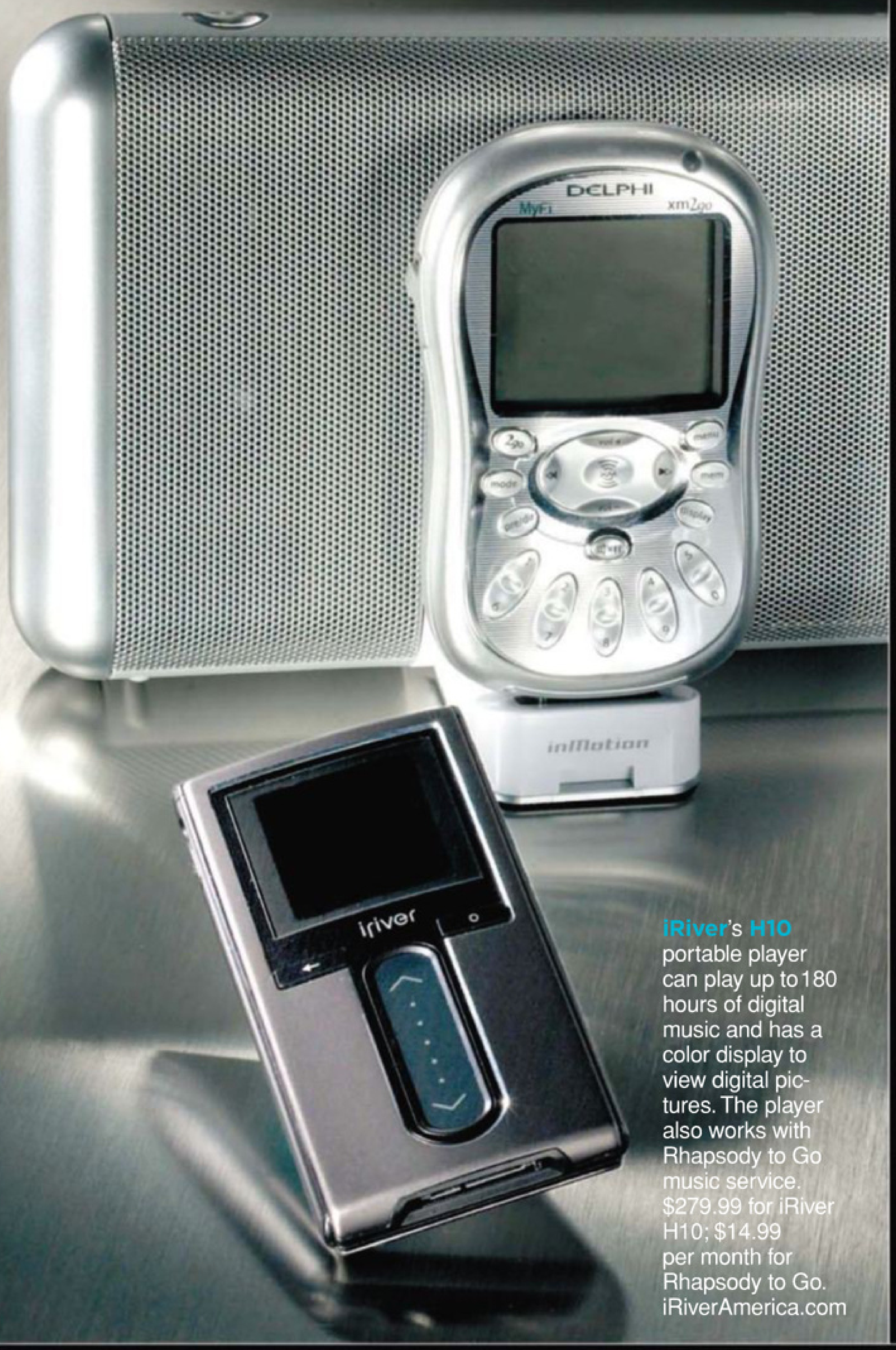
Mitsubishi's **LED DLP PocketProjector** weighs only one pound and can project a 20-inch image just 18 inches away. It works with the supplied power cable or the optional battery pack. The PocketProjector supports VGA, S-Video, and composite video. It's compatible with DVD players, digital cameras, gaming consoles, and notebooks. $799. Mitsubishi-Presentations.com

By Ken Sander • Photographs by Brian Klutch



For fast-moving games, sports, or action movies, go with **VIZIO**'s **L37 HDTV**. This widescreen LCD has a 176-degree viewing angle and 1,366-by-768 native resolution. Other features include PIP, POP, and a rapid-response time of eight milliseconds. It has a 3D comb filter, VGA–type and HDMI video inputs, component inputs, and comes with a unique one-year, Zero Bright–pixel on-site warranty. $1,599.99. VIZIOce.com

Altec Lansing's **inMotion iMX2** is the lightweight, shock-resistant speaker solution for your portable XM satellite receiver. It will even recharge the receiver while docked. This system has kicking dual speakers for quality bass, and works with Delphi MyFi, Pioneer AirWare, and Tao receivers. It runs on four AA batteries for more than 24 hours of music. $149.95. AltecLansing.com



iRiver's **H10** portable player can play up to 180 hours of digital music and has a color display to view digital pictures. The player also works with Rhapsody to Go music service. $279.99 for iRiver H10; $14.99 per month for Rhapsody to Go. iRiverAmerica.com

Epson's **Stylus Photo RX700** all-in-one photo center restores color to faded photos and negatives, produces reprints from high-quality scans, and prints new photos. It even connects directly to your digital camera so you can preview your shots. The photo viewer helps you edit, crop, and resize your pictures. $399.99. Epson.com



The **CallWave Mobile Rewards** phone is one of the friendliest prepaid cell phones on the market. The Follow Me Home feature allows you to receive calls at home with no call-forwarding charge. Call Preview lets you listen to a message while it's being left, or interrupt the message and take the call. Twenty-seven cents per day, plus minutes. CallWave.com



The **Altec Lansing XM3020** powered audio speaker system for portable XM satellite receivers is an integrated docking station with big sound for desktop use. Like the inMotion iMX2, it works with the Delphi MyFi, Pioneer AirWare, and Tao receivers. It has full-range drivers and Altec Lansing's proprietary bass-enhancement technology. The system comes with a home XM antenna that has a 20-foot cord. It also has three interchangeable docking adapters. $99.95. AltecLansing.com

Alcohawk Micro by **Q3 Innovations** is a digital breath alcohol screener that's small enough to wear on a keychain. It has a digital display that shows blood-alcohol concentration levels. The semiconductor oxide sensor and advanced electric exhale pressure monitor ensure an accurate reading. $59.99. Q3ats.com



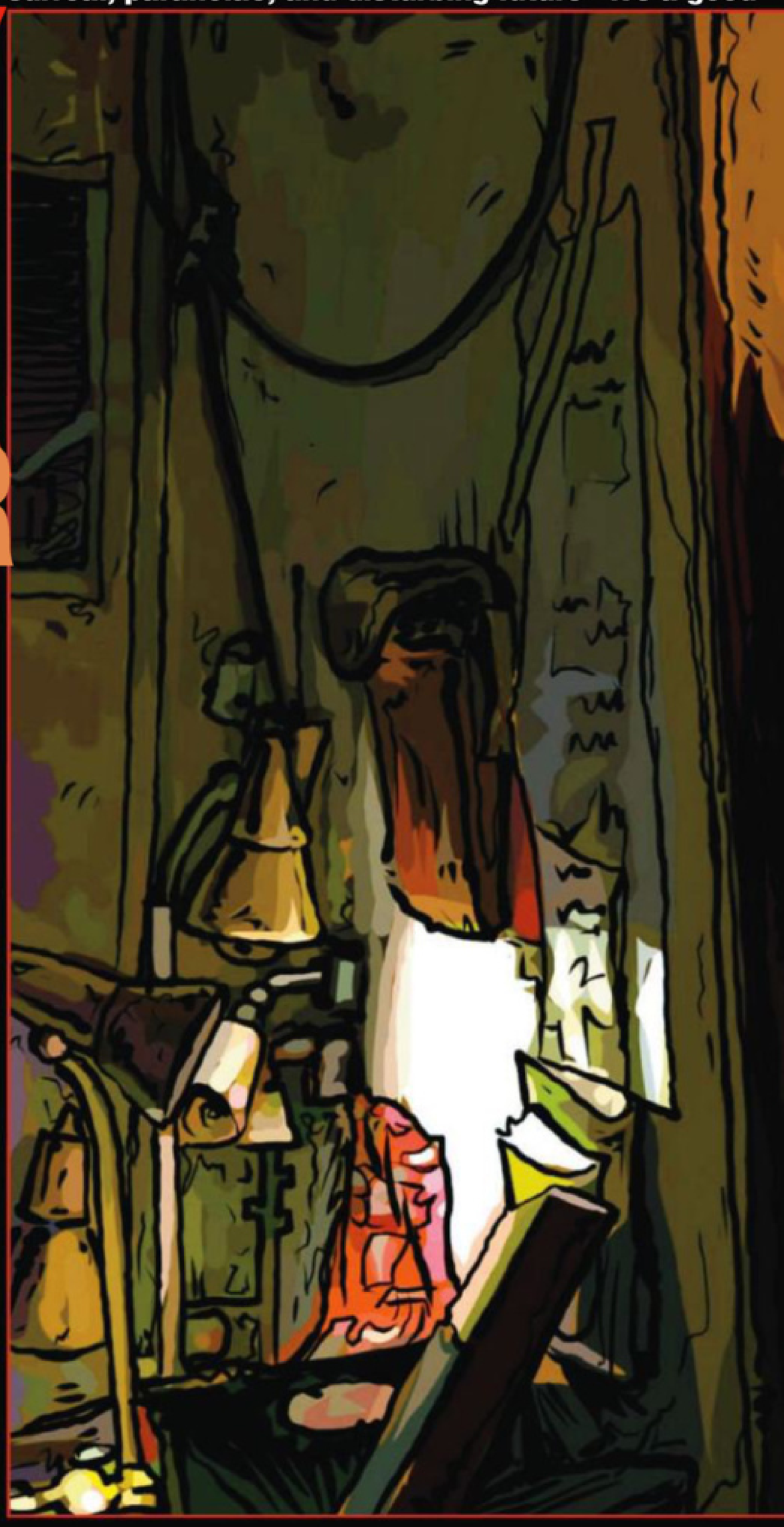
The only charger you'll ever need when traveling is the **Titan I** portable power source by **Big Wave Power.** It can even repower your devices when it's unplugged. Recharging takes less than three hours. It weighs only 4.8 ounces and comes with nine different adapters. Additional adapters are available for purchase. $139. BigWavePower.com



StarTech's **MP3 AirLink** wireless audio transmitter and receiver lets you play your MP3 player through your home stereo. A digital transmitter connects to a 3.5-mm headphone jack, or another audio source. It can transmit up to 30 feet through walls, and 100 feet in open air. $92.99. StarTech.com/mp3airlink

If you're watching a movie set in the future—a surreal, paranoiac, and disturbing future—it's a good

THE DARK SCANNER



"So is this a cartoon? Winona Ryder is, like, X-Girl or what?" Months before the release of *A Scanner Darkly,* chatlines were buzzing about the trailer, which looks like anime fused with hyperrealistic, high-definition filmmaking—or like the covers of certain issues of the *Uncanny X-Men* comic series, depending on who you ask. Some people were saying that Bob Sabiston's animation looked wrong: "cheap, indie, and unprofessional." Others considered it breathtaking and its writer-director Richard Linklater (*The School of Rock*) a genius. However, they predicted that Linklater's "cool, technologically generated aesthetic" wouldn't have a chance at the multiplex. One person wondered if there really was a Substance D and where he could get it. (The Keanu Reeves character is a dealer of the highly addictive Substance D, which gradually splits the brain into two warring hemispheres. He is also apparently narcing on himself ... but then, you probably already know this.)

bet it came from the brain of the late Philip K. Dick. **BY DICK TERESI**





"DICK'S WORLD IS GENERALLY

controlled by giant, secretive corporations and personality-altering drugs. What happens,

The film's setting is a (sort of) futuristic Orange County, California, "seven years from now," and that's a clue. A rule of thumb: If the movie you're watching is set in the future—a surreal, paranoiac, and disturbing future—but not *too* far in the future, it's a good bet it came from the brain of the late Philip K. Dick. It was, and is, a brain worth knowing.

Dick's Hollywood career began in 1982. Unfortunately, it was also the year he died. That was when the stylishly noir *Blade Runner,* directed by Ridley Scott and starring Harrison Ford as a bounty hunter of androids ("replicants" in the film), came out. At first, only faithful Dick fans knew or cared that it was an adaptation of his 1968 novel, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?,* which Dick sold to a little-known actor for $2,500 in 1977. A financially challenged science-fiction writer with a host of personal problems, Dick saw some footage and approved it before suffering a fatal stroke. He was only 53.

The closest Dick got to the mainstream in his lifetime was *Omni,* a magazine I once edited. *Omni* published his story "Rautavaara's Case" in October 1980. At that time, his advances were small enough that a few thousand dollars could spell the difference between a good year and a bad one. He wrote prolifically and was a Hugo Award winner, but his words tended to appear behind covers crawling with spaceships or peeled eyeballs. His basic canvas was, he explained, "the irrational and mysterious nature of reality." He wrote stories that revolved around a few basic themes: What is real? What is a human being? How do I know whether what I experience is real or a hallucination? Dick kept returning, almost obsessively, to the android—a man-made pseudo-human, particularly one who believes she or he is human. This, he always insisted, was his one truly original idea.

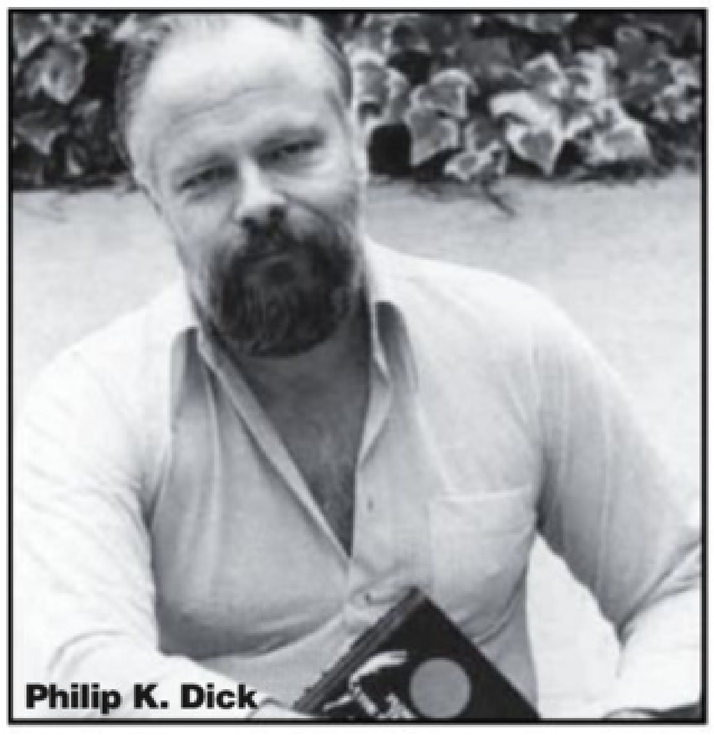
Although not a box-office smash, *Blade Runner* became a cult favorite on video, and in 1990 Dick's short story "We Can Remember It for You Wholesale" mutated into *Total Recall,* in which the present governor of California plays a man whose real memories are replaced with fake ones. At this point, Hollywood began vying for Dick's ingenious and existentially tortured plots. *Screamers, Imposter, Minority Report,* and *Paycheck* were adaptations of his stories or novels. *A Scanner Darkly,* in which Keanu Reeves, Robert Downey Jr., Woody Harrelson, and Winona Ryder are tangled in a web of drugs and alternate realities, is perhaps the most ambitious of all.

Anyone halfway familiar with Dick's material will spot familiar themes and obsessions in other films. *The Truman Show* (1998) bears an uncanny resemblance to *Time Out of Joint* (1959), in which a sweet, old-fashioned town turns out to be fake. In a 1977 speech, Dick mused that perhaps the world was only an information grid, with multiple realities overlapping the "matrix world" we experience. Shades of *The Matrix?* Other Hollywood films that (to put it charitably) contain apparent homages to Dick's preoccupations with memory erasure and implants, counterfeit worlds, and the ambiguous nature of reality include *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, Memento, The Thirteenth Floor,* and *Vanilla Sky.*

Not counting *A Scanner Darkly,* Dick's estate has netted $10 million from his movies alone. His books have taken off, too. *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* has now sold hundreds of thousands of copies in 25 languages, according to Dick's literary agent, Russell Galen. Dick's ther novels have been periodically re-released by Vintage Books. Dick craved

mainstream acceptance, but could only attract pulp editors. Today, he is published by the premier trade paperback publisher in the world.

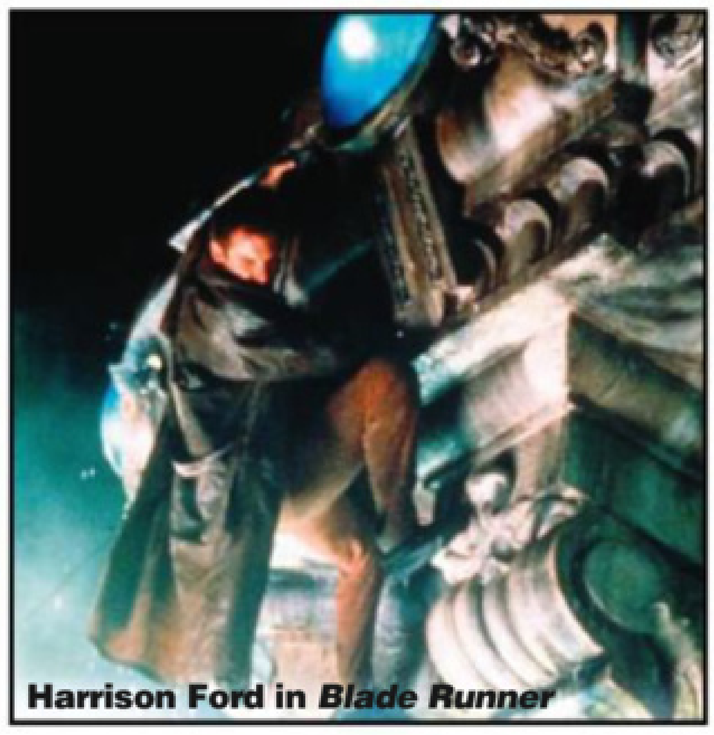
The upshot is that it's now nearly impossible to go to the movies without being inundated with imagery influenced by the paranoid, amphetamine-gobbling, phobic sci-fi writer. (FYI, the house full of drug-addled roommates in *A Scanner Darkly* was modeled on Dick's actual crash pad in Marin County, California.) This does not explain how the man, who died before many of his current fans were born, uncannily described our current reality. Not only *screen* reality, but *actual* reality (if there is such a thing, which in Dickworld is always an open-ended question).


Philip K. Dick

The first thing you notice about Dick's fictional world is the pervasive paranoia about government, technology, and totalitarian invasions of privacy. (Not that this sort of thing could *ever* happen today, at least not here.) Dick's heroes tend to be ordinary Joes who never know if "reality" is an illusion created by drugs, a shrewd marketing campaign, or electronic transmissions by a megalithic government. The world is generally controlled by giant, secretive corporations, rampant commercialism, and personality-altering drugs. What happens, Dick kept asking, when the state or a corporation possesses too much information on us?

Although he died a decade before there was an Internet as such, it's as if Phil Dick somehow knew "they" would know our ZIP codes, credit history, the last book we ordered from Amazon.com, how much equity is in the house, which Webcam pictures we like, whether we order Viagra or suffer from irritable bowel syndrome, and what our sexual obsessions are. Dick might have foreseen how our comings and goings would be monitored ceaselessly by security cameras mounted on ATMs and at highway intersections. He also worried a great deal about the "spurious realities ... manufactured by the media, by governments, by big corporations, by religious groups, and by political groups."

The dark, neon-haunted dystopias of *Minority Report, Paycheck,* and *Blade Runner* do a superb job of conveying the oppressive, omnipresent advertising in Dick's world. People are called to by ads on the street that seem to know their secret cravings. A character in *Stigmata* works as a "Pre-Fash," spotting trends to incorporate into the Perky Pat Layouts. In our real world, trend consultants wander among us as modern "precognitives," and sleuth marketing and viral advertising have become eerily sophisticated.

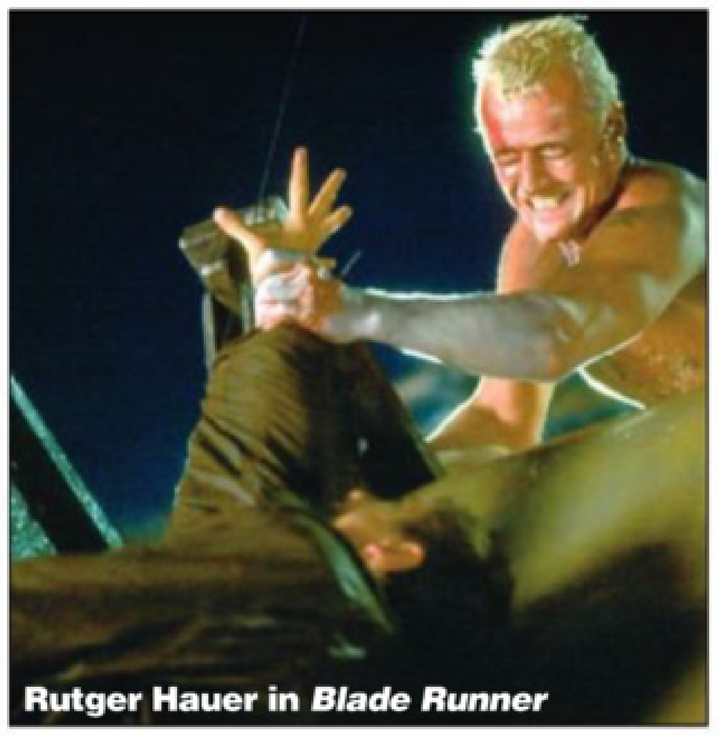

Harrison Ford in *Blade Runner*

Maybe one reason for Dick's continuing appeal is that the global mass culture has made us *all* into androids. How can I tell if my feelings are really mine, or implanted in me by a car commercial?

To find the source of Dick's worldview, it's necessary to go back to his premature birth. He and his twin sister, Jane, were born on December 16, 1928. His mother, Dorothy, didn't have enough breast milk for both of them, and an incompetent doctor failed to prescribe the correct bottle formula. Jane died of starvation at five weeks old. Phil got to the hospital just in time, but his guilt and sense of overwhelming loss would last his entire life. "Somehow, I got all the milk," he would say.

He was doomed to yearn eternally for the dead sister who lived on in his psyche as "Jane-in-me," a secret anima and vestigial presence. There are traces of her in many places, including the weird, fetal-looking precogs of *Minority Report,* floating in their little amniotic pools. Phil's father, Edgar, a government employee and frequent voice on the 1940s local radio program "This Is Your Government," terrified his young son by donning his World War I gas mask and telling stories of the trenches. When he did this, Dick said, "his face would disappear.... This was not my father any longer. This was not a human being at all." Was Edgar the prototype for all the androids and could-be androids in Dick's fiction?

Edgar was also a germ phobe. On his orders, the first year of Phil's life was spent in his crib, as a sort of Skinner Box baby, and no one was allowed to cuddle or kiss him. After his parents divorced, Phil grew up in Berkeley with his mother, who was even more distant. In many respects, she was well-suited for her brilliant, bookish son. But he resented her for being undemonstrative and, above all, for failing to nurture Jane.


Rutger Hauer in *Blade Runner*

From childhood on, Dick suffered from agoraphobia, asthma, eczema, panic attacks, tachycardia, and an inability to eat or swallow in public. In his bedroom, he found solace in such sci-fi rags as *Astounding Magazine* and *Startling Stories*—the same magazines that would publish his work years later. His psyche seemed to call for an army of shrinks, and by his early teens, Phil had made the rounds of several Freudians and Jungians. This experience provided him with a precocious proficiency in diagnostic terms, psycho-speak, and Rorschach blots, which would come in handy later.

Dick kept asking, when the state or a corporation possesses too much information on us?"

Assailed by "vast epistemological doubts," Dick dropped out of the University of California at Berkeley at 19. He worked briefly in a Berkeley radio store (his only salaried job) before plunging into writing full time. His fiction was always intensely personal, virtually a readout of what was going on in his life.

An omnivorous and highbrow bibliophile, Dick had read everything from Emile Zola, Guy de Maupassant, William S. Burroughs, and James Joyce to the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Bhagavad-Gita, and the pre-Socratic philosophers. He never intended to end up in the trailer park of literature. His attempts at mainstream fiction failed, however, while his science-

fiction stories took off. Even so, he had a lower-middle-class life at best, subsisting at times on dog food, and he was never free from money anxieties. During his lifetime, Dick had no best-sellers, no movies (until *Blade Runner*), and very modest sales. Foreign sales were his bread and butter, with Asia and Europe being quicker to recognize him as a major writer.

During the 1960s, Dick pumped out an average of 60 pages a day, once writing a 140,000-word novel in 48 hours. Paranoid, profound, funny, and densely plotted prose flowed out of his amphetamine-fueled brain: tales of androids, humans implanted with fabricated memories, man-machine composites, manipulated realities, and imposters. Ultimately, he produced 36 novels and more than 100 short stories—ample material to feed Hollywood studios for years to come.

If it was not great literature, recondite humor hooked his Mensa-qualified readers. Dick is extremely funny when you get the joke. There are some spaceships and Martian colonies in his work, but he was fairly bored with the hardware. Unlike most science-fiction tales, which are technically difficult to film, Dick's near-future worlds are much like our own—only with a twist. His current popularity in Hollywood owes much to this "unique ability to take really disturbing questions and pop them into containers that are filmable," says Galen. "High concepts are hard to come by, and most are shallow. Dick came up with high concepts that are also profound."

Most important is what's going on inside a person's head. Say you are arrested by FBI agents who inform you that you're actually an android sent to blow up the Earth. You insist (and believe) you're human—of *course* you are!—until the truth is revealed: You *are* a robot and carry a bomb inside you that will detonate as soon as you say the words, "Good Lord, I am an android." That is the plight of the hero in "Imposter," and Dick makes us feel his pain.

Being who Dick was, the state of frenzy and hysteria may have seemed like normal background noise. Though agoraphobic and given to introspection, Dick was also gregarious. He had five wives, three children, numerous pets, countless friends, and a series of intense loves. His early first marriage only lasted six months. His relatively happy second marriage blew up when Phil jumped into bed with his neighbor, an affair that inspired his non–science-fiction book *Confessions of a Crap Artist*. Like John Anderton in *Minority Report*, who suspects his wife of treachery, Dick grew increasingly paranoid that his wife had murdered her first husband and would do the same to him. The marriage didn't last. He kept writing about the same type of woman over and over again: "a real beautiful, cruel woman, *la belle dame sans merci*, you know." In real life, Dick kept falling for a type he referred to as the "young dark-haired girl" (YDHG). He could adore a YDHG to the point of mania. When one YDHG, whom he had known only a few days, said she was dating someone else, Dick "went into a physical withdrawal, shoulders up, head down in crotch, knees up, didn't speak," she recalled. Later, he grabbed the wheel of her car and swerved it into the other lane. When the collision failed to happen, he punched her in the face.

This isn't the kind of guy you would want in your carpool, but his friends adored him. His talk was brilliant, his affections intense, and his humor and "what ifs" mesmerizing. The contents of that mind are now worth more than $10 million.

The whole world, Dick thought, could be a mirage. The Buddhist concept of a void underlying the phenomenal world struck him as about right, as did the Gnostic view that our world is a mistake made by an inferior, bumbling creator-god. Somehow, this did not bring him a scintilla of Buddhist serenity. All his life, Dick philosophized as if his hair were on fire, as if his existential doubts were running after him armed with Uzis.

"It was always my hope," he wrote, "in writing novels and stories that asked the question 'What is reality?' to someday get an answer. That was the hope of my readers, too." If he never answered that question to his satisfaction, he put his finger on what was unreal: the universes manufactured by governments, businesses, and other groups. He, of course, was in the same business. "It is my job to create universes," he wrote, "and I have to build them in such a way that they do not fall apart.... Or at least, that is what my editors hope. However, I will reveal a secret to you: I like to build universes that do fall apart. I like to see them come unglued."

For those who share Dick's pleasure in watching unglued universes, the action thriller *Next* is, appropriately, the next film they'll line up to see. Based on Dick's story "The Golden Man" and directed by Lee Tamahori (*Die Another Day*), *Next* offers a hero (Nicolas Cage) who can see into the near future and alter it. That sounds nice, but naturally it gets tricky. A lot of cinematically difficult time-shifting occurs as the hero ponders whether to use his gift to outsmart a secret government organization intent on his capture, to win the love of a beautiful woman, or to prevent a terrorist attack. A half dozen additional Dick tales are in the pipeline.

This is the final irony: Here was a marginal man, the consummate outsider, who deeply feared the power of governments and corporations to engineer spurious realities and force people to live in them. Now, his mind has been borrowed to concoct very compelling Hollywood pseudo-worlds on a giant, mind-altering screen. Since in movie-land one successful idea engenders several others like it, we are living, a good part of the time, in Dickworld.



Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Total Recall*


Tom Cruise and Samantha Morton in *Minority Report*

"DICK WAS doomed to yearn eternally for the dead sister who lived on in his psyche as 'Jane-in-me.'"

Visit me at my new personal website!

Pic of the Year
2006
Runner-up: Cassia Riley

Want to see more naughty pictures of me and my friends? Then come to my new website, *SexyCassia.com!*

You can watch steamy videos where I strip naked and play with some new toys, see many hot new photosets and candid photos and read my personal blog. So, come see me at *SexyCassia.com!*

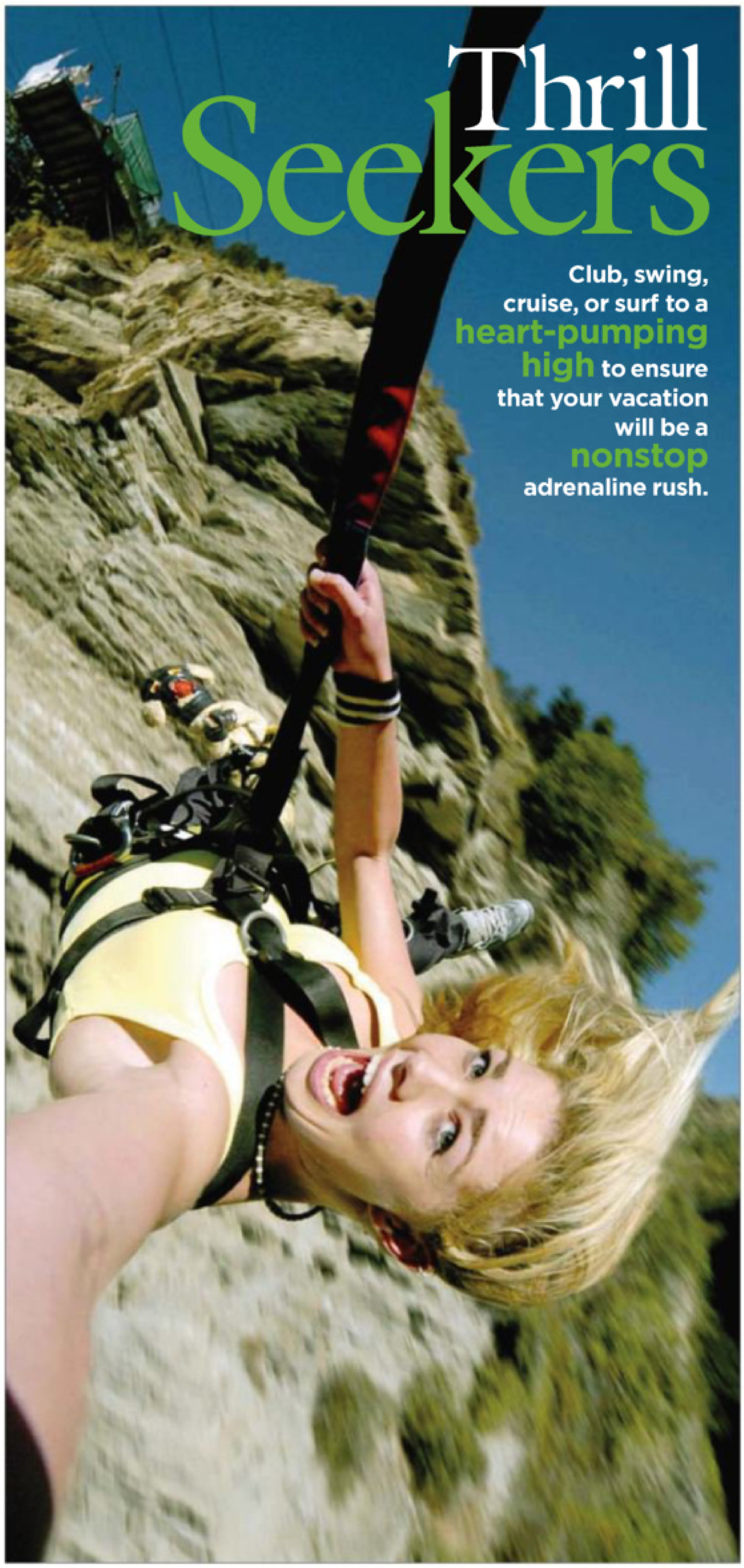
Hugs & kisses
Cassia Riley

SexyCassia.com

http://www.SexyCassia.com

TOTAL TRAVEL

The Ultimate Source for Hot Spots and Cool Bargains



Thrill Seekers

Club, swing, cruise, or surf to a heart-pumping high to ensure that your vacation will be a nonstop adrenaline rush.

The South Island of New Zealand, where much of *Lord of the Rings* was filmed, is a great place to indulge in maximum excitement. The hottest destination in the world for adventure is the gorgeous, lakefront city of Queenstown, New Zealand. After the world's first commercial bungee-jumping operation opened there, Queenstown entrepreneurs scrambled to outdo one another by designing increasingly heart-stopping adventures.

AMONG THEM:

■ **Shotover Canyon Swing,** the world's highest swing. Take a swan dive from a cliff 357 feet high—it's a freefall straight down for 200 of those feet—and then arc another 650 feet by wire across the rushing Shotover River in the canyon below. It's $100 for the first leap, and $28 for the second and third jumps—if your heart can take it.

■ **Jet boating.** You can also tackle the canyon by climbing aboard a supercharged speedboat with a crazy driver who zigzags his way down the Shotover River. It's your call whether you want to keep your eyes open while the driver aims at the sheer rock of the canyon walls and then executes a last-minute spin to avoid disaster. One company, Shotover Jet, calls it "thrill therapy." Rides cost $70 per person.

■ **River boarding.** Sure, you can play it safe and raft through white water. But Mad Dog River Boarding ups the ante by putting you in a wet suit, giving you a board, and sending you body-surfing through wild rapids. "Don't worry if you get sucked into a whirlpool, mate," said my guide. "You'll get spit right out again." He was right, but I still staggered out of the water, exhausted in the best way.

Those are just a few of the more unusual ways to scream your way through a day in and around Queenstown. There's also paragliding, skydiving, mountain climbing, kayaking, off-road and rally driving, and bungee jumping. In the winter (when it's summer in the U.S.), skiing the impressive slopes of the Remarkables range is a must, though many of the thrill rides stay open year-round. More sedate pursuits include hiking or horseback riding through the stunning hills and mountains that surround Queenstown. If you're really into the *LOTR* trilogy, there are tours that visit local filming locations.

TAKING A DATE? End your trip with a romantic hot-air balloon ride followed by a champagne breakfast with Sunrise Balloons. For more details, visit Tourism.net.nz/region/queenstown/attractions-and-activities/adventure.

By Rudy Maxa

Three Hot Hotels

Stay at stylish hotels in popular destinations around the world for less than $100 a night.

Home Hotel, Buenos Aires, Argentina. With the help of an investment by U2's producer (who goes by the name Flood), Tom Rixton and Patricia O'Shea opened this chic hotel in the funky Palermo Viejo neighborhood of the Argentine capital. There's a big emphasis on music, with each room offering a stereo and MP3 player, plus Wi-Fi and cable TV. The hotel is divided into "tune zones," with the sounds mixed by the owner and local deejays. Doubles run $95. Visit HomeBuenosAires.com to book your room.

Costa Lanta, Koh Lanta Yai, Thailand. This southern Thai island, an hour by boat from the better-known town of Krabi, is visited mostly by backpackers. However, Costa Lanta is a four-star, beachfront hideaway with a great pool and 22 impeccable, air-conditioned bungalows. Prices range from $75 to $115. For more information, call 66-2662 3550 or visit CostaLanta.com.

YMCA of Hong Kong, Hong Kong. The facilities are more high-rise hotel than YMCA, with private rooms, an indoor pool, huge fitness center, climbing wall, Wi-Fi, and satellite TV. Best of all, it overlooks the harbor and offers the same spectacular views as its next-door neighbor, the Peninsula, where rooms start at $350. At the Y, rates for the 301 rooms (there are also 62 suites) begin at $91 single and $105 for a double. Book ahead by visiting YMCAhk.org.hk.





Whether you relax inside your music-filled room or recline next to the pool, you're sure to enjoy a stay at the popular Buenos Aires Home Hotel.



Deal Finder

Want to snag the cheapest air, hotel, or car-rental price for an upcoming trip? First, research and determine retail prices by visiting some big-name travel sites. Then download the software at **TripStalker.com,** a new Internet search vehicle that lets you enter your desired price, travel dates, destination, and other criteria (such as nonstop flight, specific airline, or hotel). TripStalker goes on the hunt, asking travel companies if they'll meet your price. If it finds a match, it'll alert you. One advantage of TripStalker is that it doesn't just perform a single, real-time search. Instead, it continues to scour the Web until it finds you a deal. Sure beats staying up all night and plowing through hundreds of travel Websites!



The Golden Ticket

Need a good seat at the Kentucky Derby, Wimbledon, the British Open, or the Oscars? Those are some of the ticket services offered by Bluefish Concierge, a West Palm Beach–based service designed to provide unique travel experiences. The company was started by a former stockbroker, 39-year-old Steve Sims. Sample prices: A ticket to the F1 Monaco Grand Prix as a guest of the Sultan of Brunei is $5,000; a ticket package for the Grammy awards is $4,000. But that's the easy stuff. For about $200,000, Bluefish can arrange for a corporate tycoon to play James Bond for a week, orchestrating a mock kidnapping and a 007-like rescue, complete with a replica of the yacht *Octopussy*. The $27,000 *Titanic* dive includes a barge ride out to the dive site and a submarine to take you exploring for three days. BluefishConcierge.com



BEHIND THE POSE

After modeling for three years, working with famed photographer Sylvie Blum was a dream come true for 27-year-old Claudia. "She doesn't just take nude pictures," the stunning German blonde says of the model-turned-photog. "She knows how it feels to be on the other side of the camera."

Photographs by Sylvie Blum





first
started modeling because I wanted some pictures for myself.
But surprisingly, they were so good that many
photographers asked me to work with them. I was very flattered.”



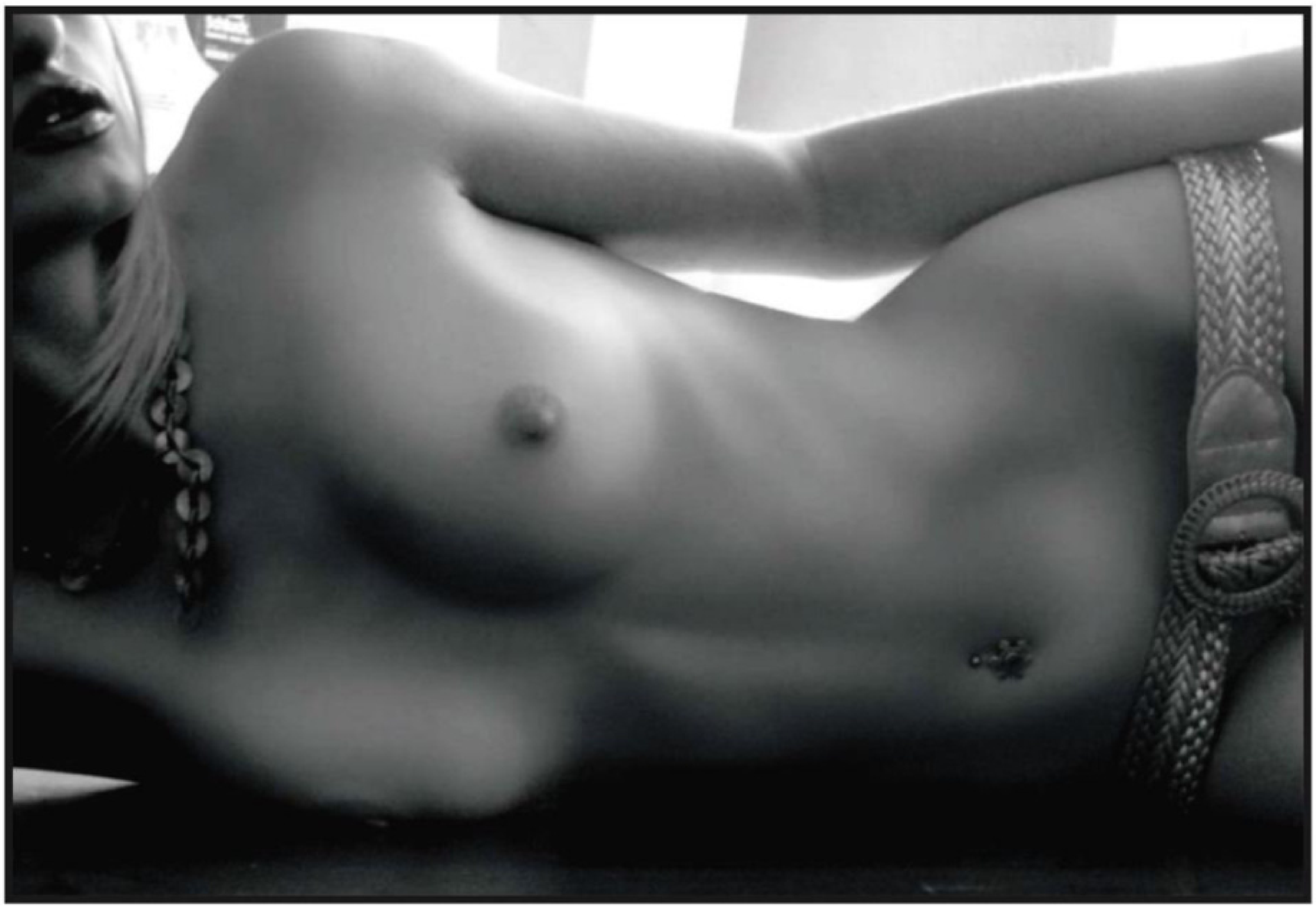


Now
I take great care in selecting the photographers
I work with, making sure the end result
is something that appeals to me personally as a woman.”



Meeting
Sylvie was like meeting my best friend," Claudia says.
"And the nude photographs she has
taken show me as the person I've always wanted to be."





Shooting
these pictures was like playing a game, one in which Sylvie encouraged
me to fully express myself and my
femininity. She made me feel powerful, like a cool, sexy icon.”



put
a lot of energy into modeling, and learn something new about
myself from every shoot," Claudia adds. "I'm proud
to be part of this portfolio, and I'd love to pose for Sylvie again."



By Mr. Skin

Drew Busts Out Her TEN-GALLON Party Hats



DREW BARRYMORE
Australian actor Eric Bana squared off against his inner green giant in *Hulk* (2003) and took on the 1972 Olympic terrorists who killed 11 Israeli athletes in Steven Spielberg's *Munich* (2005). In his latest, *Lucky You,* Bana braves the high-stakes world of Las Vegas as a card shark who falls in love with a lounge singer. The latter is portrayed by the ever-delightful Drew Barrymore, who belts out plenty in *Lucky You.* Unfortunately, we *aren't* especially lucky, since her repertoire never requires her to shed her top. Cash in, then, and get a copy of the 1994 chick Western *Bad Girls,* wherein Drew repeatedly busts out her ten-gallon party



hats as a Wrangler Jane who'll leave you happily saddle sore.

MILLA JOVOVICH
Born in Kiev to a Ukrainian mother and a Yugoslavian father, supermodel Milla Jovovich is the former Soviet Union's most exciting export since Sputnik. Her athletic frame, otherworldly exoticism, and world-class, mega-meaty wonder-nipples have launched more objects skyward than one nation's space program ever could. In fact, when the breathtaking blue-eyed brunette turned her talents to the movies, the roles best suited to her superhuman beauty were in science-fiction films. Such is the case with the new release *Ultraviolet,* in which Milla carries on the tradition she established in such futuristic flicks as *The Fifth Element* and *Resident Evil:* She portrays a hard-bodied action heroine battling high-tech baddies of tomorrow. However, *Ultraviolet* is rated PG-13, so if you want to spill to Milla today, check out the 2002 thriller *No Good Deed.* At the 57-minute mark, Milla steps out of a shower and serves up a spanktastic, all-points view of her squeaky-clean, clothing-free, flawless physique. This *Good Deed* even comes with a bit of extra karma, as Milla shows off her refreshingly fluffed-up, retro muffage—exactly the kind of mouthful that Mr. Skin likes most!

"Milla steps out of a shower and serves up a spanktastic, all-points view of her squeaky-clean, clothing-free, flawless physique."

DEBORAH KARA UNGER
One of the most edgily sexy actresses of modern cinema, Deborah Kara Unger has become familiar to audiences via macho Hollywood hits, such as *Payback* (1999), as well as daring independent fare on the order of *Thirteen* (2003). *Silent Hill* casts the sensuously seasoned sylph in a chiller adapted from a video game by *Pulp Fiction* cowriter Roger Avary. But the *most* chilling part is that Deborah keeps her skirt on. You see, fuzz fans, Deborah performed in not one, but two of cinema's all-time-greatest pubes-only nude scenes. In the crazy kink-fest *Crash* (1996), Deborah gets banged from behind by James Spader at the 43-minute mark, giving us a good, long gander at just her luscious lower front bumper. Gash-tonishingly, Deb topped this bottomless career high point in the 1999 drama *Sunshine.* Two hours and 18 minutes in, she leans back against a tree and offers her sumptuously untrimmed bush to Ralph Fiennes in broad daylight. We'll forever hunger to lap up more of Miss Unger.



Cell Phones Off ☑

Significant Other ☑

Fur-Lined Handcuffs ☑

10 Kinky, Mind-Blowing Ideas
Inspired By Variations.com! ☑

VARIATIONS.COM

Hot Sex Stories, Lusty Letters,
Fetish Videos & More!

PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS ONLINE

Sex From Z to A

ASK DOC ZDROK

Back-Door Love

Do you have any suggestions for some anal toys I might like? Also, any tips on how to involve my girlfriend without making her uncomfortable?—S.M., California

There are three popular toys you can try. The anal probe is designed with a slim shaft so it won't injure your rectum, has a wide base to stimulate your sphincter (the muscles that encircle your anus), and comes with or without vibration. There's also anal beads. Apply a water-based lube to your anus, then insert the string slowly as you become aroused. Pull them out carefully right before or during climax. Lastly, try a silicone penis ring with a vibrating clit-tickler attached. By turning it around so the tickler is at the bottom, you can stimulate your prostate.

To introduce anal play to your girlfriend, take it slow. If you get her interested in anal pleasure, she might be receptive to giving it back to you. With your finger, lightly and slowly circle her anus while you're going down on her, or when she's on top during sex. If she enjoys it, gently insert your finger—then ask her to do the same while you're on top, or while she's giving you head. One trick: Have her play with your prostate (located about three inches up the front wall of your anus) by making a "come here" motion right before you climax. It'll blast you into ecstasy.

Family Affair

I just got engaged to a girl I've been with for a few years. I recently met her sister who lives in London, and we immediately felt a mutual attraction. Now I find myself thinking about her while I masturbate. I try not to, but she keeps on popping up in my mind. I feel awful—does this mean I'm falling out of love with my fiancée?—L.M., Connecticut

It's actually pretty common to fantasize about people who are out of our reach. Psychological research shows that suppressing these thoughts actually triggers an obsession with the forbidden desire. For example, when subjects were told not to think of white bears, the concept of white bears became dominant in their minds. Don't let your future sister-in-law become the white bear! Men are very visual and often fantasize about celebrities they'll never meet—and virtually all men, married or not, have such fantasies. The fact that she's "forbidden fruit" may be intensifying your fantasies, as taboo relationships often do. If all your thoughts of the sister are purely sexual, then she's probably just a passing fancy that will dissipate if you give yourself permission to enjoy the thought without guilt. However, if you find yourself fantasizing about this woman every time you have sex, feel ambivalent about your upcoming nuptials, or fear making a commitment, your infatuation might be indicative of a larger problem. You may want to reconsider your wedding plans.

Friends With Benefits

I've been having an affair with a coworker for a year. When we first got together, we agreed to just be "sex buddies" with no commitment. But lately she's been acting clingy. Can a woman really just enjoy sex for sex's sake, or is it always a ruse to talk the guy into commitment?—A.L., Massachusetts

I'm not surprised that your coworker has developed expectations, despite her agreement to limit your contact to just sex. Unlike men, who have an easy time separating sex from long-term commitment, women are biologically programmed to link sex with mating. From an evolutionary point of view, sex leads to pregnancy, and although birth control has removed the physical impediment to sex-buddy status for women, the psychological and emotional instincts your girl has inherited remain fully intact.

In addition, after sex her body gets flooded by a cuddly, bonding feeling produced from the post-climactic release of the hormone oxytocin. This hormone is also produced during breast-feeding to encourage mother-child bonding. So it's no wonder that women are likely to grow attached and develop deeper feelings toward their sex buddies. If you're feeling cramped, you may want to think about ending this fling and finding a new pal who wants to play by the same set of rules as you.



GETTING TO ME!
If you have a question, a story, a sex toy for me, or just a (nice) comment, please visit Penthouse.com/drz, e-mail victoria@penthouse.com, **or send snail mail to Dr. Victoria Zdrok, *Penthouse*, 2 Penn Plaza, Suite 1125, New York, N.Y. 10121.**

"The good news? Uncut guys have more nerves down there, so when she's going down on you, she won't have to work that hard to get you off."

Uncut Love

I'm uncircumcised. Will sex feel any different for my girlfriend?—E.D., New York

It shouldn't. The main difference for her is visual. Uncircumcised penises have a sheath of skin packed with nerves that covers and protects the head, and retracts when you become erect. A circumcised penis, on the other hand, has no protective sheath. As a result, your penis may be more sensitive because it's used to being under wraps. To avoid irritating your skin, ask your girl to use a water-based lube when she manhandles you. The good news? Uncut guys have more nerves down there, so when she's going down on you, she won't have to work that hard to get you off.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Life Imitating Art

I like watching porn movies, but seeing those really hung guys go at it for hours without losing their erections makes me feel a little insecure. How can I make love like a porn star?—M.O., New Jersey

You can't. Porn stars don't make love—they perform sex acts for money, on cue. What's more, much of what you see in porn is staged. What seems like an hour of hot pounding is really a series of mini-scenes separated by changes of the camera angle and multiple takes. The men stay hard during breaks by masturbating, and many actors take drugs to enhance their stamina and performance. "The popularity of porn has led many people to have unrealistic standards, like never-ending erections," writes psychologist Bernie Zilbergeld in his book *The New Male Sexuality*. "It's an illusion created by directors and film editors." Just focus on giving your girl lots of foreplay—which is negligible in the average porn film—rather than trying to set longevity records during sex. A movie can't buy her dinner, listen to her woes, *or* give her multiple O's. Instead, use porn as inspiration to stage your own sizzling sex scenes.

GET HER WET

Here are some simple ways to get your girl **fired up:**

First, draw her a hot bath. Taking a steamy hot shower or bath before bed will bring blood to her skin's surface, making her whole body more sensitive to your touch. (Bonus points if she invites you in the tub!) Or tell her to give herself a hand with her favorite toy. Getting to the brink of orgasm without actually achieving one will leave her wanting more. It's solo foreplay—perfect for *before* you climb into bed. If she's willing to watch porn with you, make sure it's female-friendly. (Not in *that* way!) Look for couple-oriented movies with actual plots, or ones directed by women, like Candida Royalle. Finally, never underestimate the power of dirty talk. Ease her into it slowly by telling her how smooth her skin feels, or how hard she gets you. Then ask her easy questions, such as "Does this feel good?" or "How wet are you?" or "How about we invite over your hot friend Sandy?" Well, maybe not that last one, but you get the idea. Once she's warmed up, she'll start moaning back with some nasties of her own. Now get cracking—you've got some homework to do!

Want to spice things up? Tell her to give herself a hand with her favorite toy. Getting to the brink of orgasm without actually achieving one will leave her wanting more.

SEX DEVICE OF THE MONTH

G-Spot Stimulators

What: Vibrators that curve to reach the G spot (located about two inches up from the vaginal opening). Some have extra attachments for simultaneous clitoral stimulation.
How: Insert the vibrator into the vagina with the curved tip upward, and move in a circular motion while applying upward pressure.
Bonus point: Even if you can't find her G spot, or she isn't especially sensitive there, you can use the tip of the vibrator to explore other areas that may also be orgasmic triggers.
Where: G-spot Dominator Vibe by Penthouse Bad Girl Collection (PenthouseStore.com); Chubby G and H2O-G Glitter Vibe by California Exotics (CalExotics.com); G Spot Tickler by Doc Johnson (Doc Johnson.com); Rock Chick Vibrator by Lover's Choice (LoversChoice.tv)

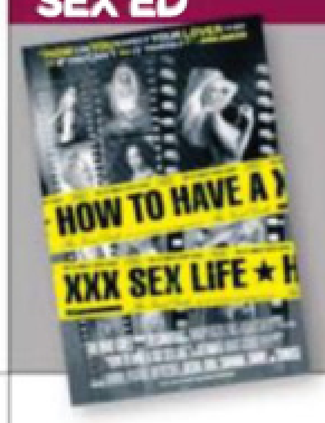


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4. Empower your woman by reading *Amazons: Tall Tales of Strong Women,* edited by Sage Vivant and M. Christian, with her. (Thunder's Mouth Press, 2006).

SEX ED

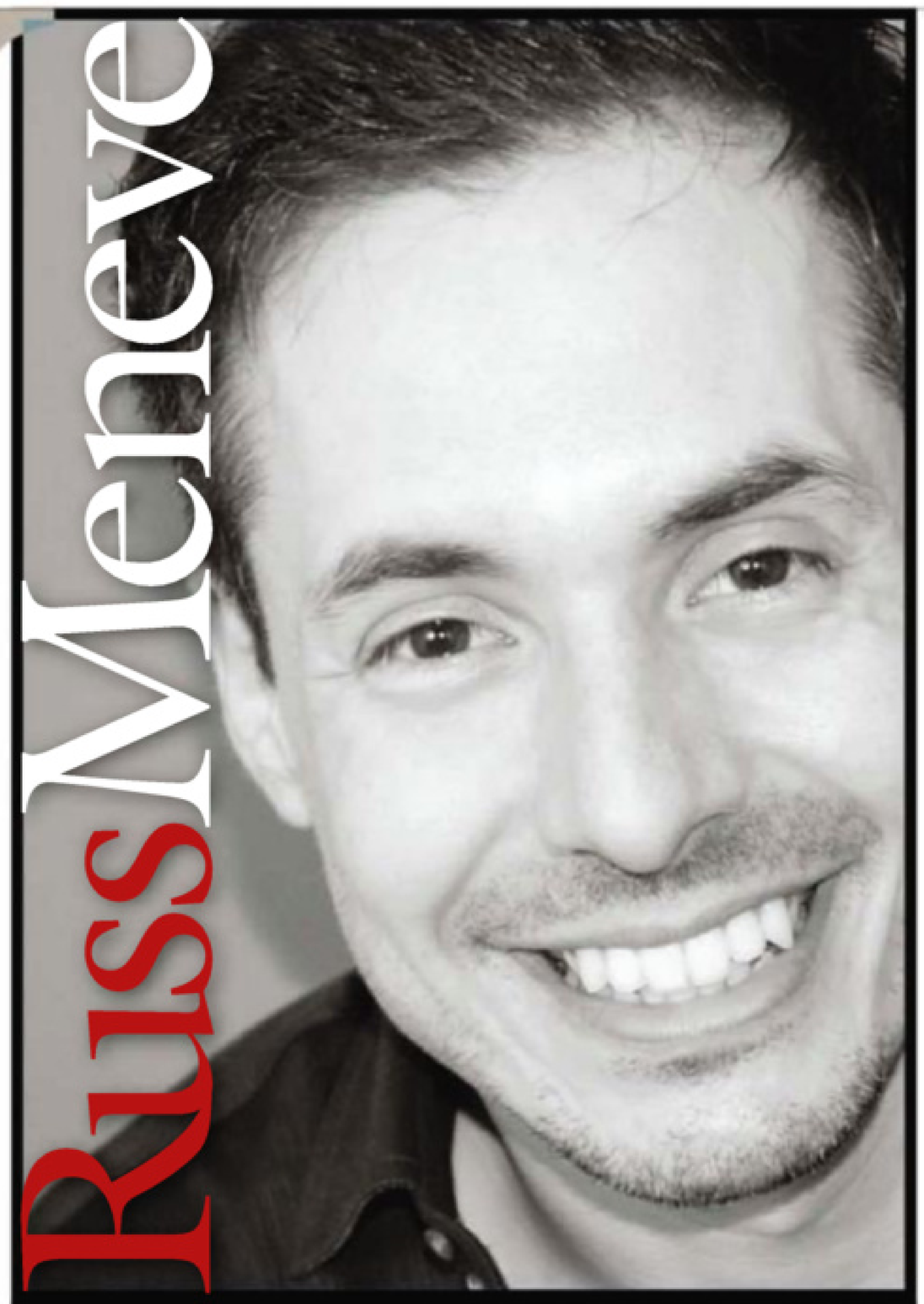


Hot Tip From a Sexy Author

"Savanna … reminds men that when you're getting started, the clit isn't completely aroused yet, and is often at its most sensitive then, so be careful.… At first, stimulate her lightly with soft strokes. When the clit gets hard and swollen, then work it harder. Guys should err on the side of being gentle, and she can always grab your head and grind it in harder if she chooses. Let her take the reins. Be aware of the stages of arousal—it fluctuates during a sexual encounter."—**Vivid Girls, *How to Have a XXX Sex Life* (Regan Books, 2004)**

By Bill Schulz

TRADING PUNCH LINES WITH COMEDY'S BEST



"You can never go out with a girl who doesn't like your act. It's like being Bruce Wayne and going out with a girl who's like, 'You know, I think Batman's a dick.' It's just not gonna work."

New York magazine recently named Russ Meneve one of the ten funniest people you've never heard of. Soon, Meneve, who has appeared on *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno, Late Night With Conan O'Brien,* and *Last Call With Carson Daly,* will be ineligible for lists containing the words "never heard of."

Are college gigs as rife with horny post-show coeds as I'd like to imagine?
It's funny. You get invited back, and then you realize how little you have to say to these people. The girls are beautiful. But there's nothing more embarrassing than being my age and having a security guard look at you with disgust as you're being signed into a dorm. He takes out your license and he's just disgusted.

Women often say they just want a guy who can make them laugh. Is that true? Or do they want you to pay the check as well?
Obviously they want you to pay, for sure. But the laugh thing is true. As disturbed and awful as comics can be, they're also very charming.

Has a woman ever been offended by a politically incorrect comment you made during a date?
Just the dumb ones. I'm not even kidding. The only people that ever get offended are usually dumb. You can never go out with a girl who doesn't like your act. It's like being Bruce Wayne and going out with a girl who's like, "You know, I think Batman's a dick." It's just not gonna work.

Drugs: Good for the creative flow, or just say no?
I don't really do them, but they would probably help. George Carlin raves about them. Drugs open different areas in the mind. I've had too much coffee, or Nicorette gum, and written some good ones—and I've never smoked. Someone was chewing it a couple years back, and I wanted to try it. I loved it.

Ever overindulged before you hit the stage?
Yeah. I've definitely been drunk up there. And it hurts. You just can't think as quickly. I smoked pot one time before I went up there, and I got one of those laughing fits where I just couldn't stop. I don't smoke a lot of pot—I'm definitely an amateur—and I was stuck in one of those great belly laughs. It was awkward silence at first, but when someone's laughing that hard, after a while you just start laughing as well. It's kind of infectious. [That] was years ago.

Did you have any mentors when you first started?
Colin Quinn helped me, for sure. He took me with him to open forum a couple times, took me to clubs. And he made a call to Conan O'Brien and helped me get an appearance there.

NBC page, accountant, telephone salesman, or Toys "R" Us salesman—which of these jobs did you hate the most?
By far, accounting is the absolute worst. I can't imagine anyone who has a personality being able to do that for an extended amount of time. Accountants thought they had personality. I think it was in *The Onion* about inappropriate high-fiving? Like, after you've cleared a paper jam or ordered hot wings—and it totally epitomizes what those people are like. They're missing each other and hitting themselves in the face.

Which venue pays the best: colleges, big-time comedy clubs, or talk shows?
Corporate events, for sure. And very often, they're great audiences.

But aren't those full of the high-five guys?
I know, but you hear about Howard Stern's demographic, and it's very much the corporate crowd. The HR people are always nervous, though, 'cause everything's gotta be so P.C. Very often, the racial stuff they don't want.

What was one of the lowest moments during your salad days in comedy?
There are so many! For years I had them. I'd get the late spots, and in the beginning you're so bad. All that keeps you going is heart. I would be on that subway at 2 A.M., I just bombed, and I'm not making any money. You just want to throw yourself on the tracks.

Name a celebrity you're sick of hearing about.
I am so sick of Brett Favre. I'm so tired of the way every announcer just sucks that guy off. It never ends. I mean, nobody can throw an interception like that guy. He hits the defender in stride. He does a lot of shit wrong, and I'm just tired of the fact that nobody says a bad word about him.

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By Ernest Volkman

The Navy is now placing greater emphasis on physical fitness, and sailors who fail to shape up won't get promoted—and may even get pressured to quit the service.



Put to the Test

The Navy's surplus of sailors, which has resulted in a considerable tightening of recruiting standards, is having an even more significant impact.

One way the Navy has been handling its personnel surplus is by tightening standards for sailors currently serving. The goal, obviously, is to reduce the overmanned military branch by weeding out those who don't measure up to the stricter standards.

The biggest change involves physical fitness. For years, Navy personnel have been required to pass an annual physical. Until recently, however, the Navy has not made a big deal about the exam, since it needed every sailor it could retain. Sailors, especially those with critically needed skills, considered fitness a low priority. A lot of Navy high-tech jobs are sedentary. That fact, plus the service's chow, which is considered the best in the military, produced overweight servicemen. Senior Navy commanders began to complain that too many of their sailors were out of shape.

The Navy is now placing greater emphasis on the annual physical, and sailors who don't shape up won't get promoted and may even get pressured to quit the service. The Navy is also tightening up its retirement requirements for enlistees. Until now, sailors with 20 years of service could retire on half-pay for the rest of their lives if they had attained the pay rank of E-5 (equal to an Army three-stripe sergeant). But under the new guidelines, sailors must reach the E-6 rank by their 14th year of service. As a practical matter, that means an eventual reduction in the ranks, since sailors who fail to reach the E-6 rank in the required time frame are likely to retire before 20 years of service if they won't qualify for a pension.

Nobody knows just how many sailors will be eliminated due to these changes. But it's clear that whatever its eventual size, the Navy will have a lot more career sailors who are in shape—and busy trying to get promoted.

Intelligence Crisis

It's no secret why the U.S. military continues to have problems battling the insurgency in Iraq. Put simply, we still don't have much of a clue about where insurgents come from, how many of them there are, how they recruit fighters, and how their command and control structure works.

In the Army's analysis, the problem centers on a critical lack of intelligence specialists and linguists who can find out what the insurgents are planning, pinpoint their hideouts, and effectively interrogate prisoners without the use of torture. Senior Army intelligence officers conclude that the core reason for the abuses at Abu Ghraib and other such prisons is a lack of trained Arabic-speaking interrogators who can get inside the heads of prisoners and wean them away from insurgency. Without them, U.S. intelligence personnel, under intense pressure to get results, resort to torture.

True, Army intelligence has a small force of trained linguists who understand the differences between Sunni and Shia dialects. But there aren't nearly enough of them, and what few there are tend to leave when their enlistments are up. To keep these valuable assets in uniform—and attract new ones—the Army has begun a radical new program whose centerpiece is the classic American solution to intractable problems: money. If you've got linguistic ability or other valuable intelligence skills, the Army will pay you an extra $400 a month, which is a lot of money in military pay terms. But you'll have to earn that extra cash by serving up to 36 months in what the Army calls "hardship posts," primarily meaning Iraq and Afghanistan.

The program marks the first time the Army is paying bonuses for specific jobs. Traditionally, the military has avoided such bonuses because they tend to create resentment among soldiers. A sniper, for example, doesn't get a monthly bonus just because he can take someone out at 500 yards—a skill very few soldiers possess. But in tough times, tradition tends to get pushed aside in the name of necessity.

So far, Army officials say, the bonus program isn't causing any resentment in the ranks. Apparently, soldiers have concluded that anybody crazy enough to serve for months on end in such dangerous places as Iraq and Afghanistan certainly deserves extra pay.

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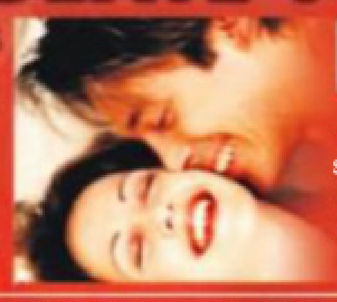
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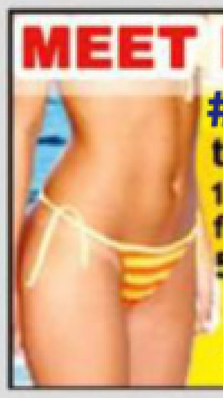
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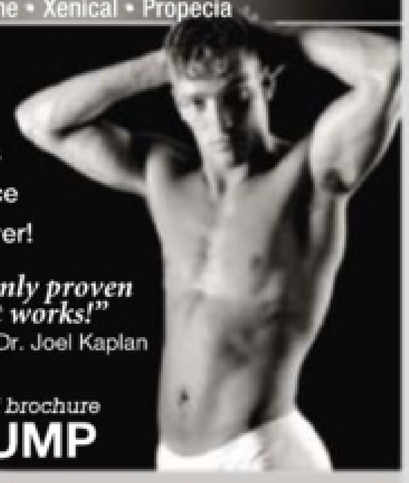


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By Ralph Gardner Jr.

Getting the AX

Have you noticed a change in your relationship with your boss lately? Has he or she grown distant and chilly? Has your employer stopped talking to you completely? If so, there's probably a good reason—you're about to be fired.

But human nature being what it is, even when the victim sees candidates streaming into his boss's office to interview for his job, nobody ever expects the ax to fall on himself. It pays to know the warning signs.

So, as a smart employee, what can you do to prevent becoming a casualty? First, don't become complacent, even if you've survived the first round of layoffs. Chances are there will be a second and even a third round. "Nobody is indispensable," explains Dr. Mark Goulston, author of Get Out of Your Own Way at Work … and Help Others Do the Same (Penguin Group USA). "Don't kid yourself into thinking you can't be replaced."

Goulston suggests practicing what he calls managing up. At the same time that your boss is managing you, you should be managing him. Don't be afraid to ask him, point-blank, what pissed him off about the last guy he fired. That way, you can avoid making the same mistakes. "Ask, 'What are three things I should never do? And what are three things I should always do?' " Goulston says. "The fact that you would want to make his job easier isn't lost on most bosses."

You know the old adage, "Three strikes and you're out"? That only applies to baseball. In real life, it's more like two strikes and you're heading back to the minors. "You want to learn from your mistakes," Goulston goes on. "Anytime a boss has to repeat something, they start having a report card on you being a pain in the rear. The higher-maintenance you are, the quicker they'll get rid of you. Even brilliant people aren't safe. It's amazing how quickly people will close the book on you once you get onto their shit list."

If your ego can take it, you might want to ask trusted coworkers (if you have any left) to give it to you straight—ask, "What am I doing wrong?" If you fear your job is on the chopping block, it's important to determine whether that's due to your incompetence, personality conflicts, or factors beyond your control, such as outsourcing. That awareness is important because, even though it might not save your current position, you'll tackle your next one with a better sense of your strengths and weaknesses.

And one more word of advice: No one ever got the ax for sucking up to the boss.

Find things the two of you have in common—mutual friends, the same college fraternity, a passion for vintage Porsches, golf—and exploit them. The reason why is simple: Nobody likes to fire somebody they've developed an emotional bond with. "You can be doing a good job," said one boss, "but if somebody doesn't like you, or you're too old, forget it."

Yet there always seem to be a few old geezers hanging around the office collecting paychecks. Have you ever wondered how they've managed to survive, even though nobody knows what they do? It's probably not because they invented Scotch tape or Jell-O in their youth. It's because they made the right connections when it counted. "They shared an office with the CEO 30 years ago," explained one manager.

If you do get fired (studies show it typically takes six to 18 months to find a new job), don't be afraid to admit you got the boot. Chances are that at some point in his career, the high-powered executive interviewing you for your next position was once told he was a worthless piece of shit, too. It happens to all of us, and may say more about your previous lunatic of a boss than it does about you.

As one enlightened company president explained, "[Getting fired] doesn't mean that somebody who hasn't fit in with one organization won't fit in with another."

"Human nature being what it is, even when the victim sees candidates streaming into his boss's office to interview for his job, nobody ever expects the ax to fall on himself."



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By Aaron Karo

Later, Man ... Later

The other day as I was sitting in my Los Angeles apartment working on a screenplay, I found myself not concentrating on writing witty dialogue, but rather idly playing with fonts on the title page. I was deep in a bout of serious procrastination. It immediately took me back to my college days, when, in order to avoid actually writing a paper, I would spend hours crafting the perfect cover page. Procrastination, man … it's like … uh, you know. I'll finish that sentence later.

I do have something pretty personal to admit, though: I never used to procrastinate. I was that guy who, when assigned a huge project due in six weeks, would finish it about 12 hours later. Later in life, in order to minimize my stress level, I actually had to learn how to procrastinate. Since I put off procrastinating for so long, you might say I actually procrastinated my procrastination.

(On a side note, I just looked up "procrastinate" in an online thesaurus and there really aren't any good synonyms. So I'm just going to have to keep using the word over and over again. Unless you're okay with "dawdle.")

Anyway, in my college experience, procrastination was directly proportional to a person's susceptibility to peer pressure. For instance, I had this one frat buddy, Big Dave, who could always be persuaded to go out partying, no matter the circumstance. I'd be like, "Big Dave, let's go to the bar and get hammered." And he'd respond, "No way, man. I have a huge exam tomorrow and I haven't even started studying." I'd say, "But it's your *faaavorite* … dollar beers!" And he'd be like, "All right, let me get my fake ID. I'll study at the bar if I have to."

I don't even know where my college friends honed their procrastination techniques. You had to do pretty damn well in high school to get accepted to my alma mater. Yet I had friends in college who did absolutely no work. For some reason, all those friends now live in Los Angeles. So I asked one of my L.A. friends if he wished he had gone to class more than once a month. His answer was a vehement, "No way, Karo. What would doing more work have done for me? Maybe I would have learned more hard facts, but I wouldn't have learned more about applicating those facts—which is really more important." I said, "Dude, *applicating* isn't even a fucking word."

Well, I could sit around all day and trade procrastination stories, but it's about time for the trusty mailbag. If you have a question you'd like me to address in this column, send it to karo@penthouse.com and I'll consider your query after sharing it with ten to 15 of my friends.

Dear Karo:
I don't seem to be doing well in any of my classes. I'm a freshman, so I'd much rather spend my time drinking and acting stupid—but my parents are going to beat my ass if I get a D in anything. Any suggestions on how to raise a grade without actually doing any work?



That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard in my life! No wonder you get D's in everything! (Those are famous lines from the pilot episode of *The Cosby Show*. Clearly that's over your head.) Anyway, I've said it before and I'll say it again: It's not the grade you *earn,* but the grade you *argue for* that really counts.

I had a friend in college tell his professor that he was suffering from swollen testicles the whole semester, and that's why he was failing the course. It's actually a pretty elegant excuse—is anyone really going to challenge you when you tell him your testicles are swollen? My friend got to retake the course.

I had another buddy who went to office hours to argue a low grade he received on a paper. The professor read the paper again, mulled it over for a minute, and said, "You know what? This paper is actually worse than I first thought. I'm going to *lower* your grade." Then he sent my friend on his way.

Of course, you do have another option.… You totally thought I was going to tell you to actually try harder and raise your grade the old-fashioned way, didn't you? Not quite. If I did that, I'd still be at my old job writing an advice column for *Seventeen*. No, I have the perfect solution. All you have to do is … well, I'll get back to you. These fonts look like they could use some adjusting.

"I never used to procrastinate.... I actually had to learn how. Since I put off procrastinating for so long, you might say I actually procrastinated my procrastination."

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X-RATED VIDEO

By Eric Danville

Thar She Blows

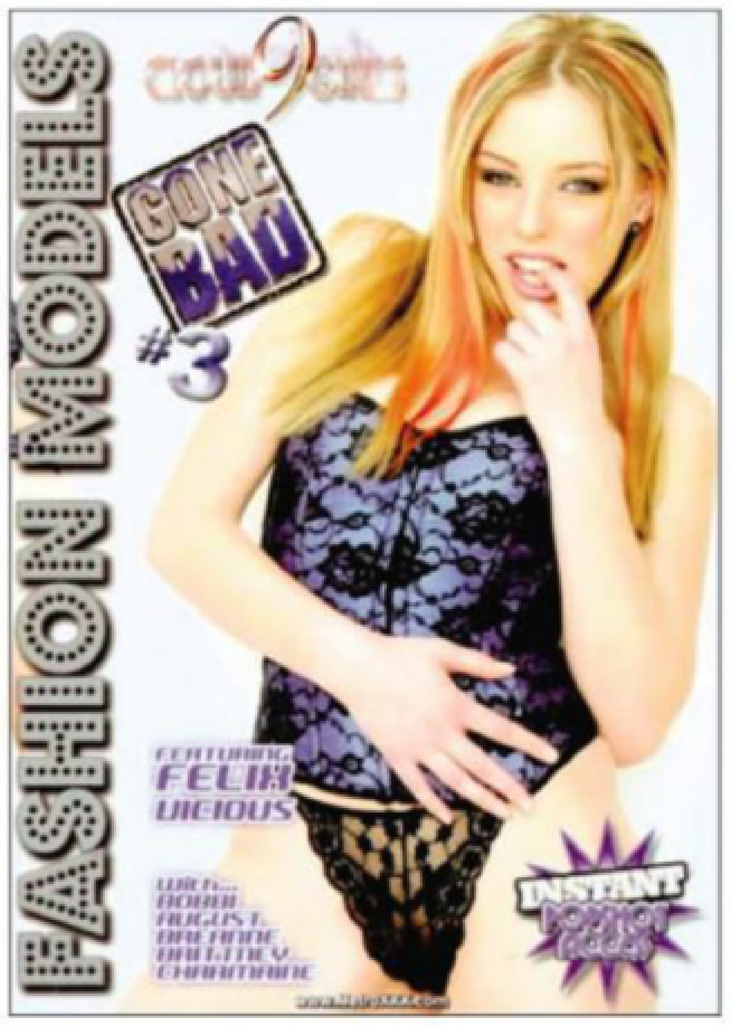
Suckers #9
(Anarchy Films) 🕯🕯🕯

We all love oral-sex movies, so it's no surprise that this one does the trick. *Suckers #9* offers up 11 girls in ten scenes sucking yards of thick, fleshy man-pole. The opening scene, with Genesis and Gia Jordan working Brian Surewood's tool, is a hot way to start things off, and the fact that it offers a couple of laughs along the way adds to its charm. (The gals wind up taking the piss out of Surewood, one of the most dependable cocksmen—and funniest motherfuckers—working in the business today.) A young-looking brunette named Jackie, seen here in pigtails and plaid, takes a long dick for all its worth in one of the best scenes, where face-fucking abounds but the come shot comes too quickly. Fan favorite and cocksucker extraordinaire Gia Paloma gives her usual 110 percent in her scene with two goonish rent-a-cocks. The only complaint we have is that Isabel can't talk with her mouth full, so we missed out on her sexy British accent. Otherwise, this one's a winner.

Life in the Fashion Lane

Fashion Models Gone Bad #3
(Metro) 🕯🕯🕯

The third installment in the *Fashion Models Gone Bad* video franchise is one of the best-cast DVDs we've seen, with something for any man who loves the sight of beautiful women pleasuring themselves. Maybe we're biased, but the Penthouse Pets in attendance fare the best. Sexy blonde Kelle Marie works out with a fat dildo and offers great doggie-style views of her pink. Jassie James looks beautiful, too, masturbating with a silver vibe on an open rooftop. Fans of Asian porners will love Jade Hsu's scene (extra points for the nipple shields), and Mika Tan looks good enough to eat. Brittney Skye getting off on the jets of a bidet is genius. One disappointment is that the scenes are over too soon, despite the disc's length of more than two and a half hours. There's also far too much time wasted on lame-ass interviews. Regardless, this is a fine effort that showcases lots of great-looking women doing what comes naturally to them.



The Breast of Times

Black and Stacked Volume 2
(Score Videos) 🕯🕯🕯

There are as many ways to describe the female bosom as there are different types of female bosom. They can be small and perky, big and bouncy, droopy and dangling, or fat and floppy—and if there's one thing the folks at Score Videos know, it's the female bosom. So when these guys say "black and stacked," they ain't kidding. Fans of maximum mammaries will rejoice, since knockers of the big, floppy, *and* dangling variety are exactly what you get here. Thick-framed Chaka T. is the most engaging chick on the disc as she pleasures herself with a dildo. Amanda White puts on the sexiest show, oiling up her mounds, teasing her nipples, finger-fucking herself, and exploding in a well-deserved orgasm. These suckers are all-natural, too—the only plastic you'll see is in the vibrators and dildos the ladies jerk off with. *Black and Stacked* is strictly for the single-minded breast fetishist who loves his jugs full. If you've ever been lucky enough to stick your dick between a pair of lush, all-natural boobs, you'll love what you're in for.

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can now be purchased by visiting PenthouseStore.com.

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By Laura Leu

Surgeons Making Virgins



This year I reached an important milestone in my life. It's a ten-year anniversary, but not of a relationship, career, or anything else that's worthy of a nice fruit basket. No, sirree. This year marks the commemoration of something I lost.

Ten years ago in a grassy field in Wisconsin, atop a blue sleeping bag with flannel interior, I lost my virginity. I was 17 years old and completely head over heels for the 19-year-old I was dating—let's just call him "the Popper." That night, at my friend's bonfire party (her parents were out of town), the Popper and I decided to go all the way. It was a stereotypical first time: awkward and a little painful, but—and I'm sorry to get all Lifetime movie of the week on your ass—also really special. I was giving this man something I would never be able to give anyone again.

It was quite a different experience for him, however. I only realized this when, in the midst of our tryst, he stopped at the sight of blood and asked me if I had my period. I shook my head no.

"Um … are you a *virgin*?!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied shyly. "Well, I *was* ..."

The Popper freaked out. He got dressed, put me in his car, and drove me around for a good half-hour while lecturing me about how I should have saved myself for someone special. He wasn't special, he said. He didn't want a serious relationship, the responsibility, or even a girlfriend. I was absolutely crushed. And totally popped.

Now, ten years later, I reflect on that moment and wish I could redo it. I want to lose my virginity in a bedroom, atop a king-size Posturepedic, surrounded by rose petals and vanilla-scented candles. I want soft-rock love ballads playing in the background. I want cheesy romance. I want it to be *special*. But it's too late for that because once you cash in your V-card, there's no getting it back.… Or is there?

Paging Dr. Do-Over

Enter Dr. Cesare DiRocco, a Miami-based cosmetic gynecologist and the man who could re-virginize me. In a procedure called a hymenoplasty, Dr. DiRocco takes whatever is left of a hymen and sutures it back together—making the cherry poppable once again. The procedure costs between $2,500 and $3,500. It takes about 30 minutes to perform, six weeks to heal, and, according to him, is just like going to the dentist. "It's similar to having a tooth extracted," says DiRocco. "It's not an invasive procedure. In fact, you'd probably bleed more from a tooth extraction than from a hymenoplasty. The vagina heals very quickly—it's a very forgiving type of tissue."

So whose vaginas are being forgiven? Most of Dr. D's patients are Middle Eastern women in their early twenties who have been studying abroad in the U.S. They're about to return to their home countries to get married, and to keep their cultural and religious customs intact, so must be their hymens. The problem is, while attending school in this land of the free and the horny, they did a lot of their studying lying down. With men. While fucking. And so they seek out Dr. DiRocco, their knight in shining scrubs, to fool their future husbands into believing they're as virginal as chess-club presidents.

A Virgin Resurrection?

"That's like breaking a vase, gluing it back together, and blaming the dog when it breaks again," explains my friend Donovan when I tell him I'm considering having the procedure done. "Besides, it's not like you'll actually be a virgin again—you'll just have similar parts as one." It's true: By definition, a virgin is someone who has never had sexual intercourse—not someone who still has a piece of skin in her cooch. And do I really want staples in my vagina, anyway? Not really. I'll keep my broken hymen as is, thank you very much. Instead of trying to get my virginity back, I'll just look at it as the greatest, messiest gift I've ever given someone. So you're welcome, Popper. But just remember: It's nonreturnable. And for my next anniversary, you could at least send me a nice fruit basket.

"A virgin is someone who's never had sex—not someone who still has a piece of skin in her cooch. And do I really want staples in my vagina anyway?"

NEXT ISSUE



THE GIRLS OF PENTHOUSE BRINGS YOU UP CLOSE TO
THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN WITH IN-DEPTH INTERVIEWS,
NEW PROFILES AND CLASSIC PICTORIALS FROM
THE PAGES OF PENTHOUSE. YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS IT!

ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS APRIL 18

Forum

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

No Longer Curious

I am a 26-year-old single woman who, until recently, had never considered entering a chat room. But I am curious by nature, so one day I decided to see what all the fuss was about. I ended up meeting Sandy, who seemed as sweet as honey.

After chatting for a while, we decided to meet. When I picked her up at the train station, I noticed she had a body to die for. She was five-foot-seven and had long, wavy hair, emerald-green eyes, and full, plump breasts.

She sauntered over to my car and got in. I suggested we stop by her hotel so she could unpack. We were driving along and talking when I felt something on my thigh. I looked down to see Sandy's long fingers tracing light circles on my skin. Chills raced through my body and I involuntarily stepped on the gas pedal. I quickly regained my cool and glanced over at her. She smiled innocently as her hand continued its slow crawl up my leg.

I began driving again, but all I could think about was what Sandy would do next. Her hand was already under my skirt—and I wasn't wearing any panties. Her fingers began probing my pussy. I was getting so wet I could hardly stand it. That's when Sandy suggested I pull over. I parked in a secluded area and turned off the engine.

Sandy leaned over, pressed her lips to mine, and gave me the most deep, delicious kiss. While our tongues mingled, she pushed the button to recline my seat and pulled up my skirt. My hot, dripping pussy was fully exposed. She broke the kiss, and lowered her mouth to my pussy. She began teasing my clit with her tongue. As she licked, she began thrusting her fingers in and out of my aching cunt.

With great effort, I told her I wanted her to ravish me with her tongue. I wanted to feel it deep inside me. I ran my fingers down her body until I got to her leather miniskirt. I soon discovered that she had not worn any panties, either. I savored the feel of her clean-shaven mound, slipping my fingers inside her, and she squealed with delight. As I finger-fucked her, she plunged her slender tongue into my twat. It was amazing. I had never felt so good.

Then Sandy sat up and told me she had a surprise. She reached into her pocketbook and pulled out two eight-inch dildos! She asked if I'd like to fuck her with one while she fucked me with the other. Would I? I moaned with delight when she pushed the dildo deep inside. I begged for her to fuck me harder, and she did. I reached for the other dildo and started to enter her. I started off slowly, plunging it faster and deeper as my passion rose.

The car windows began to steam up from the heat we were generating. I wondered if we would get caught, but that only heightened my pleasure. I took one nipple in my mouth and circled it with my tongue. She said she couldn't

"I wondered if we'd get caught, but that only heightened my pleasure. I took one nipple in my mouth and circled it with my tongue."



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take it anymore. She was going to come. I started fucking her faster until she began to shake and she yelled, "Fuck me, baby! I want to come on your hand!" I removed the dildo and plunged two fingers inside her until I felt her juices ooze over my hand. I removed my fingers, raised them to my mouth, and licked them clean. The taste of her only made me hotter.

Sandy wanted to make me come. She put down the dildo, got between my legs, and started to tongue-fuck me until I was about to explode. I screamed as I had one orgasm after another.

When we were done, she kissed me and said it was just the beginning. She promised that we were going to enjoy each other for her entire stay. From that day on, I was no longer curious. I finally knew what was missing from my sex life. —*P.R., Tennessee*

"I was waiting for him at his place.... He pushed my lacy black thong aside.... I straddled him and slowly lowered myself onto his shaft."

Wild Card

I've been seeing this gorgeous guy, Damien. He's tall, tanned, toned, and one of the best fucks I've ever had. We try to stick to our weekly Wednesday arrangement, but sometimes it doesn't work out. Knowing I couldn't go two weeks without sex led me to take matters into my own hands.

Saturday night turned out to be the wild card. Damien had been playing poker all day with his buddies when I called him on his cell phone and mentioned that I would be in his neighborhood that night. All it took was that one phone call to get things rolling. He folded, grabbed his winnings, and was about to get lucky again.

I was waiting for him at his place. I couldn't keep my hands off him. I immediately opened his pants and freed his cock, which felt like an iron rod in my hands. I slowly sank to my knees and took that rod as far down my throat as it would go. I repeated a slow, methodical deep-throating of his cock while massaging his balls, making him moan like we hadn't had sex in weeks.

Damien's cock felt good in my mouth, but I knew it would feel even better in my hot pussy. He must have been thinking the same thing. He pushed my lacy black thong aside and pulled me onto him. I straddled him and slowly lowered myself onto his shaft. In my lust, I'd worked him to the point where he was ready to come after only a few deep thrusts. I quickly climbed off him and closed my lips around his cock just in time, barely managing to catch and swallow every last drop of his come.

Encounters with Damien aren't just a want; they're a necessity. I can't wait for next Wednesday.—*A.A., Michigan*

Control

After being on my feet for three days of instructional seminars at a recent convention, I was tired of wearing a suit and tie. It felt good to just kick back in my T-shirt and shorts, and enjoy a sandwich and a beer in the hotel's lounge.

I was pleased to see Lynette, a rep for one of the convention's major vendors. She asked if she could join me, and eagerly I said, "Sure." I surprised myself because I am not good at remembering names, but Lynette stood out in my



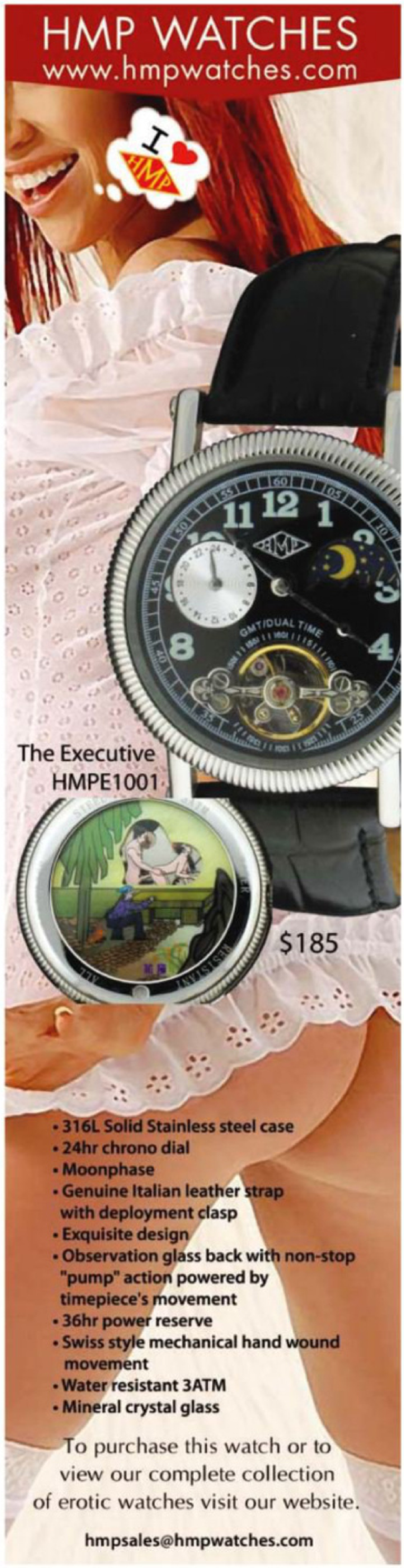
memory—she was six-four. I'm six-two, and not used to looking up at women, so she really made an impression.

"Let me buy you a drink," I said.

Lynette smiled and said, "I'll just have what you're having." I ordered a mojito for Lynette and another for myself.

"I'm like you," Lynette said. "I like to go casual on my own time. I saw you in the lobby and noticed how comfortable you looked, and thought I'd join you."

I smiled and lowered my eyes to her chest. "And I'm glad to see that you've also changed." I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra.



"I guess you noticed I'm not wearing a bra," she said. "Don't be embarrassed."

"They look perfect. I've always been a breast man," I said. I wasn't sure where this was going, but so far we seemed to be on the right track.

"On the trade-show floor, you said you'd give anything for a good back-rub. I'd be happy to oblige if you're still in need," Lynette said. The gleam in her eye reminded me of our brief conversation earlier that day.

"That's just what I need," I said. "Is this a good time?"

"Let's finish our drinks first. Then we can go up to my room," she said.

Once we were in Lynette's room, she said, "Let's start by helping each other take off our clothes. I really want you to see my boobs, and I want to see what you've got to offer. Then we can take a shower, get into our back-rubbing, and see what develops."

Lynette lay back on the bed and asked me to take off her sandals. I did, and slowly caressed her legs all the way up to her crotch. Lynette lifted her hips for me to help her off with her shorts. Like me, she hadn't bothered with underpants. I ran my tongue slowly up her thighs and teased her mound with a couple of licks. She pushed me away and stood up so I could help her out of her blouse. She was a gorgeous, full-bodied woman. And, yes, those breasts did look fabulous!

"Lynette asked me to take off her sandals. I did.... I ran my tongue slowly up her thighs and teased her mound with a couple of licks."



She playfully pushed me onto the bed and took off one of my sandals. She squeezed my bare foot between her legs and held it firmly against her snatch while she took off the other sandal. I rubbed my foot against her wet love nest, making her moan. She rubbed my other foot across her full tits. I arched my back and Lynette pulled down my shorts. "Nice meat. And it's my favorite size," she said as she squeezed and gently tugged my eight-inch cock.

When I stood up, she pulled off my T-shirt. We took a quick shower together and stepped out to dry each other off. We used a towel, but I did find a few stray droplets that I had to lick off her tits and tight butt.

Lynette insisted that she give the first back-rub. Facedown on the bed, I adjusted my hard-on so she could get started. She had her pussy riding on the heel of my right foot while she went to work on my back, butt, and legs like a professional. Soon she had me roll over onto my back. The treatment that followed involved her hands, breasts, and mouth, fulfilling my wildest fantasies. She even sat on my face, and we sixty-nined until we both came.

Then it was Lynette's turn. I repeated the massage and caresses she'd just given me, including rubbing my cock and balls over the backs of her thighs and ass. When I rolled her over, the fun was all mine—and the pleasure was all hers. A couple of hours later, the sheets were soaked and we were both spent, but very content.

Still naked, Lynette asked me if I wanted a beer. I told her I'd love one, so she got two out of the fridge. Just watching that naked goddess walk made my dick hard again.

She got back in the bed with the beers and noticed my hard-on. I barely had a sip of my beer before she got on her knees and put her soft lips around my cock. In seconds, her lips and tongue had me ready to blow.

Then Lynette turned around and told me to fuck her from behind. I stood up and pulled her to the edge of the bed. We'd just started when she raised one leg up and placed it over my shoulder. God, she was really limber!

"I love seeing a big dick sliding in and out of my pussy," she said with her head down between her arms.

I'm a big fan of that position, too. I had a full view of her swinging boobs with each stroke. Also, standing up while screwing was a nice change.

When I think about it now, not only was Lynette amazing, but she was also in full control from the first moment in the lounge. Honestly, I wouldn't have had it any other way.—*W.R., Nebraska*

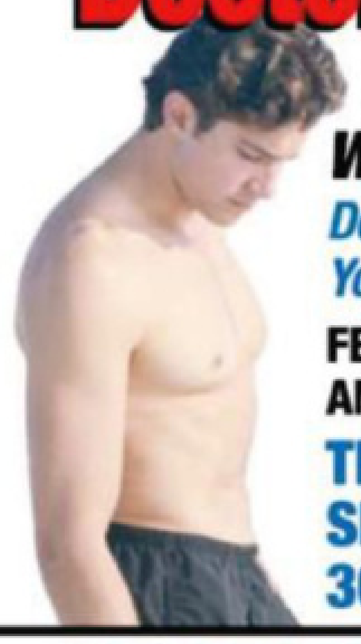
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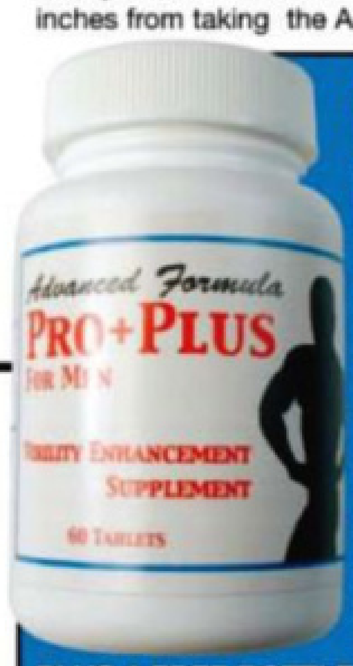
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NEXT PENTHOUSE

Coming in the May Issue

Game Time!
With baseball's opening day in the books, the NHL and NBA playoffs just around the corner, and the Masters golf tournament teeing off, April is a standout time for sports fans. So this is the perfect time for our sports issue, which is packed from cover to cover with



Penthouse's unique take on all the marquee events of the month, along with a few lesser-known ones. We're providing the stats and hot chicks—the beer and wings are up to you.

MLB Preview
Fox Sports expert Kevin Hench handicaps the upcoming baseball season, giving you the skinny on all 30 teams, telling you which off-season moves will pay the greatest dividends, and—even though it's only spring—predicting the outcome of the Fall Classic.

Driving Force
If you thought the new Dodge Viper Roadster was cool, wait till you see the outrageous new Viper Coupe, with a 505-horsepower V-10 engine, six-speed manual transmission, a load of new features, and a voluptuous shape. It's quicker, faster, and handles better than any previous Viper. If that's not good enough, we'll show you the new Viper Competition Coupe—a $150,000 track-only screamer.

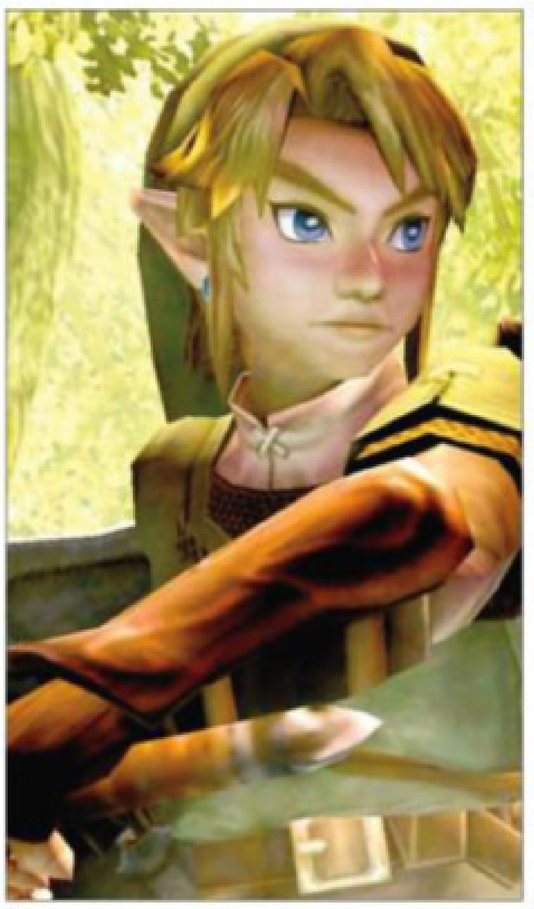
Bill Simmons
What sports issue would be complete without the Sports Guy? Bill Simmons is on a roll, and *Penthouse* catches up with him long enough to hear all about the Ewing Theory, the Reggie Cleveland All-Stars, and, of course, Simmons' beloved Red Sox.

Bronson Arroyo
Speaking of the Red Sox, they made one strong acquisition (Josh Beckett), but suffered a number of tough losses (shortstop Edgar Renteria and center fielder Johnny Damon) during the off-season. How will they stack up in the American League East this year? Dave Hollander asked starting pitcher Bronson Arroyo—and you might be surprised to hear what Hollander found out.

Alexandra Kosteniuk
She's been called the Anna Kournikova of chess, but the label doesn't quite fit: Unlike the comely tennis player, Alexandra Kosteniuk is a beauty who actually *wins* her competitions. *Penthouse* talked with Kosteniuk about what makes chess a sport, and how she's much more than a pretty face. But we didn't ignore that pretty face—we paired our Q&A with a gorgeous pictorial.

Games
The oft-delayed *Zelda* title finally reaches gamers this month, and we can't wait. We also check out *Splinter Cell 4, Tourist Trophy,* and the *New Super Mario Bros.*—and you certainly won't want to miss our digital vixen, Lara Croft.

Freewheelers
There are several "specialty" bike builders that manufacture low-volume machines with a high price tag and a high degree of exclusivity. Unfortunately, far too many of these



bikes are just highly polished choppers with excellent chrome and paintwork, and Harley clone engines. Confederate Motorcycles is different. This small Southern firm, which survived the ravages of Hurricane Katrina, builds what may be the most radical special on the market today: the Wraith.

Hot Sexperts
Our carnal counselor Laura Leu investigates some of the wackier urban legends about sex.… And Dr. Victoria Zdrok's "Vices & Vanities" uncovers the latest racy research on how to make your sex life soar to new heights, as well as—for those who miss the heights—creative, fail-proof ways to give your girlfriend her walking papers.

Sounds
We feature macabre songwriter Nick Cave's screenplay and soundtrack for his film *The Proposition* … reviews of cutting-edge artists Drive-By Truckers and Elefant ... and music editor Rebecca Swanner learns how to scream like Slipknot from Melissa Cross, vocal teacher to the rock stars.

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